

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
TOM JONES,  
A  
FOUNDLING.

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VOL. III.

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By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

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—*Mores hominum multorum vidit*—

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M.DCC.LXIII.



HISTORY

TOMMY



THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
NATURAL  
HISTORY  
AND  
CIVIL  
ANTIQUITIES

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THE

[ 1 ]

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK X.

*In which the History goes forward about  
twelve Hours.*

CHAP. I.

*Containing Instructions very necessary to be perused  
by modern Critics.*

**R**EADER, it is impossible we should know what Sort of Person thou wilt be: For, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in Human Nature as *Shakespear* himself was, and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his Editors. Now lest this latter should be the Case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome Admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunder-



stand and misrepresent us, as some of the said Editors have misunderstood and misrepresented their Author.

First, then, we warn thee not too hastily to condemn any of the Incidents in this our History, as impertinent and foreign to our main Design, because thou dost not immediately conceive in what Manner such Incident may conduce to that Design. This Work may, indeed, be considered as a great Creation of our own; and for a little Reptile of a Critic to presume to find Fault with any of its Parts, without knowing the Manner in which the Whole is connected, and before he comes to the final Catastrophe, is a most presumptuous Absurdity. The Allusion and Metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our Occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the Difference between an Author of the first Rate, and a Critic of the lowest.

Another Caution we would give thee, my good Reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a Resemblance between certain Characters here introduced; as for Instance, between the Landlady who appears in the Seventh Book, and her in the Ninth. Thou art to know, Friend, that there are certain Characteristics, in which most Individuals of every Profession and Occupation agree. To be able to preserve these Characteristics, and at the same Time to diversify their Operations, is one Talent of a good Writer. Again, to mark the nice Distinction between two Persons actuated by the same Vice or Folly is another; and as this last Talent is found in very few Writers, so is the true Discernment of

of it found in as few Readers ; though, I believe, the Observation of this forms a very principal Pleasure in those who are capable of the Discovery : Every Person, for Instance, can distinguish between Sir *Epicure Mammon*, and Sir *Foppling Flutter* ; but to note the Difference between Sir *Foppling Flutter* and Sir *Courtly Nice*, requires a more exquisite Judgment : For want of which, vulgar Spectators of Plays very often do great Injustice in the Theatre ; where I have sometimes known a Poet in Danger of being convicted as a Thief, upon much worse Evidence than the Resemblance of Hands hath been held to be in the Law. In Reality, I apprehend every amorous Widow on the Stage would run the Hazard of being condemned as a servile Imitation of *Dido*, but that happily very few of our Play-house Critics understand enough of *Latin* to read *Virgil*.

In the next Place, we must admonish thee, my worthy Friend (for, perhaps, thy Heart may be better than thy Head) not to condemn a Character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these Models of Perfection, there are Books enow written to gratify thy Taste ; but as we have not, in the Course of our Conversation, ever happened to meet with any such Person, we have not chosen to introduce any such here. To say the Truth, I a little question whether mere Man ever arrived at this consummate Degree of Excellence, as well as whether there hath ever existed a Monster bad enough to verify that

— *nulla virtute redemptum*

*A vitiiis* ——— \*

• Whose Vices are not allayed with a single Virtue.

in *Juvenal*: Nor do I, indeed, conceive the good Purposes served by inserting Characters of such angelick Perfection, or such diabolical Depravity, in any Work of Invention: Since from contemplating either, the Mind of Man is more likely to be overwhelmed with Sorrow and Shame, than to draw any good Uses from such Patterns; for in the former Instance he may be both concerned and ashamed to see a Pattern of Excellence, in his Nature, which he may reasonably despair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no less affected with those uneasy Sensations, at seeing the Nature, of which he is a Partaker, degraded into so odious and detestable a Creature.

In Fact, if there be enough of Goodness in a Character to engage the Admiration and Affection of a well-disposed Mind, though there should appear some of those little Blemishes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raise our Compassion rather than our Abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral Use than the Imperfections which are seen in Examples of this Kind; since such form a Kind of Surprise, more apt to affect and dwell upon our Minds, than the Faults of very vicious and wicked Persons. The Foibles and Vices of Men in whom there is great Mixture of Good, become more glaring Objects, from the Virtues which contrast them, and shew their Deformity; and when we find such Vices attended with their evil Consequence to our favourite Characters, we are not only taught to shun them for our own Sake, but to hate them for the Mischiefs they have already brought on those we love.

And

And now, my Friend, having given you these few Admonitions, we will, if you please, once more set forward with our History.

## C H A P. II.

*Containing the Arrival of an Irish Gentleman, with very extraordinary Adventures which ensued at the Inn.*

NOW the little trembling Hare, which the Dread of all her numerous Enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous Animal, Man, had confined all the Day to her Lurking-places, sports wantonly o'er the Lawns: Now on some hollow Tree the Owl, shrill Chorister of the Night, hoots forth Notes which might charm the Ears of some modern Connoisseurs in Musick: Now in the Imagination of the half-drunk Clown, as he staggers through the Church-yard, or rather Charnel-yard, to his Home, Fear paints the bloody Hobgoblin: Now Thieves and Ruffians are awake, and honest Watchmen fast asleep. In plain *English*, it was now Midnight; and the Company at the Inn, as well those who have been already mentioned in this History, as some others who arrived in the Evening, were all in Bed. Only *Susan* Chambermaid was now stirring, she being obliged to wash the Kitchen, before she retired to the Arms of the fond, expecting Hostler.

In this Posture were Affairs at the Inn, when a Gentleman arrived there Post. He immediately alighted from his Horse, and coming up to *Susan*, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confused Manner, being almost out of Breath with



Eagerness, whether there was any Lady in the House. The Hour of Night, and the Behaviour of the Man, who stared very wildly all the Time, a little surprized *Susan*, so that she hesitated before she made any Answer: Upon which the Gentleman, with redoubled Eagerness, begged her to give him a true Information, saying, he had lost his Wife, and was come in Pursuit of her. ‘Upon my Shoul,’ cries he, ‘I have been near catching her already in two or three Places, if I had not found her gone just as I came up with her. If she be in the House, do carry me up in the Dark and shew her to me; and if she be gone away before me, do tell me which Way I shall go after her to meet her, and upon my Shoul, I will make you the richest poor Woman in the Nation.’ He then pulled out a Handful of Guineas, a Sight which would have bribed Persons of much greater Consequence than this poor Wretch, to much worse Purposes.

*Susan*, from the Account she had received of *Mrs. Waters*, made not the least Doubt but that she was the very identical Stray whom the right Owner pursued. As she concluded, therefore, with great Appearance of Reason, that she never could get Money in an honest Way than by restoring a Wife to her Husband, she made no Scruple of assuring the Gentleman, that the Lady he wanted was then in the House; and was presently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal Promises, and some Earnest paid into her Hands) to conduct him to the Bed-chamber of *Mrs. Waters*.

It hath been a Custom long established in the polite World, and that upon very solid and substantial



stantial Reasons, that a Husband shall never enter his Wife's Apartment without first knocking at the Door. The many excellent Uses of this Custom need scarce be hinted to a Reader who hath any Knowledge of the World: For by this Means the Lady hath Time to adjust herself, or to remove any disagreeable Object out of the Way; for there are some Situations, in which nice and delicate Women would not be discovered by their Husbands.

To say the Truth, there are several Ceremonies instituted among the polished Part of Mankind, which, though they may, to coarser Judgments, appear as Matters of mere Form, are found to have much of Substance in them, by the more discerning; and lucky would it have been, had the Custom abovementioned been observed by our Gentleman in the present Instance. Knock, indeed, he did at the Door, but not with one of those gentle Raps which is usual on such Occasions. On the contrary, when he found the Door locked, he flew at it with such Violence, that the Lock immediately gave way, the Door burst open, and he fell headlong into the Room.

He had no sooner recovered his Legs, than forth from the Bed, upon his Legs likewise appeared——with Shame and Sorrow are we obliged to proceed——our Hero himself, who, with a menacing Voice, demanded of the Gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burst open his Chamber in that outrageous Manner.

The Gentleman at first thought he had committed a Mistake, and was going to ask Pardon and retreat, when, on a sudden, as the Moon

shone very bright, he cast his Eyes on Stays, Gowns, Petticoats, Caps, Ribbons, Stockings, Garters, Shoes, Clogs, &c. all which lay in a disordered Manner on the Floor. All these operating on the natural Jealousy of his Temper, so enraged him, that he lost all Power of Speech; and, without returning any Answer to *Jones*, he endeavoured to approach the Bed.

*Jones* immediately interposing, a fierce Contention arose, which soon proceeded to Blows on both Sides. And now Mrs. *Waters* (for we must confess she was in the same Bed) being, I suppose, awakened from her Sleep, and seeing two Men fighting in her Bedchamber, began to scream in the most violent Manner, crying out Murder! Robbery! and more frequently Rape! which last, some, perhaps, may wonder she should mention, who do not consider that these Words of Exclamation are used by Ladies in a Fright, as Fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in Musick, only as the Vehicles of Sound, and without any fixed Ideas.

Next to the Lady's Chamber was deposited the Body of an *Irish* Gentleman, who arrived too late at the Inn to have been mentioned before. This Gentleman was one of those whom the *Irish* call a Calabalaro, or Cavalier. He was a younger Brother of a good Family, and having no Fortune at Home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: For which Purpose he was proceeding to the *Bath* to try his Luck with Cards and the Women.

This young Fellow lay in Bed reading one of Mrs. *Behn's* Novels; for he had been instructed by a Friend, that he would find no more effectual Method of recommending himself to the Ladies than the improving his Understanding, and filling  
his

his Mind with good Literature. He no sooner, therefore, heard the violent Uproar in the next Room, than he leapt from his Bolster, and taking his Sword in one Hand, and the Candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. *Waters's* Chamber.

If the Sight of another Man in his Shirt at first added some shock to the Decency of the Lady, it made her presently Amends by considerably abating her Fears; for no sooner had the Calabaro enter'd the Room, than he cry'd out: ' Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, what the Devil is the *Maning* ' of this?' Upon which the other immediately answered, ' O, Mr. *Macklachlan*, I am rejoiced ' you are here,—This Villain hath debauched my ' Wife, and is got into Bed with her.—' What ' Wife? cries *Macklachlan*, do not I know Mrs. ' *Fitzpatrick* very well, and don't I see that the ' Lady, whom the Gentleman who stands here ' in his Shirt is lying in Bed with, is none of ' her?'

*Fitzpatrick* now perceiving, as well by the Glimpse he had of the Lady, as by her Voice, which might have been distinguished at a greater Distance than he now stood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate Mistake, began to ask many Pardons of the Lady; and then turning to *Jones* he said, ' I would have you take Notice ' I do not ask your Pardon, for you have *bate* ' me; for which I am resolved to have your ' Blood in the Morning.'

*Jones* treated this Menace with much Contempt; and Mr. *Macklachlan* answered, ' Indeed, ' Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, you may be ashamed of your ' ownself, to disturb People at this Time of ' Night: If all the People in the Inn were not

‘ asleep, you would have awakened them as you  
 ‘ have me. The Gentleman has served you very  
 ‘ rightly. Upon my Conscience, tho’ I have no  
 ‘ Wife, if you had treated her so, I would have  
 ‘ cut your Throat.’

*Jones* was so confounded with his Fears for his Lady’s Reputation, that he knew neither what to say or do; but the Invention of Women is, as hath been observed, much readier than that of Men. She recollected that there was a Communication between her Chamber and that of Mr. *Jones*; relying, therefore, on his Honour and her own Assurance, she answered, ‘ I know not what  
 ‘ you mean, Villains! I am Wise to none of  
 ‘ you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!’—And now the Landlady coming into the Room, Mrs. *Waters* fell upon her with the utmost Virulence, saying, ‘ She thought herself in a sober Inn, and  
 ‘ not in a Bawdy-House; but that a Set of Vil-  
 ‘ lains had broke into her Room, with an Intent  
 ‘ upon her Honour, if not upon her Life; and  
 ‘ both, she said, were equally dear to her.’

The Landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor Woman in Bed had done before. She cry’d, ‘ She was undone, and that the Reputation  
 ‘ of her House, which was never blown upon  
 ‘ before, was utterly destroyed.’ Then turning to the Men, she cry’d, ‘ What, in the Devil’s  
 ‘ Name, is the Reason of all this Disturbance in  
 ‘ the Lady’s Room?’ *Fitzpatrick*, hanging down his Head, repeated, ‘ that he had committed a  
 ‘ Mistake, for which he heartily asked Pardon,’ and then retired with his Countryman. *Jones*, who was too ingenious to have missed the Hint given him by his Fair One, boldly asserting,  
 ‘ That he had run to her Assistance upon hearing  
 ‘ the



‘ the Door broke open; with what Design he could not conceive, unless of robbing the Lady; which if they intended, he said, he had the good Fortune to prevent.’ ‘ I never had a Robbery committed in my House since I have kept it,’ cries the Landlady: ‘ I wou’d have you to know, Sir, I harbour no Highwaymen here; I scorn the Word, tho’ I say it. None but honest, good Gentlefolks, are welcome to my House; and, I thank good Luck, I have always had enow of such Customers; indeed as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my Lord——’ and then she repeated over a Catalogue of Names and Titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a Breach of Privilege by inserting.

*Jones*, after much Patience, at length interrupted her, by making an Apology to Mrs *Walters*, for having appeared before her in his Shirt, assuring her, ‘ That nothing but a Concern for her Safety could have prevailed on him to do it.’ The Reader may inform himself of her Answer, and, indeed, of her whole Behaviour to the End of the Scene, by considering the Situation which she affected, it being that of a modest Lady, who was awakened out of her Sleep by three strange Men in her Chamber. This was the Part which she undertook to perform; and, indeed, she executed it so well, that none of our Theatrical Actresses could exceed her, in any of their Performances, either on or off the Stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an Argument, to prove how extremely natural Virtue is to the Fair Sex: For tho’ there is not, perhaps, one in ten thousand who is capable of making a good Actress; and even among these



we rarely see two who are equally able to personate the same Character; yet this of Virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well those Individuals who have it not, as those who possess it, can all act it to the utmost Degree of Perfection.

When the Men were all departed, Mrs. *Waters* recovering from her Fear, recovered likewise from her Anger, and spoke in much gentler Accents to the Landlady, who did not so readily quit her Concern for the Reputation of the House, in Favour of which she began again to number the many great Persons who had slept under her Roof; but the Lady stopt her short, and having absolutely acquainted her of not having had any Share in the past Disturbance, begged to be left to her Repose, which, she said, she hoped to enjoy unmolested during the Remainder of the Night. Upon which the Landlady, after much Civility, and many Court'sies, took her Leave.

### C H A P. III.

*A Dialogue between the Landlady, and Susan the Chambermaid, proper to be read by all Inn-keepers and their Servants; with the Arrival, and affable Behaviour of a beautiful young Lady; which may teach Persons of Condition how they may acquire the Love of the whole World.*

THE Landlady remembering that *Susan* had been the only Person out of Bed when the Door was burst open, resorted presently to her, to enquire into the first Occasion of the Disturbance, as well as who the strange Gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

*Susan*

*Susan* related the whole Story which the Reader knows already, varying the Truth only in some Circumstances, as she saw convenient, and totally concealing the Money which she had received. But whereas her Mistress had in the Preface to her Enquiry spoken much in Compassion for the Fright which the Lady had been in, concerning any intended Depredations on her Virtue, *Susan* could not help endeavouring to quiet the Concern which her Mistress seemed to be under on that Account, by swearing heartily she saw *Jones* leap out from her Bed.

The Landlady fell into a violent Rage at these Words. ‘A likely Story truly,’ cried she, ‘that a Woman should cry out, and endeavour to expose herself, if that was the Case! I desire to know what better Proof any Lady can give of her Virtue than her crying out, which, I believe, twenty People can witness for her she did? I beg, Madam, you would spread no such Scandal of any of my Guests: For it will not only reflect on them, but upon the House; and I am sure no Vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly People come here.’

‘Well,’ says *Susan*, ‘then I must not believe my own Eyes.’ ‘No, indeed must you not always,’ answered her Mistress, ‘I would not have believed my own Eyes against such good Gentlesfolks. I have not had a better Supper ordered this half Year than they ordered last Night; and so easy and good-humoured were they, that they found no Fault with my *Worcestershire* Perry, which I sold them for *Champagne*; and to be sure it is as well tasted, and as wholesome as the best *Champagne* in the Kingdom, otherwise I would scorn to give it

‘em.

‘em, and they drank me two Bottles. No, no, I will never believe any Harm of such sober good Sort of People.’

*Susan* being thus silenced, her Mistress proceeded to other Matters. ‘And so you tell me,’ continued she, ‘that the strange Gentleman came Post, and there is a Footman without with the Horses; why then, he is certainly some of your great Gentlefolks too. Why did not you ask him whether he’d have any Supper? I think he is in the other Gentleman’s Room; go up and ask whether he called. Perhaps he’ll order something when he finds any Body stirring in the House to dress it. Now don’t commit any of your usual Blunders, by telling him the Fire’s out, and the Fowls alive. And if he should order Mutton, don’t blab out, that we have none. The Butcher, I know, killed a Sheep just before I went to Bed, and he never refuses to cut it up warm when I desire it. Go, remember there’s all Sorts of Mutton and Fowls; go, open the Door, with, *Gentlemen d’ye call*; and if they say nothing, ask what his Honour will be pleased to have for Supper. Don’t forget his Honour. Go; if you don’t mind all these Matters better, you’ll never come to any Thing.’

*Susan* departed, and soon returned with an Account, that the two Gentlemen were got both into the same Bed. ‘Two Gentlemen,’ says the Landlady, ‘in the same Bed! that’s impossible; they are two errant Scrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young Squire *Allworthy* guessed right, that the Fellow intended to rob her Ladyship: For if he had broke open the Lady’s Door with any of the wicked Designs of

‘ a Gentleman, he would never have sneaked  
‘ away to another Room to save the Expence of a  
‘ Supper and a Bed to himself. They are certain-  
‘ ly Thieves, and their searching after a Wife is  
‘ nothing but a Pretence.’

In these Censures, my Landlady did Mr. *Fitzpatrick* great Injustice ; for he was really born a Gentleman, though not worth a Groat ; and tho’, perhaps, he had some few Blemishes in his Heart as well as in his Head, yet being a sneaking, or a niggardly Fellow, was not one of them, In reality, he was so generous a Man, that whereas he had received a very handsome Fortune with his Wife, he had now spent every Penny of it, except some little Pittance which was settled upon her ; and in order to possess himself of this, he had used her with such Cruelty, that together with his Jealousy, which was of the bitterest Kind, it had forced the poor Woman to run away from him.

This Gentleman then being well tired with his long Journey from *Chester* in one Day, with which, and some good dry Blows he had received in the Scuffle, his Bones were so sore, that added to the Soreness of his Mind, it had quite deprived him of any Appetite for eating. And being now so violently disappointed in the Woman, whom, at the Maid’s Instance, he had mistaken for his Wife, it never once entered into his Head, that she might nevertheless be in the House, though he had erred in the first Person he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the Dissuasions of his Friend from searching any farther after her that Night, and accepted the kind Offer of Part of his Bed.

The



The Footman and Post-boy were in a different Disposition. They were more ready to order, than the Landlady was to provide ; however, after being pretty well satisfied by them of the real Truth of the Case, and that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was no Thief, she was at length prevailed on to set some cold Meat before them, which they were devouring with great Greediness, when *Partridge* came into the Kitchen. He had been first awaked by the Hurry which we have before seen ; and while he was endeavouring to compose himself again on his Pillow, a Screech Owl had given him such a Serenade at his Window, that he leapt in a most horrible Affright from his Bed, and huddling on his Cloaths with great Expedition, ran down to the Protection of the Company, whom he heard talking below in the Kitchen.

His Arrival detained my Landlady from returning to her Rest : For she was just about to leave the other two Guests to the Care of *Susan* ; but the Friend of young Squire *Allworthy* was not to be so neglected, especially as he called for a Pint of Wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the same Quantity of Perry to the Fire : For this readily answered to the Name of every Kind of Wine.

The *Irish* Footman was retired to Bed, and the Post-boy was going to follow ; but *Partridge* invited him to stay, and partake of his Wine, which the Lad very thankfully accepted. The School-master was indeed afraid to return to Bed by himself ; and as he did not know how soon he might lose the Company of my Landlady, he was resolved to secure that of the Boy, in whose Presence he apprehended no Danger from the Devil or any of his Adherents.

And

And now arrived another Post-boy at the Gate; upon which *Susan*, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young Women in Riding-habits, one of which was so very richly laced, that *Partridge* and the Post-boy instantly started from their Chairs, and my Landlady fell to her Court'sies, and her Ladyships, with great Eagerness.

The Lady in the rich Habit said, with a Smile of great Condescension, 'If you will give me Leave, Madam, I will warm myself a few Minutes at your Kitchen Fire; for it is really very cold; but I must insist on disturbing no one from his Seat.' This was spoken on Account of *Partridge*, who had retreated to the other End of the Room, struck with the utmost Awe and Astonishment at the Splendor of the Lady's Dress. Indeed she had a much better Title to Respect than this: For she was one of the most beautiful Creatures in the World.

The Lady earnestly desired *Partridge* to return to his Seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her Gloves, and displayed to the Fire two Hands, which had every Property of Snow in them, except that of melting. Her Companion, who was indeed her Maid, likewise pulled off her Gloves, and discovered what bore an exact Resemblance, in Cold and Colour, to a Piece of frozen Beef.

'I wish, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your Ladyship would not think of going any farther to night. I am terribly afraid your Ladyship will not be able to bear the Fatigue.'

'Why sure,' cries the Landlady, 'her Ladyship's Honour can never intend it. O bless me, farther to-night indeed! Let me beseech your Ladyship not to think on't.——But to be sure,

‘sure, your Ladyship can’t. What will your Honour be pleased to have for Supper? I have Mutton of all Kinds, and some nice Chicken.

‘I think, Madam,’ said the Lady, ‘it would be rather Breakfast than Supper; but I can’t eat any Thing; and if I stay, shall only lie down for an Hour or two. However, if you please, Madam, you may get me a little Sack-whey, made very small and thin.’

‘Yes, Madam,’ cries the Mistress of the House, ‘I have some excellent White-wine.’ ‘You have no Sack then,’ says the Lady. ‘Yes, an’t please your Honour, I have; I may challenge the Country for that---But let me beg your Ladyship to eat something,’

‘Upon my Word, I can’t eat a Morsel,’ answered the Lady; ‘and I shall be much obliged to you, if you will please to get my Apartment ready as soon as possible: For I am resolved to be on Horseback again in three Hours.’

‘Why Susan,’ cries the Landlady, ‘is there a Fire lit yet in the *Wild-geose*?---I am sorry, Madam, all my best Rooms are full. Several People of the first Quality are now in Bed. Here’s a great young Squire, and many other great Gentlesfolks of Quality.’

Susan answered, ‘That the *Irish* Gentlemen were got into the *Wild-geose*.’

‘Was ever any Thing like it!’ says the Mistress; ‘why the Devil would you not keep some of the best Rooms for the Quality, when you know scarce a Day passes without some calling here?---If they be Gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her Ladyship, they will get up again.’

‘Not

‘Not upon my Account,’ says the Lady; ‘I will have no Person disturbed for me. If you have a Room that is commonly decent, it will serve me very well, though it be never so plain. I beg, Madam, you will not give yourself so much trouble on my Account.’ ‘O, Madam,’ cries the other, ‘I have several very good Rooms for that Matter, but none good enough for your Honour’s Ladyship. However, as you are so condescending to take up with the best I have, do, *Susan*, get a Fire in the *Rose* this Minute. Will your Ladyship be pleased to go up now, or stay till the Fire is lighted?’ ‘I think, I have sufficiently warmed myself,’ answered the Lady; ‘so if you please I will go now: I am afraid I have kept People, and particularly that Gentleman (meaning *Partridge*) too long in the Cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of keeping any Person from the Fire this dreadful Weather.’ She then departed with her Maid, the Landlady marching with two lighted Candles before her.

When that good Woman returned, the Conversation in the Kitchen was all upon the Charms of the young Lady. There is indeed in perfect Beauty a Power which none almost can withstand: For my Landlady, though she was not pleased at the Negative given to the Supper, declared she had never seen so lovely a Creature. *Partridge* ran out into the most extravagant Encomiums on her Face, though he could not refrain from paying some Compliments to the Gold Lace on her Habit: The Post-boy sung forth the Praises of her Goodness, which were likewise echoed by the other Post-boy, who was now come in, ‘She’s a true good Lady, I warrant her,’



‘ her,’ says he : ‘ For she hath Mercy upon dumb  
 ‘ Creatures ; for she asked me every now and then  
 ‘ upon the Journey, if I did not think she should  
 ‘ hurt the Horses by riding too fast ; and when  
 ‘ she came in, she charged me to give them as  
 ‘ much Corn as ever they would eat.’

Such Charms are there in Affability, and so sure is it to attract the Praises of all Kinds of People. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. *Huffry*\*. It is equally sure to set off every Female Perfection to the highest Advantage, and to palliate and conceal every Defect. A short Reflection which we could not forbear making in this Place, where my Reader hath seen the Loveliness of an affable Deportment ; and Truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the Reverse.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Containing infallible Nostrums for procuring universal Disesteem and Hatred.*

**T**HE Lady had no sooner laid herself on her Pillow, than the Waiting-woman returned to the Kitchen to regale with some of those Dainties which her Mistress had refused.

The Company, at her Entrance, shewed her the same Respect which they had before paid to her Mistress, by rising ; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so : For she placed her Chair in such a Posture, as to occupy almost the whole Fire. She then ordered a Chicken to be broiled that Instant, declaring if it was not ready in a Quarter of an

\* A celebrated Mantua-maker in the *Strand*, famous for setting off the Shapes of Women.

Hour, she would not stay for it. Now tho' the said Chicken was then at Roost in the Stable, and required the several Ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the Grid-iron, my Landlady would nevertheless have undertaken to do all within the Time; but the Guest being unfortunately admitted behind the Scenes, must have been Witness to the *Fourberie*; the poor Woman was therefore obliged to confess that she had none in the House; 'but, Madam,' said she, 'I can get any kind of Mutton in an Instant from the Butcher's.'

'Do you think then,' answered the Waiting-Gentlewoman, 'that I have the Stomach of a Horse, to eat Mutton at this Time of Night? Sure you People that keep Inns imagine your Betters are like yourselves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this wretched Place. I wonder my Lady would stop at it. I suppose none but Tradesmen and Graziers ever call here.' The Landlady fired at this Indignity offered to her House; however she suppressed her Temper, and contented herself with saying, 'Very good Quality frequented it, she thanked Heaven!' 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of Quality! I believe I know more of People of Quality than such as you. — But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your Impertinence, do tell me what I can have for Supper; for tho' I cannot eat Horse-flesh, I am really hungry.' 'Why truly, Madam,' answered the Landlady, 'you could not take me again at such a Disadvantage: For I must confess, I have nothing in the House, unless a cold Piece of Beef, which indeed a Gentleman's Footman and the Post-boy have almost cleared to the Bone.' 'Woman,' said

said Mrs. *Abigail*, (so for Shortness we will call her) ‘I intreat you not to make me sick. If I  
 ‘had fasted a Month, I could not eat what had  
 ‘been touched by the Fingers of such Fellows:  
 ‘Is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this  
 ‘horrid Place?’ ‘What think you of some  
 ‘Eggs and Bacon, Madam,’ said the Landlady.  
 ‘Are your Eggs new laid? Are you certain they  
 ‘were laid To-day? And let me have the Bacon  
 ‘cut very nice and thin; for I can’t endure any  
 ‘Thing that’s gross.---Prithee try if you can do  
 ‘a little tolerably for once, and don’t think you  
 ‘have a Farmer’s Wife, or some of those Crea-  
 ‘tures in the House.’---The Landlady began then  
 to handle her Knife; but the other stopt her, say-  
 ‘ing; ‘Good Woman, I must insist upon your  
 ‘first washing your Hands; for I am extremely  
 ‘nice, and have been always used from my Cra-  
 ‘dle to have every thing in the most elegant  
 ‘Manner.’

The Landlady, who governed herself with much Difficulty, began now the necessary Preparations; for as to *Susan*, she was utterly rejected, and with such Disdain that the poor Wench was as hard put to it, to restrain her Hands from Violence, as her Mistress had been to hold her Tongue: This indeed *Susan* did not entirely: For tho’ she literally kept it within her Teeth, yet there it muttered many ‘marry-come-ups, as good Flesh  
 ‘and Blood as yourself,’ with other such indignant Phrases.

While the Supper was preparing, Mrs. *Abigail* began to lament she had not ordered a Fire in the Parlour; but she said, that was now too late.  
 ‘However,’ said she, ‘I have Novelty to recom-  
 ‘mend a Kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat  
 ‘in

‘ in one before.’ Then turning to the Post-boys, she asked them, ‘ Why they were not in the Stable with their Horses? If I must eat my hard Fare here, Madam,’ cries she to the Landlady, ‘ I beg the Kitchen may be kept clear, that I may not be surrounded with all the Black-guards in Town: As for you, Sir,’ says she to *Partridge*, ‘ you look somewhat like a Gentleman, and may sit still if you please; I don’t desire to disturb any body but Mob.’

‘ Yes, yes, Madam,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I am a Gentleman, I do assure you, and I am not so easily to be disturbed. *Non semper vox casualis est verbo nominativus.*’ This *Latin* she took to be some Affront, and answered, ‘ You may be a Gentleman, Sir; but you don’t shew yourself as one, to talk *Latin* to a Woman.’ *Partridge* made a gentle Reply, and concluded with more *Latin*; upon which she tossed up her Nose, and contented herself by abusing him with the Name of a great Scholar.

The Supper being now on the Table, Mrs. *Abigail* eat very heartily, for so delicate a Person; and while a second Course of the same was by her Order preparing, she said, ‘ And so, Madam, you tell me your House is frequented by People of great Quality?’

The Landlady answered in the Affirmative, saying, ‘ There was a great many very good Quality and Gentlefolks in it now. There’s young Squire *Allworthy*, as that Gentleman there knows.’

‘ And pray who is this young Gentleman of Quality, this young Squire *Allworthy*?’ said *Abigail*.

‘ Who



‘ Who should he be,’ answered *Partridge*,  
 ‘ but the Son and Heir of the great Squire *All-*  
 ‘ *worthy*, of *Somersetshire*.’

‘ Upon my Word,’ said she, ‘ you tell me  
 ‘ strange News: For I know Mr. *Allworthy* of  
 ‘ *Somersetshire* very well, and I know he hath no  
 ‘ Son alive.’

The Landlady pricked up her Ears at this, and  
*Partridge* looked a little confounded. However,  
 after a short Hesitation, he answered, ‘ Indeed,  
 ‘ Madam, it is true, every body doth not know  
 ‘ him to be Squire *Allworthy*’s Son; for he was  
 ‘ never married to his Mother; but his Son he  
 ‘ certainly is, and will be his Heir too as certainly  
 ‘ as his Name is *Jones*.’ At that Word *Abigail*  
 let drop the Bacon, which she was conveying to  
 her Mouth, and cried out, ‘ You surprize me,  
 ‘ Sir. Is it possible Mr. *Jones* should be now in  
 ‘ the House?’ ‘ *Quare non?*’ answered *Par-*  
*tridge*, ‘ it is possible, and it is certain.’

*Abigail* now made Haste to finish the Remaind-  
 er of her Meal, and then repaired back to her Mis-  
 tress, when the Conversation passed, which may  
 be read in the next Chapter.

## CH A P. V.

*Shewing who the amiable Lady, and her unamiable  
 Maid, were.*

**A**S in the Month of *June*, the Damask Rose,  
 which Chance hath planted among the Li-  
 lies, with their candid Hue mixes his Vermillion:  
 Or, as some playsome Heifer in the pleasant Month  
 of *May* diffuses her odoriferous Breath over the  
 flowery Meadows: Or as, in the blooming Month  
 of

of *April*, the gentle, constant Dove, perched on some fair Bough, sits meditating on her Mate ; so looking a hundred Charms and breathing as many Sweets, her Thoughts being fixed on her *Tommy*, with a Heart as good and innocent, as her Face was beautiful: *Sophia* (for it was she herself) lay reclining her lovely Head on her Hand, when her Maid entered the Room, and running directly to the Bed, cried, ‘ Madam--Madam--who doth your Ladyship think is in the House ?’ *Sophia* starting up, cried, ‘ I hope my Father hath not overtaken us.’ ‘ No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred Fathers ; Mr. *Jones* himself is here at this very Instant.’ Mr. *Jones* !’ says *Sophia*, it is impossible ; I cannot be so fortunate.’ Her Maid averred the Fact, and was presently detached by her Mistress to order him to be called ; for she said she was resolved to see him immediately.

Mrs. *Honour* had no sooner left the Kitchen in the manner we have before seen, than the Landlady fell severely upon her. The poor Woman had indeed been loading her Heart with foul Language for some Time ; and now it scoured out of her Mouth, as Filth doth from a Mud-Cart, when the Board which confines it, is removed. *Partridge* likewise shovelled in his Share of Calumny ; and (what may surprise the Reader) not only bespattered the Maid, but attempted to sully the Lily-white Character of *Sophia* herself. ‘ Never a Barrel the better Herring,’ cries he. ‘ *Noseitur a socio*, is a true Saying. It must be confessed indeed that the Lady in the fine Garments is the civiller of the two ; but I warrant neither of them are a Bit better than they should be. A Couple of *Bath* Trulls, I’ll answer for them ; your Quality don’t ride about at this

‘ Time o’Night without Servants. ‘ Sbodlikins, ‘ and that’s true,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ you have ‘ certainly hit upon the very Matter; for Quality ‘ don’t come into a House without bespeaking a ‘ Supper whether they eat any or no.’

While they were thus discoursing, Mrs. *Honour* returned, and discharged her Commission, by bidding the Landlady immediately wake Mr. *Jones*, and tell him a Lady wanted to speak with him. The Landlady referred her to *Partridge*, saying, ‘ He was the Squire’s Friend; but, for her Part, ‘ she never called Men-folks, especially Gentle- ‘ men,’ and then walked sullenly out of the Kitchen. *Honour* applied herself to *Partridge*; but he refused; ‘ For my Friend,’ cries he, ‘ went ‘ to Bed very late, and he would be very angry ‘ to be disturbed so soon.’ Mrs. *Honour* insisted still to have him called, saying, ‘ She was sure, ‘ instead of being angry, that he would be to ‘ the highest Degree delighted when he knew ‘ the Occasion.’ ‘ Another Time, perhaps, he ‘ might,’ cries *Partridge*; ‘ but *non omnia possu- ‘ mus omnes*. One Woman is enough at once for ‘ a reasonable Man.’ ‘ What do you mean by ‘ one Woman, Fellow?’ cries *Honour*. ‘ None ‘ of your Fellow,’ answered *Partridge*. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that *Jones* was in Bed with a Wench, and made use of an Expression too indelicate to be here inserted; which so enraged Mrs. *Honour*, that she called him saucy Jackanapes, and returned in a violent Hurry to her Mistress, whom she acquainted with the Success of her Errand, and with the Account she had received; which, if possible, she exaggerated, being as angry with *Jones*, as if he had pronounced all the Words that came from the Mouth of *Partridge*,

*Partridge*. She discharged a Torrent of Abuse on the Master, and advised her Mistress to quit all Thoughts of a Man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the Story of *Molly Seagrim*, and gave the most malicious Turn to his formerly quitting *Sophia* herself; which, I must confess, the present Incident not a little countenanced.

The Spirits of *Sophia* were too much dissipated by Concern to enable her to stop the Torrent of her Maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, 'I never can believe this; some Villain hath belied him. You say you had it from his Friend; but surely it is not the Office of a Friend to betray such Secrets.' 'I suppose,' cries *Honour*, 'the Fellow is his Pimp; for I never saw so-ill looked a Villain. Besides, such profligate Rakes as Mr. *Jones* are never ashamed of these Matters.'

To say the Truth, this Behaviour of *Partridge* was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the Effect of the Dose which he swallowed the Evening before; which had, in the Morning, received the Addition of above a Pint of Wine, or indeed rather of Malt Spirits; for the Perry was by no means pure. Now that Part of his Head which Nature designed for the Reservoir of Drink, being very shallow, a small Quantity of Liquor overflowed it, and opened the Sluices of his Heart; so that all the Secrets there deposited run out. These Sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured Turn we can to his Disposition, he was a very honest Man; for as he was the most inquisitive of Mortals, and eternally prying into the Secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by communicating,



municating, in Return, every thing within his Knowledge.

While *Sophia*, tormented with Anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what Resolution to take, *Susan* arrived with the Sack-whey. Mrs. *Honour* immediately advised her Mistress, in a Whisper, to pump this Wench, who probably could inform her of the Truth. *Sophia* approved it, and began as follows: ‘Come hither, Child, now answer me truly what I am going to ask you, and I promise you I will very well reward you. Is there a young Gentleman in this House, a handsome young Gentleman that—’ Here *Sophia* blushed and was confounded—‘A young Gentleman,’ cries *Honour*, ‘that came hither in Company with that saucy Rascal who is now in the Kitchen?’ *Susan* answered, ‘There was.’ ‘Do you know any Thing of any Lady?’ continues *Sophia*, ‘any Lady? I don’t ask you whether she is handsome or no; perhaps she is not, that’s nothing to the Purpose; but do you know of any Lady?’ ‘La, Madam,’ cries *Honour*, ‘you will make a very bad Examiner. Harkee, Child,’ says she, ‘is not that very young Gentleman now in Bed with some nasty Trull or other?’ Here *Susan* smiled, and was silent. ‘Answer the Question, Child,’ says *Sophia*, ‘and here’s a Guinea for you.’ ‘A Guinea! Madam,’ cries *Susan*; ‘La, what’s a Guinea? If my Mistress should know it, I shall certainly lose my Place that very Instant.’ ‘Here’s another for you,’ says *Sophia*, ‘and I promise you faithfully your Mistress shall never know it.’ *Susan*, after a very short Hesitation, took the Money, and told the whole Story, concluding with saying, ‘If you have any great Curio-

sity,

‘fity, Madam, I can steal softly into his Room,’  
‘and see whether he be in his own Bed or no. She accordingly did this by *Sophia’s* Desire, and returned with an Answer in the Negative.

*Sophia* now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. *Honour* begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a Fellow. ‘Why there,’ says *Susan*, ‘I hope, Madam, your Ladyship won’t be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your Ladyship’s Name Madam *Sophia Western?*’ ‘How is it possible you should know me?’ answered *Sophia*. ‘Why that Man that the Gentlewoman spoke of, who is in the Kitchen, told about you last Night. But I hope your Ladyship is not angry with me.’ ‘Indeed, Child,’ said she, ‘I am not; pray tell me all, and I promise you I’ll reward you.’ ‘Why, Madam,’ continued *Susan*, ‘that Man told us all in the Kitchen, that Madam *Sophia Western*—Indeed I don’t know how to bring it out.’—‘Here she stopt, till having received Encouragement from *Sophia*, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. *Honour*, she proceeded thus.—‘He told us, Madam, tho’ to be sure it is all a Lie, that your Ladyship was dying for Love of the young Squire, and that he was going to the Wars to get rid of you. I thought to myself then he was a false-hearted Wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful Lady as you be, forsaken for such an ordinary Woman; for to be sure so she is, and another Man’s Wife into the Bargain. It is such a strange unnatural Thing, in a Manner.’

*Sophia* gave her a third Guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her Friend, if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed

any one who she was, dismissed the Girl with Orders to the Post-Boy to get the Horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her Maid, she told her trusty Waiting-Woman, ‘ That she never was more easy than at present. I am now convinced,’ said she, ‘ he is not only a Villain, but a low despicable Wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing my Name in so barbarous a Manner. That renders him the Object of my Contempt. Yes, *Honour*, I am now easy. I am indeed. I am very easy ;’ and then she burst into a violent Flood of Tears.

After a short Interval, spent chiefly by *Sophia*, in crying and assuring her Maid that she was perfectly easy, *Susan* arrived with an Account that the Horses were ready, when a very extraordinary Thought suggested itself to our young Heroine, by which Mr. *Jones* would be acquainted with her having been at the Inn, in a Way, which, if any Sparks of Affection for her remained in him, would be some Punishment, at least, for his Faults.

The Reader will be pleased to remember a little Muff, which hath had the Honour of being more than once remembered already in this History. This Muff, ever since the Departure of Mr. *Jones*, had been the constant Companion of *Sophia* by Day, and her Bedfellow by Night ; and this Muff she had at this very Instant upon her Arm ; whence she took it off with great Indignation, and having writ her Name with her Pencil upon a Piece of Paper which she pinned to it, she bribed the Maid to convey it into the empty Bed of Mr. *Jones*, in which, if he did not find it,

it, she charged her to take some Method of conveying it before his Eyes in the Morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. *Honour* had eaten, in which Bill was included an Account for what she herself might have eaten, she mounted her Horse, and once more assuring her Companion that she was perfectly easy, continued her Journey,

## C H A P. VI.

*Containing, among other Things, the Ingenuity of Partridge, the Madness of Jones, and the Folly of Fitzpatrick.*

**I**T was now past Five in the Morning, and other Company began to rise and come to the Kitchen, among whom were the Serjeant and the Coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a Libation, or, in the *English* Phrase, drank a hearty Cup together.

In this Drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the Behaviour of *Partridge*, who, when the Sergeant drank a Health to King *George*, repeated only the Word King: nor could he be brought to utter more; for tho' he was going to fight against his own Cause, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink against it.

Mr. *Jones* being now returned to his own Bed, (but from whence he returned we must beg to be excused from relating) summoned *Partridge* from this agreeable Company, who, after a ceremonious Preface, having obtained Leave to offer his Advice, delivered himself as follows:

'It is, Sir, an old Saying, and a true one, that  
'a wise Man may sometimes learn Counsel from



‘ a Fool; I wish therefore I might be so bold as  
‘ to offer you my Advice, which is to return  
‘ home again, and leave these *Horrida Bella*,  
‘ these bloody Wars, to Fellows who are con-  
‘ tented to swallow Gunpowder, because they  
‘ have nothing else to eat. Now every body  
‘ knows your Honour wants for nothing at  
‘ home; when that’s the Case, why should any  
‘ Man travel abroad?’

‘ *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ thou art certainly a  
‘ Coward; I wish therefore thou would’st return  
‘ home thyself, and trouble me no more.’

‘ I ask your Honour’s Pardon, cries *Partridge*,  
‘ I spoke on your Account more than my own;  
‘ for as to me, Heaven knows my Circumstances  
‘ are bad enough, and I am so far from being  
‘ afraid, that I value a Pistol, or a Blunderbuss,  
‘ or any such Thing, no more than a Pop-gun.  
‘ Every Man must die once, and what signifies  
‘ the Manner how; besides, perhaps, I may come  
‘ off with the Loss only of an Arm or a Leg. I  
‘ assure you, Sir, I was never less afraid in my  
‘ Life; and so if your Honour is resolved to go  
‘ on, I am resolved to follow you. But, in that  
‘ Case, I wish I might give my Opinion. To  
‘ be sure it is a scandalous Way of travelling,  
‘ for a great Gentleman like you to walk afoot.  
‘ Now here are two or three good Horses in the  
‘ Stable, which the Landlord will certainly make  
‘ no Scruple of trusting you with; but if he  
‘ should, I can easily contrive to take them; and  
‘ let the worst come to the worst, the King would  
‘ certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight  
‘ in his Cause.’

Now as the Honesty of *Partridge* was equal  
to his Understanding, and both dealt only in  
small

small Matters, he would never have attempted a Roguery of this Kind, had he not imagined it altogether safe; for he was one of those who have more Consideration of the Gallows than of the Fitness of Things; but, in Reality, he thought he might have committed this Felony without any Danger: For, besides that he doubted not but the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* would sufficiently quiet the Landlord, he conceived they should be altogether safe, whatever Turn Affairs might take; as *Jones*, he imagined, would have Friends enough on one Side, and as his Friends would as well secure him on the other.

When Mr. *Jones* found that *Partridge* was in earnest in his Proposal, he very severely rebuked him, and that in such bitter Terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and presently turned the Discourse to other Matters, saying, he believed they were then in a Bawdy-House, and that he had, with much ado, prevented two Wenches from disturbing his Honour in the Middle of the Night. ‘Heydey!’ says he, ‘I believe they got into your Chamber whether I would or no; for here lies the Muff of one of them on the Ground.’ Indeed, as *Jones* returned to his Bed in the Dark, he had never perceived the Muff on the Quilt, and in leaping into his Bed he had tumbled it on the Floor. This *Partridge* now took up, and was going to put it into his Pocket, when *Jones* desired to see it. The Muff was so very remarkable, that our Hero might possibly have recollected it without the Information annexed. But his Memory was not put to that hard Office; for at the same Instant he saw and read the Words *Sophia Western* upon the Paper which was pinned to it. His Looks now

C 5

grew

grew frantick in a Moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'O Heavens, how came this Muff here!' 'I know no more than your Honour,' cried *Partridge*; 'but I saw it upon the Arm of one of the Women who would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them.' 'Where are they?' cries *Jones*, jumping out of Bed, and laying hold of his Clothes. 'Many Miles off,' 'I believe, by this Time, said *Partridge*. And now *Jones*, upon further Enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the Bearer of this Muff was no other than the lovely *Sophia* herself.

The Behaviour of *Jones* on this Occasion, his Thoughts, his Looks, his Words, his Actions, were such as *beggar all Description*. After many bitter Execrations on *Partridge*, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor Fellow, who was frightened out of his Wits, to run down and hire him Horses at any Rate; and a very few Minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his Clothes, he hastened down Stairs to execute the Orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his Arrival in the Kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what had there happened since *Partridge* had first left it on his Master's Summons.

The Serjeant was just marched off with his Party, when the two *Irish* Gentlemen arose, and came down Stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the Noises in the Inn, that they had never once been able to close their Eyes all Night.

The Coach, which had brought the young Lady and her Maid, and which, perhaps, the Reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned Coach belonging to  
Mr.

Mr. *King* of *Bath*, one of the worthiest and honestest Men that ever dealt in Horse-flesh, and whose Coaches we heartily recommend to all our Readers who travel that Road. By which Means they may, perhaps, have the Pleasure of riding in the very Coach, and being driven by the very Coachman, that is recorded in this History.

The Coachman having but two Passengers, and hearing Mr. *Maclachlan* was bound to *Bath*, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate Price. He was induced to this by the Report of the Ostler, who said, that the Horse which Mr. *Maclachlan* had hired from *Worcester*, would be much more pleased with returning to his Friends there, than to prosecute a long Journey; for that the said Horse was rather a two-legged than a four-legged Animal.

Mr. *Maclachlan* immediately closed with the Proposal of the Coachman, and, at the same Time, persuaded his Friend *Fitzpatrick* to accept of the fourth Place in the Coach. This Conveyance the Soreness of his Bones made more agreeable to him than a Horse; and being well assured of meeting with his Wife at *Bath*, he thought a little Delay would be of no Consequence.

*Maclachlan*, who was much the sharper Man of the two, no sooner heard that this Lady came from *Chester*, with the other Circumstances which he learned from the Ostler, than it came into his Head that she might possibly be his Friend's Wife; and presently acquainted him with this Suspicion, which had never once occurred to *Fitzpatrick* himself. To say the Truth, he was one of those Compositions which Nature



makes up in too great a Hurry, and forgets to put any Brains into their Head.

Now it happens to this Sort of Men, as to bad Hounds, who never hit off a Fault themselves; but no sooner doth a Dog of Sagacity open his Mouth, than they immediately do the same, and without the Guidance of any Scent, run directly forwards as fast as they are able. In the same Manner, the very Moment Mr. *MacLachlan* had mentioned his Apprehension, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* instantly concurred, and flew directly up Stairs to surprise his Wife, before he knew where she was; and unluckily (as Fortune loves to play Tricks with those Gentlemen who put themselves entirely under her Conduct) ran his Head against several Doors and Posts to no Purpose. Much kinder was she to me, when she suggested that Simile of the Hounds, just before inserted; since the poor Wife may, on these Occasions, be so justly compared to a hunted Hare. Like that little wretched Animal, she pricks up her Ears to listen after the Voice of her Pursuer; like her, flies away trembling when she hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and destroyed in the End.

This was not however the Case at present; for after a long fruitless Search, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* returned to the Kitchen, where, as if this had been a real Chace, entered a Gentleman hallowing as Hunters do when the Hounds are at a Fault. He was just alighted from his Horse, and had many Attendants at his Heels.

Here, Reader, it may be necessary to acquaint thee with some Matters, which, if thou dost know already, thou art wiser than I take thee to be. And this Information thou shalt receive in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which are concluded the Adventures that happened at the Inn at Upton.*

**I**N the first Place then, this Gentleman just arrived was no other Person than Squire *Western* himself, who was come hither in Pursuit of his Daughter; and had he fortunately been two Hours earlier, he had found not only her, but his Niece into the Bargain; for such was the Wife of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who had run away with her five Years before, out of the Custody of that sage Lady Madam *Western*.

Now this Lady had departed from the Inn much about the same Time with *Sophia*: For having been waked by the Voice of her Husband, she had sent up for the Landlady, and being by her apprised of the Matter, had bribed the good Woman, at an extravagant Price, to furnish her with Horses for her Escape. Such Prevalence had Money in this Family; and though the Mistress would have turned away her Maid for a corrupt Hussy, if she had known as much as the Reader, yet she was no more Proof against Corruption herself than poor *Susan* had been.

Mr. *Western* and his Nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any Notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a stolen Match, and consequently an unnatural one in the Opinion of the good Squire, he had, from the Time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young Creature, who was then no more than Eighteen, as a Monster,

Monster, and had never since suffered her to be named in his Presence.

The Kitchen was now a Scene of universal Confusion. *Western* enquiring after his Daughter, and *Fitzpatrick* as eagerly after his Wife, when *Jones* entered the Room, unfortunately having *Sophia's* Muff in his Hand.

As soon as *Western* saw *Jones*, he set up the same Holla as is used by Sportsmen when their Game is in View. He then immediately run up and laid hold of *Jones*, crying, 'We have got the Dog Fox, I warrant the Bitch is not far off.' The Jargon which followed for some Minutes, where many spoke different Things at the same Time, as it would be very difficult to describe, so would it be no less unpleasant to read.

*Jones* having, at length, shaken Mr. *Western* off, and some of the Company having interfered between them, our Heroe protested his Innocence as to knowing any thing of the Lady; when *Parson Supple* stepped up, and said, 'It is Folly to deny it; for why, the Marks of Guilt are in thy Hands. I will myself asseverate and bind it by an Oath, that the Muff thou bearest in thy Hand belongeth unto Madam *Sophia*; for I have frequently observed her, of later Days, to bear it about her.' 'My Daughter's Muff!' cries the Squire, in a Rage. 'Hath he got my Daughter's Muff! Bear Witness, the Goods are found upon him. I'll have him before a Justice of Peace this Instant. Where is my Daughter, Villain?' 'Sir,' said *Jones*, 'I beg you would be pacified. The Muff, I acknowledge, is the young Lady's; -but, upon my Honour, I have never seen her.' At these Words *Western* lost all Patience, and grew inarticulate with Rage.

Some

Some of the Servants had acquainted *Fitzpatrick* who *Mr. Western* was. The good *Irishman* therefore thinking he had now an Opportunity to do an Act of Service to his Uncle, and by that Means might possibly obtain his Favour, stepped up to *Jones*, and cried out, ' Upon my Conscience, ' Sir, you may be ashamed of denying your ' having seen the Gentleman's Daughter before ' my Face, when you know I found you there ' upon the Bed together.' Then turning to *Western*, he offered to conduct him immediately to the Room where his Daughter was; which Offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the Parson, and some others, ascended directly to Mrs. *Waters's* Chamber, which they entered with no less Violence than Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had done before.

The poor Lady started from her Sleep with as much Amazement as Terror, and beheld at her Bed-side a Figure which might very well be supposed to have escaped out of *Bedlam*. Such Wildness and Confusion were in the Looks of Mr. *Western*: who no sooner saw the Lady, than he started back, shewing sufficiently by his Manner, before he spoke, that this was not the Person sought after.

So much more tenderly do Women value their Reputation than their Persons, that tho' the latter seemed now in more Danger than before, yet as the former was secure, the Lady screamed not with such Violence as she had done on the other Occasion. However, she no sooner found herself alone, than she abandoned all Thoughts of further Repose; and as she had sufficient Reason to be dissatisfied with her present Lodging, she dressed herself with all possible Expedition.

Mr:



Mr. *Western* now proceeded to search the whole House, but to as little Purpose as he had disturbed poor Mrs. *Waters*. He then returned disconsolate into the Kitchen, where he found *Jones* in the Custody of his Servants.

This violent Uproar had raised all the People in the House, tho' it was yet scarcely Day-light. Among these was a grave Gentleman, who had the Honour to be in the Commission of the Peace for the County of *Worcester*. Of which Mr. *Western* was no sooner informed, than he offered to lay his Complaint before him. The Justice declined executing his Office, as he said he had no Clerk present, nor any Book about Justice-Business; and that he could not carry all the Law in his Head about stealing away Daughters, and such sort of Things.

Here Mr. *Fitzpatrick* offered to lend him his Assistance; informing the Company that he had been himself bred to the Law. (And indeed he had served three Years as Clerk to an Attorney in the North of *Ireland*, when chusing a genteeler Walk in Life, he quitted his Master, came over to *England*, and set up that Business which requires no Apprenticeship, namely, that of a Gentleman, in which he had succeeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. *Fitzpatrick* declared that the Law concerning Daughters was out of the present Case; that stealing a Muff was undoubtedly Felony, and the Goods being found upon the Person, were sufficient Evidence of the Fact.

The Magistrate, upon the Encouragement of so learned a Coadjutor, and upon the violent Intercession of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon

upon to seat himself in the Chair of Justice, where being placed, upon viewing the Muff which *Jones* still held in his Hand, and upon the Parson's swearing it to be the Property of Mr. *Western*, he desired Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to draw up a Commitment, which he said he would sign.

*Jones* now, desired to be heard, which was at last, with Difficulty, granted him. He then produced the Evidence of Mr. *Partridge*, as to the finding it; but what was still more, *Susan* deposed that *Sophia* herself had delivered the Muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the Chamber where Mr. *Jones* had found it.

Whether a natural Love of Justice, or the extraordinary Comeliness of *Jones*, had wrought on *Susan* to make the Discovery, I will not determine; but such were the Effects of her Evidence, that the Magistrate, throwing himself back in his Chair, declared that the Matter was now altogether as clear on the Side of the Prisoner, as it had before been against him; with which the Parson concurred, saying, the Lord forbid he should be instrumental in committing an innocent Person to Durance. The Justice then arose, acquitted the Prisoner, and broke up the Court.

Mr. *Western* now gave every one present a hearty Curse, and immediately ordering his Horses, departed in Pursuit of his Daughter, without taking the least Notice of his Nephew *Fitzpatrick*, or returning any Answer to his Claim of Kindred, notwithstanding all the Obligations he had just received from that Gentleman. In the Violence, moreover, of his Hurry, and of his Passion, he luckily forgot to demand the Muff of

of *Jones* : I say luckily ; for he would have died on the Spot rather than have parted with it.

*Jones* likewise, with his Friend *Partridge*, set forward the Moment he had paid his Reckoning, in Quest of his lovely *Sophia*, whom he now resolved never more to abandon the Pursuit of. Nor could he bring himself even to take Leave of *Mrs. Waters* ; of whom he detested the very Thoughts, as she had been, tho' not designedly, the Occasion of his missing the happiest Interview with *Sophia*, to whom he now vowed eternal Constancy.

As for *Mrs. Waters*, she took the Opportunity of the Coach which was going to *Bath* ; for which Place she set out in Company with the two *Irish* Gentlemen, the Landlady kindly lending her her Clothes ; in Return for which she was contented only to receive about double their Value, as a Recompence for the Loan. Upon the Road she was perfectly reconciled to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who was a very handsome Fellow, and indeed did all she could to console him in the Absence of his Wife.

Thus ended the many odd Adventures which Mr. *Jones* encountered at his Inn at *Upton*, where they talk, to this Day, of the Beauty and lovely Behaviour of the charming *Sophia*, by the Name of the *Somersetshire* Angel.

#### C H A P. VIII.

*In which the History goes backward.*

**B**EFORE we proceed any farther in our History, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary Appearance

pearance of *Sophia* and her Father at the Inn at *Upton*.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that in the Ninth Chapter of the Seventh Book of our History, we left *Sophia*, after a long Debate between Love and Duty, deciding the Cause, as it usually, I believe, happens, in Favour of the former.

This Debate had arisen, as we have there shewn, from a Visit which her Father had just before made her, in order to force her Consent to a Marriage with *Bliss*; and which he had understood to be fully implied in her Acknowledgement, *that she neither must, nor could refuse any absolute Command of his.*

Now from this Visit the Squire retired to his Evening Potation, overjoyed at the Success he had had with his Daughter; and as he was of a social Disposition, and willing to have Partakers in his Happiness, the Beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the Kitchen; so that before Eleven in the Evening, there was not a single Person sober in the House, except only Mrs. *Western* herself, and the charming *Sophia*.

Early in the Morning a Messenger was dispatched to summon Mr. *Bliss*: For tho' the Squire imagined that young Gentleman had been much less acquainted than he really was, with the former Aversion of his Daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her Consent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended Bride herself would confirm it with her Lips. As to the Wedding, it had the Evening before been fixed, by the Male Parties, to be celebrated on the next Morning save one.

Breakfast



Breakfast was now set forth in the Parlour, where Mr. *Blifil* attended, and where the Squire and his Sister likewise were assembled; and now *Sophia* was ordered to be called.

O, *Shakespear*, had I thy Pen! O, *Hogarth*, had I thy Pencil! then would I draw the Picture of the poor Serving Man, who, with pale Countenance, staring Eyes, chattering Teeth, faltering Tongue, and trembling Limbs,

(E'en such a Man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in Look, so woe be gone,  
Drew *Priam's* Curtains in the dead of Night,  
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was  
burn'd)

enter'd the Room, and declared,—*That Madam Sophia was not to be found.*

'Not to be found!' cries the Squire, starting from his Chair; 'Zounds and D——nation! Blood and Fury! Where, when, how, what, —Not to be found! where?'

'La! Brother,' said Mrs. *Western*, with true political Coldness, 'you are always throwing yourself into such violent Passions for nothing. My Niece, I suppose, is only walked out into the Garden. I protest you are grown so unreasonable, that it is impossible to live in the House with you.'

'Nay, nay,' answered the Squire, returning as suddenly to himself, as he had gone from himself; 'if that be all the Matter, it signifies not much; but, upon my Soul, my Mind misgave me; when the Fellow said she was not to be found.' He then gave Orders for the Bell to be rung in the Garden, and sat himself contentedly down.

No

No two Things could be more the Reverse of each other than were the Brother and Sister, in most Instances ; particularly in this, That as the Brother never foresaw any Thing at a Distance, but was most sagacious in immediately seeing every Thing the Moment it had happened ; so the Sister eternally foresaw at a Distance, but was not so quick-sighted to Objects before her Eyes. Of both these the Reader may have observed Examples : And, indeed, both their several Talents were excessive : For as the Sister often foresaw what never came to pass, so the Brother often saw much more than was actually the Truth.

This was not however the Case at present. The same Report was brought from the Garden, as before had been brought from the Chamber, that Madam *Sophia* was not to be found.

The Squire himself now sallied forth, and began to roar forth the Name of *Sophia* as loudly, and in as hoarse a Voice, as whilome did *Hercules* that of *Hylas* : And as the Poet tells us, that the whole Shore ecchoed back the Name of that beautiful Youth ; so did the House, the Garden, and all the neighbouring Fields, resound nothing but the Name of *Sophia*, in the hoarse Voices of the Men, and in the shrill Pipes of the Women ; while Eccho seemed so pleased to repeat the beloved Sound, that if there is really such a Person, I believe *Ovid* hath belied her Sex.

Nothing reigned for a long Time but Confusion ; 'till at last the Squire having sufficiently spent his Breath, returned to the Parlour, where he found Mrs. *Western* and Mr. *Bliss*, and threw himself, with the utmost Dejection in his Countenance, into a great Chair.

Here

Here Mrs. *Western* began to apply the following Consolation :

“ Brother, I am sorry for what hath happened ;  
 “ and that my Niece should have behaved herself  
 “ in a Manner so unbecoming her Family ; but  
 “ it is all your own Doings, and you have no-  
 “ body to thank but yourself. You know she  
 “ hath been educated always in a Manner direct-  
 “ ly contrary to my Advice, and now you see the  
 “ Consequence. Have I not a thousand Times  
 “ argued with you about giving my Niece her  
 “ own Will ? But you know I never could pre-  
 “ vail upon you : and when I had taken so much  
 “ Pains to eradicate her headstrong Opinions, and  
 “ to rectify your Errors in Policy, you know  
 “ she was taken out of my Hands ; so that I  
 “ have nothing to answer for. Had I been  
 “ trusted entirely with the Care of her Educa-  
 “ tion, no such Accident as this had ever befallen  
 “ you : So that you must comfort yourself by  
 “ thinking it was all your own Doing ; and, in-  
 “ deed, what else could be expected from such  
 “ Indulgence ?”——

“ Zounds ! Sister,” answered he, “ you are  
 “ enough to make one mad. Have I indulged  
 “ her ? have I given her her Will ?—It was no  
 “ longer ago than last Night that I threatened,  
 “ if she disobeyed me, to confine her to her  
 “ Chamber upon Bread and Water, as long as  
 “ she lived.—You would provoke the Patience of  
 “ *Job*.”

“ Did ever Mortal hear the like ?” replied she.  
 “ Brother, if I had not the Patience of fifty  
 “ *Jobs*, you would make me forget all Decency  
 “ and Decorum. Why would you interfere ?

“ Did

“ Did I not beg you, did I not entreat you to  
“ leave the whole Conduct to me? You have de-  
“ feated all the Operations of the Campaign by  
“ one false Step. Would any Man in his Senses  
“ have provoked a Daughter by such Threats as  
“ these? How often have I told you, that *Eng-*  
“ *lish* Women are not to be treated like *Cira-*  
“ *cessian*\* Slaves. We have the Protection of  
“ the World: We are to be won by gentle  
“ Means only, and not to be hector'd, and bul-  
“ lied, and beat into Compliance. I thank Hea-  
“ ven, no *Salique* Law governs here. Brother,  
“ you have a Roughness in your Manner which  
“ no Woman but myself would bear. I do not  
“ wonder my Niece was frightened and terrified  
“ into taking this Measure; and to speak honest-  
“ ly, I think my Niece will be justified to the  
“ World for what she hath done. I repeat it to  
“ you again, Brother, you must comfort your-  
“ self by remembering that it is all your own  
“ Fault. How often have I advised—” Here  
*Western* rose hastily from his Chair, and, venting  
two or three horrid Imprecations, ran out of the  
Room.

When he was departed, his Sister expressed  
more Bitterness (if possible) against him, than she  
had done while he was present; for the Truth of  
which she appealed to Mr. *Bliss*, who, with  
great Complacence, acquiesced entirely in all she  
said; but excused all the Faults of Mr. *Western*,  
‘ as they must be considered,’ he said, ‘ to have  
‘ proceeded from the too inordinate Fondness of  
‘ a Father, which must be allowed the Name of  
‘ an amiable Weakness.’ ‘ So much the more  
‘ inexcusable,’ answered the Lady; ‘ for whom

\* Possibly *Circassian*.



‘ doth he ruin by his Fondness, but his own Child?’ To which *Blifil* immediately agreed.

Mrs. *Western* then began to express great Confusion on the Account of Mr. *Blifil*, and of the Usage which he had received from a Family to which he intended so much Honour. On this Subject she treated the Folly of her Niece with great Severity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her Brother, who, she said, was inexcusable to have proceeded so far without better Assurances of his Daughter’s Consent: ‘ But he was (says she) always of a violent, headstrong Temper; and I can scarce forgive myself for all the Advice I have thrown away upon him.’

After much of this Kind of Conversation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the Reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. *Blifil* took his Leave, and returned home, not highly pleased with his Disappointment; which, however, the Philosophy which he had acquired from *Square*, and the Religion infused into him by *Thwackum*, together with somewhat else, taught him to bear rather better than more passionate Lovers bear these Kinds of Evils.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *The Escape of Sophia.*

IT is now Time to look after *Sophia*; whom the Reader, if he loves her half so well as I do, will rejoice to find escaped from the Clutches of her passionate Father, and from those of her dispassionate Lover.

Twelve Times did the iron Register of Time beat on the sonorous Bell-metal, summoning the Ghosts

Ghosts to rise, and walk their nightly Round.— In plainer Language, it was Twelve o’Clock, and all the Family, as we have said, lay buried in Drink and Sleep, except only Mrs. *Western*, who was deeply engaged in reading a political Pamphlet, and except our Heroine, who now softly stole down Stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the House-Doors, sallied forth, and hastened to the Place of Appointment.

Notwithstanding the many pretty Arts, which Ladies sometimes practise, to display their Fears on every little Occasion (almost as many as the other Sex uses to conceal theirs) certainly there is a Degree of Courage, which not only becomes a Woman, but is often necessary to enable her to discharge her Duty. It is, indeed, the Idea of Fierceness, and not of Bravery, which destroys the Female Character : For who can read the Story of the justly celebrated *Arria*, without conceiving as high an Opinion of her Gentleness and Tenderness, as of her Fortitude ? At the same Time, perhaps, many a Woman, who shrieks at a Mouse or a Rat, may be capable of poisoning a Husband ; or, what is worse, of driving him to poison himself.

*Sophia*, with all the Gentleness which a Woman can have, had all the Spirit which she ought to have. When, therefore, she came to the Place of Appointment, and, instead of meeting her Maid, as was agreed, saw a Man ride directly up to her, she neither screamed out, nor fainted away : Not that her Pulse then beat with its usual Regularity ; for she was, at first, under some Surprise and Apprehension : But these were relieved almost as soon as raised, when the Man, pulling off his Hat, asked her, in a very sub-

missive Manner, 'If her Ladyship did not expect to meet another Lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, 'that he was sent to conduct her to that Lady.'

*Sophia* could have no possible Suspicion of any Falshood in this Account: She therefore mounted resolutely behind the Fellow, who conveyed her safe to a Town about five Miles distant, where she had the Satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. *Honour*: For as the Soul of the Waiting-woman was wrapt up in those very Habiliments which used to enwrap her Body, she could by no means bring herself to trust them out of her Sight. Upon these, therefore, she kept Guard in Person, while she detached the aforesaid Fellow after her Mistress, having given him all proper Instructions.

They now debated what Course to take, in order to avoid the Pursuit of Mr. *Western*, who, they knew, would send after them in a few Hours. The *London* Road had such Charms for *Honour*, that she was desirous of going on directly; alledging, that as *Sophia* could not be missed till Eight or Nine the next Morning, her Pursuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which Way she had gone. But *Sophia* had too much at Stake to venture any Thing to Chance; nor did she dare trust too much to her tender Limbs, in a Contest which was to be decided only by Swiftmess. She resolved, therefore, to travel across the Country, for at least twenty or thirty Miles, and then to take the direct Road to *London*. So, having hired Horses to go twenty Miles, one Way, when she intended to go twenty Miles the other, she set forward with the same Guide, behind whom she had ridden from her

her Father's House; the Guide having now taken up behind him, in the Room of *Sophia*, a much heavier, as well as much less lovely Burthen; being, indeed, a huge Portmanteau, well stuffed with those outside Ornaments, by means of which the fair *Honour* hoped to gain many Conquests, and, finally, to make her Fortune in *London* City.

When they had gone about two hundred Paces from the Inn, on the *London* Road, *Sophia* rode up to the Guide, and with a Voice much fuller of Honey than was ever that of *Plato*, though his Mouth is supposed to have been a Beehive, begged him to take the first Turning which led towards *Bristol*.

Reader, I am not superstitious, nor any great Believer of modern Miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain Truth; for, indeed, I can scarce credit it myself: But the Fidelity of an Historian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently asserted. The Horse, then, on which the Guide rode, is reported to have been so charmed by *Sophia's* Voice, that he made a full Stop, and exprest an Unwillingness to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the Fact may be true, and less miraculous than it hath been represented; since the natural Cause seems adequate to the Effect: For as the Guide at that Moment desisted from a constant Application of his armed Right Heel (for, like *Hudibras*, he wore but one Spur) it is more than possible, that this Omission alone might occasion the Beast to stop, especially as this was very frequent with him at other Times.

But if the Voice of *Sophia* had really an Effect on the Horse, it had very little on the Rider.



He answered somewhat furlily, ‘ That Measter  
‘ had ordered him to go a different Way, and  
‘ that he should lose his Place, if he went any  
‘ other than that he was ordered.’

*Sophia* finding all her Persuasions had no Effect, began now to add irresistible Charms to her Voice; Charms, which, according to the Proverb, makes the old Mare trot, instead of standing still; Charms! to which modern Ages have attributted all that irresistible Force, which the Antients imputed to perfect Oratory. In a Word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost Expectation.

The Lad was not totally deaf to these Promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: For tho’ perhaps he had never heard that Word, yet that in Fact was his Objection. He said,  
‘ Gentlevolks did not consider the Case of poor  
‘ Volks; that he had like to have been turned  
‘ away the other Day, for riding about the  
‘ Country with a Gentleman from Squire *All-*  
‘ *worthy’s*, who did not reward him as he should  
‘ have done.’

‘ With whom?’ says *Sophia* eagerly—‘ With  
‘ a Gentleman from Squire *Allworthy’s*,’ repeated the Lad; ‘ the Squire’s Son, I think they call  
‘ ‘un.’—‘ Whither? which way did he go?’ says *Sophia*. ‘ Why a little o’ one Side o’ *Bristol*,  
‘ about twenty Miles off,’ answered the Lad.—  
‘ Guide me,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ to the same Place,  
‘ and I’ll give thee a Guinea, or two if one is  
‘ not sufficient.’ ‘ To be certain,’ said the Boy,  
‘ it is honestly worth two, when your Ladyship  
‘ considers what a Risk I run; but, however, if  
‘ your Ladyship will promise me the two Guineas,  
‘ I’ll e’en venture: To be certain it is a sinful  
‘ Thing

‘ Thing to ride about my Master’s Horses ; but  
 ‘ one Comfort is, I can only be turned away, and  
 ‘ two Guineas will partly make me Amends.’

The Bargain being thus struck, the Lad turned aside into the *Bristol* Road, and *Sophia* set forward in Pursuit of *Jones*, highly contrary to the Remonstrances of Mrs. *Honour*, who had much more Desire to see *London*, than to see Mr. *Jones* : For indeed she was not his Friend with her Mistress, as he had been guilty of some Neglect in certain pecuniary Civilities, which are by Custom due to the Waiting-gentlewoman in all Love Affairs, and more especially in those of a clandestine Kind. This we impute rather to the Carelessness of his Temper, than to any Want of Generosity ; but perhaps she derived it from the latter Motive. Certain it is, that she hated him very bitterly on that Account, and resolved to take every Opportunity of injuring him with her Mistress. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that she had gone to the very same Town and Inn whence *Jones* had started, and still more unlucky was she, in having stumbled on the same Guide, and on this accidental Discovery which *Sophia* had made.

Our Travellers arrived at *Hambrook* \* at the Break of Day, where *Honour* was, against her Will, charged to enquire the Rout which Mr. *Jones* had taken. Of this, indeed, the Guide himself could have informed them ; but *Sophia*, I know not for what Reason, never asked him the Question.

When Mrs. *Honour* had made her Report from the Landlord, *Sophia*, with much Difficulty, pro-

\* This was the Village where *Jones* met the Quaker.

cured some indifferent Horses, which brought her to the Inn, where *Jones* had been confined rather by the Misfortune of meeting with a Surgeon, than by having met with a broken Head.

Here *Honour* being again charged with a Commission of Enquiry, had no sooner applied herself to the Landlady, and had described the Person of Mr. *Jones*, than that sagacious Woman began, in the vulgar Phrase, to smell a Rat. When *Sophia* therefore entered the Room, instead of answering the Maid, the Landlady addressing herself to the Mistress, began the following Speech. ‘Good-lack-a-day! why there now, who would have thought it! I protest the loveliest Couple that ever Eye beheld. I sackins, Madam, it is no Wonder the Squire run on so about your Ladyship. He told me indeed you was the finest Lady in the World, and to be sure so you be. Mercy on him, poor Heart, I bepited him, so I did, when he used to hug his Pillow, and call it his dear Madam *Sophia*.—I did all I could to dissuade him from going to the Wars: I told him there were Men enow that were good for nothing else but to be killed, that had not the Love of such fine Ladies.’ ‘Sure,’ says *Sophia*, ‘the good Woman is distracted.’ ‘No,’ ‘no,’ cries the Landlady, ‘I am not distracted. What, doth your Ladyship think I don’t know then? I assure you he told me all.’ ‘What saucy Fellow,’ cries *Honour*, ‘told you any thing of my Lady?’ ‘No saucy Fellow,’ answered the Landlady, ‘but the young Gentleman you enquired after, and a very pretty young Gentleman he is, and he loves Madam *Sophia Western* to the Bottom of his Soul.’ ‘He love my Lady! I’d have you to know, Woman,’ she

‘ she is Meat for his Master.’—‘ Nay, *Honour*,’ said *Sophia*, interrupting her, ‘ don’t be angry with the good Woman ; she intends no Harm.’ ‘ No, marry don’t I,’ answered the Landlady, emboldened by the soft Accents of *Sophia*; and then launched into a long Narrative, too tedious to be here set down; in which some Passages dropt, that gave a little Offence to *Sophia*, and much more to her Waiting-woman, who hence took Occasion to abuse poor *Jones* to her Mistress the Moment they were alone together, saying, ‘ that he must be a very pitiful Fellow, and could have no Love for a Lady, whose Name he would thus prostitute in an Alehouse.’

*Sophia* did not see his Behaviour in so very disadvantageous a Light, and was perhaps more pleased with the violent Raptures of his Love (which the Landlady exaggerated as much as she had done every other Circumstance) than she was offended with the rest; and indeed she imputed the Whole to the Extravagance, or rather Ebullience of his Passion, and to the Openness of his Heart.

This Incident, however, being afterwards revived in her Mind, and placed in the most odious Colours by *Honour*, served to heighten and give Credit to those unlucky Occurrences at *Upton*, and assisted the Waiting-woman in her Endeavours to make her Mistress depart from that Inn without seeing *Jones*.

The Landlady, finding *Sophia* intended to stay no longer than till her Horses were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, soon withdrew; when *Honour* began to take her Mistress to Task (for indeed she used great Freedom) and



after a long Harangue, in which she reminded her of her Intention to go to *London*, and gave frequent Hints of the Impropriety of pursuing a young Fellow, she at last concluded with this serious Exhortation: 'For Heaven's Sake, Madam, consider what you are about, and whither you are going.'

This Advice to a Lady who had already rode near forty Miles, and in no very agreeable Season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. *Honour*, by the Hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this, I doubt not, is the Opinion of many Readers, who have, I make no Doubt, been long since well convinced of the Purpose of our Heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton Baggage.

But in Reality this was not the Case. *Sophia* had been lately so distracted between Hope and Fear, her Duty and Love to her Father, her Hatred to *Bliss*, her Compassion, and (why should we not confess the Truth?) her Love for *Jones*; which last the Behaviour of her Father, of her Aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of *Jones* himself, had blown into a Flame; that her Mind was in that confused State, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the Consequence of either.

The prudent and sage Advice of her Maid produced, however, some cool Reflection; and she at length determined to go to *Gloucester*, and thence to proceed directly to *London*.

But unluckily a few Miles before she entered that Town, she met the Hack-Attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr.

*Jones*,

*Jones.* This Fellow being well known to Mrs. *Honour*, stopt and spoke to her; of which *Sophia* at that Time took little Notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular Account from *Honour* of this Man afterwards at *Gloucester*, and hearing of the great Expedition he usually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before observed) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewise, that she had overheard Mrs. *Honour* inform him, that they were going to *Gloucester*, she began to fear lest her Father might, by this Fellow's Means, be able to trace her to that City; wherefore if she should there strike into the *London Road*, she apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her Resolution; and having hired Horses to go a Week's Journey, a Way which she did not intend to travel, she again set forward, after a light Refreshment, contrary to the Desire and earnest Entreaties of her Maid, and to the no less vehement Remonstrances of Mrs. *Whitefield*, who, from good Breeding, or perhaps from good Nature (for the poor young Lady appeared much fatigued) press'd her very heartily to stay that Evening at *Gloucester*.

Having refreshed herself only with some Tea, and with lying about two Hours on the Bed, while her Horses were getting ready, she resolutely left Mrs. *Whitefield*'s about Eleven at Night, and striking directly into the *Worcester Road*, within less than four Hours arrived at that very Inn where we last saw her.

Having thus traced our Heroine very particularly back from her Departure, till her Arrival

at *Upton*, we shall in a very few Words bring her Father to the same Place; who having received the first Scent from the Post-boy, who conducted his Daughter to *Hambrook*, very easily traced her afterwards to *Gloucester*; whence he pursued her to *Upton*, as he had learned Mr. *Jones* had taken that Rout, (for *Partridge*, to use the Squire's Expression, left every where a strong Scent behind him) and he doubted not in the least but *Sophia* travelled, or, as he phrased it, ran the same Way. He used indeed a very coarse Expression, which need not be here inserted; as Fox-hunters, who alone would understand it, will easily suggest it to themselves.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XI.

*Containing about three Days.*

CHAP. I.

*A Crust for the Critics.*

**I**N our last initial Chapter, we may be supposed to have treated that formidable Set of Men, who are called Critics, with more Freedom than becomes us; since they exact, and indeed generally receive, great Condescension from Authors. We shall in this, therefore, give the Reasons of our Conduct to this august Body; and here we shall perhaps place them in a Light, in which they have not hitherto been seen.

This Word Critic is of *Greek* Derivation, and signifies Judgment. Hence, I presume, some Persons who have not understood the Original, and



have seen the *English* Translation of the Primitive, have concluded that it meant Judgment in the legal Sense, in which it is frequently used as equivalent to Condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that Opinion, as the greatest Number of Critics hath of late Years been found amongst the Lawyers. Many of these Gentlemen, from Despair, perhaps, of ever rising to the Bench in *Westminster hall*, have placed themselves on the Benches at the Play-house, where they have exerted their judicial Capacity, and have given Judgment, *i. e.* condemned without Mercy.

The Gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleased, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the most important and honourable Offices in the Commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their Favour, we would do so; but as we design to deal very sincerely and plainly too with them, we must remind them of another Officer of Justice of a much lower Rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own Judgment, they bear likewise some remote Resemblance.

But in reality there is another Light, in which these modern Critics may with great Justice and Propriety be seen; and this is that of a common Slanderer. If a Person who prys into the Characters of others, with no other Design but to discover their Faults, and to publish them to the World, deserves the Title of a Slanderer of the Reputation of Men; why should not a Critic, who reads with the same malevolent View, be as properly stiled the Slanderer of the Reputation of Books?

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject Slave; Society produces not a more odious Vermin; nor can the Devil receive a Guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The World, I am afraid, regards not this Monster with half the Abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the Reason of this criminal Lenity shewn towards him; yet it is certain that the Thief looks innocent in the Comparison; nay, the Murderer himself can seldom stand in Competition with his Guilt: For Slander is a more cruel Weapon than a Sword, as the Wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One Method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact Analogy to the Vice here disclaimed against, and that is Poison. A Means of Revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our Laws from all other Murders, in the peculiar Severity of Punishment.

Besides the dreadful Mischiefs done by Slander, and the Baseness of the Means by which they are effected, there are other Circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious Quality: For it often proceeds from no Provocation, and seldom promises itself any Reward, unless some black and infernal Mind may propose a Reward in the Thoughts of having procured the Ruin and Misery of another.

*Shakespeare* hath nobly touched this Vice, when he says,

*Who steals my Purse steals Trash, 'tis something,  
nothing;*

*'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been Slave to  
Thousands;*

*But*

*But he that filches from me my good Name,  
 Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,  
 BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.*

With all this my good Reader will doubtless agree; but much of it will probably seem too severe, when applied to the Slanderer of Books. But let it here be considered, that both proceed from the same wicked Disposition of Mind, and are alike void of the Excuse of Temptation. Nor shall we conclude the Injury done this Way to be very slight, when we consider a Book as the Author's Offspring, and indeed as the Child of his Brain.

The Reader who hath suffered his Muse to continue hitherto in a Virgin State, can have but a very inadequate Idea of this Kind of paternal Fondness. To such we may parody the tender Exclamation of *Macduff*. *Alas! Thou hast written no Book.* But the Author whose Muse hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic Strain, perhaps will accompany me with Tears (especially if his Darling be already no more) while I mention the Uneasiness with which the big Muse bears about her Burden, the painful Labour with which she produces it, and lastly, the Care, the Fondness, with which the tender Father nourishes his Favourite, till it be brought to Maturity, and produced into the World.

Nor is there any paternal Fondness which seems less to savour of absolute Instinct, and which may so well be reconciled to worldly Wisdom, as this. These Children may most truly be called the Riches of their Father; and many of them have with true filial Piety fed the Parent in his old Age: so that not only the Affection,  
 but

but the Interest of the Author may be highly injured by these Slanderers, whose poisonous Breath brings his Book to an untimely End.

Lastly, the Slander of a Book is, in Truth, the Slander of the Author: For as no one can call another Bastard, without calling the Mother a Whore; so neither can any one give the Names of sad Stuff, horrid Nonsense, &c. to a Book, without calling the Author a Blockhead; which tho' in a moral Sense it is a preferable Appellation to that of Villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly Interest.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to some, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the Truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the Subject with decent Solemnity; but surely a Man may speak Truth with a smiling Countenance. In reality, to depreciate a Book maliciously, or even wantonly, is at least a very ill-natured Office; and a morose snarling Critic may, I believe, be suspected to be a bad Man.

I will therefore endeavour in the remaining Part of this Chapter, to explain the Marks of this Character, and to shew what Criticism I here intend to obviate: For I can never be understood, unless by the very Persons here meant, to insinuate, that there are no proper Judges of Writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the Commonwealth of Literature any of those noble Critics, to whose Labours the learned World are so greatly indebted. Such were *Aristotle*, *Horace*, and *Longinus* among the Antients, *Dacier* and *Bossu* among the *French*, and some perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authorised to execute at least a judicial Authority in *Foro Literario*. But



But, without ascertaining all the proper Qualifications of a Critic, which I have touched on elsewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the Censures of any one past upon Works which he hath not himself read. Such Censures as these, whether they speak from their own Guess or Suspicion, or from the Report and Opinion of others, may properly be said to slander the Reputation of the Book they condemn.

Such may likewise be suspected of deserving this Character, who, without assigning any particular Faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory Terms; such as vile, dull, da—d Stuff, &c. and particularly by the Use of the Monosyllable Low; a Word which becomes the Mouth of no Critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, tho' there may be some Faults justly assigned in the Work; yet if those are not in the most essential Parts, or, if they are compensated by greater Beauties, it will favour rather of the Malice of a Slanderer, than of the Judgment of a true Critic, to pass a severe Sentence upon the whole, merely on account of some vicious Part. This is directly contrary to the Sentiments of *Horace*.

*Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura*————

But where the Beauties, more in Number,  
shine,

I am not angry, when a casual Line  
(That with some trivial Faults unequal flows)  
A careless Hand, or human Frailty shows.

Mr. FRANCIS.

For,

For, as *Martial* says, *Aliter non fit, Avite, Liber. No Book can be otherwise composed.* All Beauty of Character, as well as of Countenance, and indeed of every Thing human, is to be tried in this Manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if such a Work as this History, which hath employed some Thousands of Hours in the composing, should be liable to be condemned, because some particular Chapter, or perhaps Chapters, may be obnoxious to very just and sensible Objections. And yet nothing is more common than the most rigorous Sentence upon Books supported by such Objections, which, if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no Means go to the Merit of the whole. In the Theatre especially, a single Expression, which doth not coincide with the Taste of the Audience, or with any individual Critic of that Audience, is sure to be hissed; and one Scene, which should be disapproved, would hazard the whole Piece. To write within such severe Rules as these, is as impossible as to live up to some splenetic Opinions; and if we judge according to the Sentiments of some Critics, and of some Christians, no Author will be saved in this World, and no Man in the next,

## CHAP. II.

*The Adventures which Sophia met with, after her leaving Upton.*

OUR History, just before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the Departure of *Sophia* and her Maid from the Inn; we shall now therefore pursue the Steps of

of that lovely Creature, and leave her unworthy Lover a little longer to bemoan his Ill-Luck, or rather his ill Conduct.

*Sophia* having directed her Guide to travel through Bye-Roads across the Country, they now passed the *Severn*, and had scarce got a Mile from the Inn, when the young Lady, looking behind her, saw several Horses coming after on full Speed. This greatly alarmed her Fears, and she called to the Guide to put on as fast as possible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full Gallop. But the faster they went, the faster were they followed; and as the Horses behind were somewhat swifter than those before, so the former were at length overtaken. A happy Circumstance for poor *Sophia*; whose Fears, joined to her Fatigue, had almost overpowered her Spirits; but she was now instantly relieved by a female Voice, that greeted her in the softest Manner, and with the utmost Civility. This Greeting, *Sophia*, as soon as she could recover her Breath, with like Civility, and with the highest Satisfaction to herself, returned.

The Travellers who joined *Sophia*, and who had given her such Terror, consisted, like her own Company, of two Females and a Guide. The two Parties proceeded three full Miles together before any one offered again to open their Mouths; when our Heroine, having pretty well got the better of her Fear, (but yet being somewhat surprized that the other still continued to attend her, as she pursued no great Road, and had already passed through several Turnings) accosted the strange Lady in a most obliging Tone, and said, 'She was very happy to find they were both travelling the same Way.' The other, who,

who, like a Ghost, only wanted to be spoke to, readily answered, ' That the Happiness was entirely hers ; that she was a perfect Stranger in that Country, and was so overjoyed at meeting a Companion of her own Sex, that she had perhaps been guilty of an Impertinence, which required great Apology, in keeping Pace with her.' More Civilities passed between these two Ladies ; for Mrs. *Honour* had now given Place to the fine Habit of the Stranger, and had fallen into the Rear. But tho' *Sophia* had great Curiosity to know why the other Lady continued to travel on through the same Bye-roads with herself, nay, tho' this gave her some Uneasiness ; yet Fear, or Modesty, or some other Consideration, restrained her from asking the Question.

The strange Lady now laboured under a Difficulty which appears almost below the Dignity of History to mention. Her Bonnet had been blown from her Head no less than five Times within the last Mile ; nor could she come at any Ribbon or Handkerchief to tie it under her Chin. When *Sophia* was informed of this, she immediately supplied her with a Handkerchief for this Purpose ; which while she was pulling from her Pocket, she perhaps too much neglected the Management of her Horse, for the Beast now unluckily making a false Step, fell upon his Fore-Legs, and threw his fair Rider from his Back.

Tho' *Sophia* came Head foremost to the Ground, she happily received not the last Damage ; and the same Circumstances which had perhaps contributed to her Fall now preserved her from Confusion ; for the Lane which they were then passing, was narrow and very much over-grown with Trees, so that the Moon could here afford very little



little Light, and was moreover, at present, so obscured in a Cloud, that it was almost perfectly dark. By these Means the young Lady's Modesty, which was extremely delicate, escaped as free from Injury as her Limbs, and she was once more reinstated in her Saddle, having received no other Harm than a little Fright by her Fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full Lustre; and now the two Ladies, who were riding over a Common Side by Side, looking stedfastly at each other, at the same Moment both their Eyes became fixed; both their Horses stopt, and both speaking together, with equal Joy pronounced, the one the Name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriot*.

This unexpected Encounter surprized the Ladies much more than I believe it will the sagacious Reader, who must have imagined that the strange Lady could be no other than Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, the Cousin of Miss *Western*, whom we before-mentioned to have sallied from the Inn a few Minutes after her.

So great was the Surprize and Joy which these two Cousins conceived at this Meeting (for they had formerly been most intimate Acquaintance and Friends, and had long lived together with their Aunt *Western*) that it is impossible to recount half the Congratulations which passed between them, before either asked a very natural Question of the other, namely, whither she was going.

This at last, however, came first from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but, easy and natural as the Question may seem, *Sophia* found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain Answer. She begged her Cousin therefore to suspend all Curiosity till they arrived at some Inn, 'which, I suppose,' says she,  
' can

‘ can hardly be far distant; and believe me,  
‘ *Harriot*, I suspend as much Curiosity on my  
‘ Side; for indeed I believe our Astonishment is  
‘ pretty equal.’

The Conversation which passed between these Ladies on the Road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two Waiting-woman.. For they likewise began to pay their Compliments to each other. As for the Guides, they were debarred from the Pleasure of Discourse, the one being placed in the Van, and the other obliged to bring up the Rear.

In this Posture they travelled many Hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten Road, which, as they turned to the Right, soon brought them to a very fair promising Inn; where they all alighted: But so fatigued was *Sophia*, that, as she had sat her Horse during the last five or six Miles with great Difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without Assistance. This the Landlord, who had hold of her Horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his Arms from her Saddle; and she too readily accepted the Tender of his Service. Indeed Fortune seems to have resolved to put *Sophia* to the Blush that Day, and the second malicious Attempt succeeded better than the first; for my Landlord had no sooner received the young Lady in his Arms, than his Feet, which the Gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same Time, with no less Dexterity than Gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming Burthen, so that he alone received any Bruise from the Fall; for the great Injury which happened to *Sophia*, was a violent

violent Shock given to her Modesty, by an immoderate Grin, which, at her rising from the Ground, she observed in the Countenances of most of the Bye-Standers. This made her suspect what had really happened, and what we shall not here relate for the Indulgence of those Readers who are capable of laughing at the Offence given to a young Lady's Delicacy. Accidents of this Kind we have never regarded in a comical Light; nor will we scruple to say, that he must have a very inadequate Idea of the Modesty of a beautiful young Woman, who would wish to sacrifice it to so paltry a Satisfaction as can arise from Laughter.

This Fright and Shock, joined to the violent Fatigue which both her Mind and Body had undergone, almost overcame the excellent Constitution of *Sophia*, and she had scarce Strength sufficient to totter into the Inn, leaning on the Arm of her Maid. Here she was no sooner seated than she called for a Glass of Water; but Mrs. *Honour*, very judiciously, in my Opinion, changed it into a Glass of Wine.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* hearing from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had not been in Bed during the two last Nights, and observing her to look very pale and wan with her Fatigue, earnestly entreated her to refresh herself with some Sleep. She was yet a Stranger to her History, or her Apprehensions; but had she known both, she would have given the same Advice; for Rest was visibly necessary for her; and their long Journey through Bye-Roads so entirely removed all Danger of Pursuit, that she was herself perfectly easy on that Account.

*Sophia*

*Sophia* was easily prevailed on to follow the Counsel of her Friend, which was heartily seconded by her Maid. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise offered to bear her Cousin Company, which *Sophia*, with much Complaisance, accepted.

The Mistress was no sooner in Bed, than the Maid prepared to follow her Example. She began to make many Apologies to her Sister *Abigail* for leaving her alone in so horrid a Place as an Inn; but the other stopped her short, being as well inclined to a Nap as herself, and desired the Honour of being her Bedfellow. *Sophia's* Maid agreed to give her a Share of her Bed, but put in her Claim to all the Honour. So after many Court'sies and Compliments, to Bed together went the Waiting-women, as their Mistresses had done before them.

It was usual with my Landlord (as indeed it is with the whole Fraternity) to enquire particularly of all Coachmen, Footmen, Postboys, and others, into the Names of all his Guests; what their Estate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular Circumstances which attended our Travellers, and especially their retiring all to Sleep at so extraordinary and unusual an Hour as ten in the Morning, should excite his Curiosity. As soon therefore as the Guides entered the Kitchen, he began to examine who the Ladies were, and whence they came; but the Guides, tho' they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little Satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his Curiosity than extinguished it.

This Landlord had the Character, among all his Neighbours, of being a very sagacious Fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper



into Things than any Man in the Parish, the Parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his Look had contributed not a little to procure him this Reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a Pipe in his Mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His Behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the Opinion of his Wisdom. In his Deportment he was solemn, if not fullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow Voice; and though his Sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many Hums and Ha's, Ay, Ays, and other Expletives: So that though he accompanied his Words with certain explanatory Gestures, such as shaking or nodding the Head, or pointing with his Forefinger, he generally left his Hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a Hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last Circumstance alone may, indeed, very well account for his Character of Wisdom; since Men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand Secret, upon which several Imposers on Mankind have totally relied for the Success of their Frauds.

This polite Person now taking his Wife aside, asked her, 'What she thought of the Ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them?' said the Wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what I think. The Guides tell strange Stories. One pretends to be come from *Gloucester*, and the other from *Upton*; and neither of them, for what I can find, can tell whither they are going. But what People ever travel across the Country from *Upton* hither, especially

‘ especially to *London*? And one of the Maid-Servants, before she alighted from her Horse, asked, if this was not the *London* Road? Now I have put all these Circumstances together, and whom do you think I have found them out to be?’ ‘ Nay,’ answered she, ‘ you know I never pretend to guess at your Discoveries.’—‘ It is a good Girl,’ replied he, chucking her under the Chin; ‘ I must own you have always submitted to my Knowledge of these Matters. Why then, depend upon it; mind what I say, —depend upon it, they are certainly some of the Rebel Ladies, who, they say, travel with the young Chevalier; and have taken a round-about Way to escape the Duke’s Army.’

‘ Husband,’ quoth the Wife, you have certainly hit it; for one of them is dressed as fine as any Princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all the World like one.—But yet, when I consider one Thing’—‘ When you consider!’ cries the Landlord contemptuously——‘ Come, pray let’s hear what you consider.’——‘ Why it is,’ answered the Wife, ‘ that she is too humble to be any very great Lady; for while our *Betty* was warming the Bed, she called her nothing but Child, and my Dear, and Sweetheart; and when *Betty* offered to pull off her Shoes and Stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she would not give her the Trouble.’

‘ Pooh!’ answered the Husband, ‘ This is nothing. Dost think, because you have seen some great Ladies rude and uncivil to Persons below them, that none of them know how to behave themselves when they come before their Inferiors? I think, I know People of Fashion when I see them. I think I do. Did not she

‘ call for a Glass of Water when she came in ?  
‘ Another Sort of Women would have called for  
‘ a Dram ; you know they would. If she be  
‘ not a Woman of very great Quality, sell me for  
‘ a Fool ; and, I believe, those who buy me will  
‘ have a bad Bargain. Now, would a Woman  
‘ of her Quality travel without a Footman, unless  
‘ upon some such extraordinary Occasion ?’  
‘ Nay, to be sure, Husband,’ cried she, ‘ you know  
‘ these Matters better than I, or most Folk.’ ‘ I  
‘ think I do know something,’ said he. ‘ To be  
‘ sure,’ answered the Wife, ‘ the poor little Heart  
‘ looked so piteous, when she sat down in the  
‘ Chair, I protest I could not help having a Com-  
‘ passion for her, almost as much as if she had  
‘ been a poor Body. But what’s to be done, Hus-  
‘ band ? If an she be a Rebel, I suppose you in-  
‘ tend to betray her up to the Court. Well, she’s  
‘ a sweet-tempered, good-humoured Lady, be she  
‘ what she will, and I shall hardly refrain from  
‘ crying when I hear she is hanged or beheaded.’  
‘ Pooh,’ answered the Husband !—‘ But as to  
‘ what’s to be done it is not so easy a Matter to  
‘ determine. I hope, before she goes away, we  
‘ shall have the News of a Battle : For if the Che-  
‘ valier should get the better, she may gain us In-  
‘ terest at Court, and make our Fortunes with-  
‘ out betraying her.’ ‘ Why that’s true,’ replied  
the Wife ; ‘ and I heartily hope she will have it  
‘ in her Power. Certainly she’s a sweet good  
‘ Lady, it would go horribly against me to have  
‘ her come to any Harm.’ ‘ Pooh,’ cries the  
Landlord, ‘ Women are always so tender-hearted.  
‘ Why you would not harbour Rebels, would you ?’  
‘ No, certainly,’ answered the Wife ; ‘ and as  
‘ for betraying her, come what will on’t, nobody  
‘ can

‘ can blame us. It is what any body would do  
‘ in our Case.’

While our politic Landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation of great Wisdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himself (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived, that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day’s March towards *London*; and soon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, shook the Landlord by the Hand, saying, ‘ All’s our own, Boy, ‘ Ten thousand honest *Fenchmen* are landed in ‘ *Suffolk*. Old *England* for ever ! Ten thousand ‘ *French*, my brave Lad ! I am going to tap a- ‘ way directly.’

This News determined the Opinion of the wise Man, and he resolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam *Jenny Cameron* herself.

### CH A P. III.

*A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun, a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.*

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been some Time retired to Rest, when *Sophia* arose, greatly refreshed by her Sleep; which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occasioned; for tho’ she had told her Maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left *Upton*; yet it is certain her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is



attended with all the restless Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Distemper which Physicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewise left her Bed at the same Time; and having summoned her Maid, immediately dressed herself. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had she been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended (for her Mistress would not suffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who had performed the Office of the Morning Star, and had preceded greater Glories, shared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipsed the Moment those Glories shone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than she did at this Instant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid of the Inn for her Hyperbole; who when she descended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, she was now above Stairs.

*Sophia* had acquainted her Cousin with her Design to go to *London*; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her; for the Arrival of her Husband at *Upton* had put an End to her Design of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Western*. They had therefore no sooner finished their Tea, than *Sophia* proposed to set out, the Moon then shining extremely bright, and as for the Frost she defied it; nor had she any of those Apprehensions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night; for she had, as we have before

before observed, some little Degree of natural Courage; and this her present Sensations, which bordered somewhat on Despair, greatly increased. Besides, as she had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, she was the better emboldened to trust to it a third Time.

The Disposition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous; for tho' the greater Terrors had conquered the less, and the Presence of her Husband had driven her away at so unseasonable an Hour from *Upton*; yet being now arrived at a Place where she thought herself safe from his Pursuit, these lesser Terrors of I know not what, operated so strongly, that she earnestly intreated her Cousin to stay till the next Morning, and not expose herself to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

*Sophia*, who was yielding to an Excess, when she could neither laugh nor reason her Cousin out of these Apprehensions, at last gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had she known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have persuaded her; for as to *Jones*, she had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confess the Truth, I believe she rather wished than feared it; though I might honestly enough have concealed this Wish from the Reader, as it was one of those secret spontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reason is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determined to remain all that Evening in the Inn, they were attended by the Landlady, who desired to know what their Ladyships would be pleased to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*,

that she ravished the Landlady to the highest Degree; and that good Woman, concluding that she had attended *Jenny Cameron*, became in a Moment a staunch *Jacobite*, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's Cause, from the great Sweetness and Affability with which she had been treated by his supposed Mistress.

The two Cousins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal Curiosity, to know what extraordinary Accidents on both Sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected Meeting. At last Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, having obtained of *Sophia* a Promise of communicating likewise in her Turn, began to relate what the Reader, if he is desirous to know her History, may read in the ensuing Chapter.

#### CHAP. IV.

##### *The History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.*

**M**R S. *Fitzpatrick*, after a Silence of a few Moments, fetching a deep Sigh, thus began:

It is natural to the Unhappy to feel a secret Concern in recollecting those Periods of their Lives which have been most delightful to them. The Remembrance of past Pleasures affects us with a Kind of tender Grief, like what we suffer for departed Friends; and the Ideas of both may be said to haunt our Imaginations.

For this Reason, I never reflect without Sorrow on those Days (the happiest far of my Life) which we spent together, when both were under the Care of my Aunt *Western*. Alas! why

are

‘ are Miss *Graveairs*, and Miss *Giddy* no more ?  
 ‘ You remember, I am sure, when we knew each  
 ‘ other by no other Names. Indeed you gave the  
 ‘ latter Appellation with too much Cause. I have  
 ‘ since experienced how much I deserved it. You,  
 ‘ my *Sophia*, was always my Superior in every  
 ‘ thing, and I heartily hope you will be so in your  
 ‘ Fortune. I shall never forget the wise and ma-  
 ‘ tronly Advice you once gave me, when I la-  
 ‘ mented being disappointed of a Ball, though  
 ‘ you could not be then fourteen Years old.—  
 ‘ O my *Sophia*, how blest must have been my Si-  
 ‘ tuation, when I could think such a Disappoint-  
 ‘ ment a Misfortune ; and when indeed it was  
 ‘ the greatest I had ever known !’

‘ And yet, my dear *Harriet*,’ answered *Sophia*,  
 ‘ it was then a serious Matter with you. Comfort  
 ‘ yourself therefore with thinking, that whatever  
 ‘ you now lament may hereafter appear as tri-  
 ‘ fling and contemptible as a Ball would at this  
 ‘ Time.’

‘ Alas, my *Sophia*,’ replied the other Lady,  
 ‘ you yourself will think otherwise of my pre-  
 ‘ sent Situation ; for greatly must that tender  
 ‘ Heart be altered, if my Misfortunes do not  
 ‘ draw many a Sigh, nay many a Tear, from  
 ‘ you. The Knowledge of this should perhaps  
 ‘ deter me from relating what I am convinced  
 ‘ will so much affect you.’—Here Mrs. *Fitzpa-*  
*trick* stopt, till, at the repeated Entreaties of *So-*  
*phia*, she thus proceeded.

‘ Though you must have heard much of my  
 ‘ Marriage ; yet, as Matters may probably have  
 ‘ been misrepresented, I will set out from the  
 ‘ very Commencement of my unfortunate Ac-  
 ‘ quaintance with my present Husband ; which



‘ was at *Bath*, soon after you left my Aunt, and  
‘ returned home to your Father.’

‘ Among the gay young Fellows who were  
‘ at this Season at *Bath*, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was one.  
‘ He was handsome, degagé, extremely gallant,  
‘ and in his Dress exceeded most others. In short,  
‘ my Dear, if you was unluckily to see him now,  
‘ I could describe him no better than by telling  
‘ you he was the very Reverse of every Thing  
‘ which he is: For he hath rusticated himself so  
‘ long, that he is become an absolute wild *Irish*.  
‘ man. But to proceed in my Story; the Qua-  
‘ lifications which he then possessed so well re-  
‘ commended him, that though the People of  
‘ Quality at that Time lived separate from the rest  
‘ of the Company, and excluded them from all  
‘ their Parties, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* found Means to  
‘ gain Admittance. It was perhaps no easy Mat-  
‘ ter to avoid him; for he required very little or  
‘ no Invitation; and as being handsome and gen-  
‘ teel, he found it no difficult Matter to in-  
‘ gratiate himself with the Ladies; so, he having  
‘ frequently drawn his Sword, the Men did not  
‘ care publickly to affront him. Had it not been  
‘ for some such Reason, I believe he would have  
‘ been soon expelled by his own Sex; for surely  
‘ he had no strict Title to be preferred to the  
‘ *English* Gentry; nor did they seem inclined to  
‘ shew him any extraordinary Favour. They all  
‘ abused him behind his Back, which might pro-  
‘ bably proceed from Envy; for he was well re-  
‘ ceived, and very particularly distinguished by  
‘ the Women.

‘ My Aunt, tho’ no Person of Quality her-  
‘ self, as she had always lived about the Court,  
‘ was enrolled in that Party: For by whatever  
‘ Means

‘ Means you get into the Polite Circle; when  
 ‘ you are once there, it is sufficient Merit for you  
 ‘ that you are there. This Observation, young  
 ‘ as you was, you could scarce avoid making from  
 ‘ my Aunt, who was free, or reserved, with all  
 ‘ People just as they had more or less of this  
 ‘ Merit.

‘ And this Merit, I believe, it was, which  
 ‘ principally recommended Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to her  
 ‘ Favour. In which he so well succeeded, that  
 ‘ he was always one of her private Parties. Nor  
 ‘ was he backward in returning such Distinction;  
 ‘ for he soon grew so very particular in his Beha-  
 ‘ viour to her, that the Scandal Club first began  
 ‘ to take Notice of it, and the better disposed  
 ‘ Persons made a Match between them. For my  
 ‘ own Part, I confess, I made no Doubt but that  
 ‘ his Designs were strictly honourable, as the  
 ‘ Phrase is; that is, to rob a Lady of her For-  
 ‘ tune by Way of Marriage. My Aunt was, I  
 ‘ conceived, neither young enough nor handsome  
 ‘ enough, to attract much wicked Inclination;  
 ‘ but she had matrimonial Charms in great  
 ‘ Abundance.

‘ I was the more confirmed in this Opinion,  
 ‘ from the extraordinary Respect which he  
 ‘ shewed to myself, from the first Moment of  
 ‘ our Acquaintance. This I understood as an  
 ‘ Attempt to lessen, if possible, that Disinclina-  
 ‘ tion which my Interest might be supposed to  
 ‘ give me towards the Match; and I know not  
 ‘ but in some Measure it had the effect: For as  
 ‘ I was well contented with my own Fortune,  
 ‘ and of all People the least a Slave to interested  
 ‘ Views; so I could not be violently the Enemy  
 ‘ of a Man with whose Behaviour to me I was  
 ‘ greatly

‘greatly pleased; and the more so, as I was the  
 ‘only Object of such Respect; for he behaved,  
 ‘at the same Time, to many Women of Qua-  
 ‘ty without any Respect at all.

‘Agreeable as this was to me, he soon changed  
 ‘it into another Kind of Behaviour, which was  
 ‘perhaps more so. He now put on much Soft-  
 ‘ness and Tenderneſs, and languished and ſighed  
 ‘abundantly. At Times indeed, whether from  
 ‘Art or Nature I will not determine, he gave  
 ‘his uſual Loofe to Gaiety and Mirth; but this  
 ‘was always in general Company, and with other  
 ‘Women; for even in a Country-Dance, when  
 ‘he was not my Partner, he became grave; and  
 ‘put on the ſoſteſt Look imaginable, the Mo-  
 ‘ment he approached me. Indeed he was in all  
 ‘Things ſo very particular towards me, that I  
 ‘muſt have been blind not to have diſcovered it.  
 ‘And, and, and—’ ‘And you was more pleaſed  
 ‘ſtill, my dear *Harriet*,’ cries *Sophia*; ‘you need  
 ‘not be aſhamed,’ added ſhe ſighing; ‘for ſure  
 ‘there are irrefiſtible Charms in Tenderneſs,  
 ‘which too many Men are able to affect.’  
 ‘True,’ answered her Couſin, ‘Men, who in all  
 ‘other Inſtances want common Senſe, are very  
 ‘*Machiavels* in the Art of Loving. I wiſh I did  
 ‘not know an Inſtance.—Well, Scandal now  
 ‘began to be as buſy with me as it had before  
 ‘been with my Aunt; and ſome good Ladies  
 ‘did not ſcruple to affirm, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick*  
 ‘had an Intrigue with us both.

‘But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing, my Aunt  
 ‘never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect,  
 ‘that which was viſible enough, I believe, from  
 ‘both our Behaviours. One would indeed think,  
 ‘that Love quite put out the Eyes of an old  
 ‘Woman.





‘ *Sophia*?—Then I will confess the Truth. I  
‘ was pleased with my Man. I was pleased with  
‘ my Conquest. To rival my Aunt, delighted me;  
‘ to rival so many other Women, charmed me. In  
‘ short, I am afraid, I did not behave as I should  
‘ do, even upon the very first Declaration.—I  
‘ wish I did not almost give him positive Encour-  
‘ agement before we parted.

‘ The *Bath* now talked loudly, I might almost  
‘ say, roared against me. Several young Wo-  
‘ men affected to shun my Acquaintance, not so  
‘ much, perhaps, from any real Suspicion, as from  
‘ a Desire of banishing me from a Company, in  
‘ which I too much engrossed their favourite Man.  
‘ And here I cannot omit expressing my Grati-  
‘ tude to the Kindness intended me by Mr. *Nash*;  
‘ who took me one Day aside, and gave me Ad-  
‘ vice, which, if I had followed, I had been a  
‘ happy Woman. “Child,” says he, “I am  
“ sorry to see the Familiarity which subsists be-  
“ tween you and a Fellow who is altogether un-  
“ worthy of you, and I am afraid will prove  
“ your Ruin. As for your old stinking Aunt, if  
“ it was to be no Injury to you, and my pretty  
“ *Sophia Western* (I assure you I repeat his Words)  
“ I should be heartily glad, that the Fellow was  
“ in Possession of all that belongs to her. I never  
“ advise old Women : For if they take it into  
“ their Heads to go to the Devil, it is no more  
“ possible, than worth while, to keep them from  
“ him. Innocence and Youth and Beauty are  
“ worthy a better Fate, and I would save them  
“ from his Clutches. Let me advise you therefore,  
“ dear Child, never suffer this Fellow to be particu-  
“ lar with you again.”—Many more Things he  
‘ said

‘ said to me, which I have now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to them at that Time: For Inclination contradicted all he said; and besides I could not be persuaded, that Women of Quality would condescend to Familiarity with such a Person as he described.

‘ But I am afraid, my Dear, I shall tire you with a Detail of so many minute Circumstances. To be concise, therefore, imagine me married; imagine me, with my Husband, at the Feet of my Aunt; and then imagine the maddest Woman in *Bedlam* in a raving Fit, and your Imagination will suggest to you no more than what really happened.

‘ The very next Day my Aunt left the Place, partly to avoid seeing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* or myself, and as much perhaps to avoid seeing any one else; for, tho’ I am told she hath since denied every thing stoutly, I believe she was then a little confounded at her Disappointment. Since that Time I have written to her many Letters, but never could obtain an Answer, which I must own sits somewhat the heavier, as she herself was, tho’ undesignedly, the Occasion of all my Sufferings: For had it not been under the Colour of paying his Addresses to her, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* would never have found sufficient Opportunities to have engaged my Heart, which, in other Circumstances, I still flatter myself would not have been an easy Conquest to such a Person. Indeed, I believe, I should not have erred so grossly in my Choice, if I had relied on my own Judgment; but I trusted totally to the Opinion of others, and very foolishly took the Merit of a Man for granted, whom I saw so universally well received

‘ceived by the Women. What is the Reason,  
 ‘my Dear, that we, who have Understandings  
 ‘equal to the wisest and greatest of the other  
 ‘Sex, so often make Choice of the silliest Fel-  
 ‘lows for Companions and Favourites? It raises  
 ‘my Indignation to the highest Pitch, to reflect  
 ‘on the Numbers of Women of Sense who have  
 ‘been undone by Fools.’ Here she paused a  
 Moment; but *Sophia* making no Answer, she  
 proceeded as in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*In which the History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is  
 continued.*

‘**W**E remained at *Bath* no longer than  
 ‘a Fortnight after our Wedding: For  
 ‘as to any Reconciliation with my Aunt, there  
 ‘were no Hopes; and of my Fortune, not one  
 ‘Farthing could be touched till I was at Age, of  
 ‘which I now wanted more than two Years.  
 ‘My Husband therefore was resolved to set out  
 ‘for *Ireland*; against which I remonstrated very  
 ‘earnestly, and insisted on a Promise which he  
 ‘had made me before our Marriage, that I  
 ‘should never take this Journey against my Con-  
 ‘sent; and indeed I never intended to consent  
 ‘to it; nor will any Body, I believe, blame me  
 ‘for that Resolution; but this, however, I ne-  
 ‘ver mentioned to my Husband, and petitioned  
 ‘only for the Reprieve of a Month; but he had  
 ‘fixed the Day, and to that Day he obstinately  
 ‘adhered.

‘The Evening before our Departure, as we  
 ‘were disputing this Point with great Eagerness  
 ‘on

' on both Sides, he started suddenly from his  
 ' Chair, and left me abruptly, saying, he was  
 ' going to the Rooms. He was hardly out of the  
 ' House, when I saw a Paper lying on the Floor,  
 ' which, I suppose, he had carelessly pulled from  
 ' his Pocket, together with his Handkerchief.  
 ' This Paper I took up, and finding it to be a  
 ' Letter, I made no Scruple to open and read it;  
 ' and indeed I read it so often, that I can repeat  
 ' it to you almost Word for Word. This then  
 ' was the Letter.

“ To Mr. *Brian Fitzpatrick*.

“ Sir,

“ Y OURS received, and am surprised you  
 “ should use me in this Manner, as have  
 “ never seen any of your Cash, unless for one  
 “ Linsey-Woolsey Coat, and your Bill now is  
 “ upwards of 150*l*. Consider, Sir, how often  
 “ you have fobbed me off with your being shortly  
 “ to be married to this Lady, and t’other Lady;  
 “ but I can neither live on Hopes, or Promises,  
 “ nor will my Woollen-draper take any such  
 “ in Payment. You tell me you are secure of  
 “ having either the Aunt or the Niece, and  
 “ that you might have married the Aunt before  
 “ this, whose Jointure you say is immense, but  
 “ that you prefer the Niece on account of her  
 “ ready Money. Pray, Sir, take a Fool’s Ad-  
 “ vice for once, and marry the first you can get.  
 “ You will pardon my offering my Advice, as  
 “ you know I sincerely wish you well. Shall  
 “ draw on you *per* next Post, in favour of Mes-  
 “ sieurs *John Drugget* and Company, at four-  
 “ teen



“teen Days, which doubt not your honouring,  
 “and am,

“Sir,

“*Your humble Servant,*

“SAM. COSGRAVE.”

“This was the Letter, Word for Word. Guess,  
 ‘my dear Girl, guess how this Letter affected  
 ‘me. *You prefer the Niece on account of her*  
 ‘*ready Money*’ If every one of these Words  
 ‘had been a Dagger, I could with Pleasure have  
 ‘stabbed them into his Heart; but I will not re-  
 ‘count my frantic Behaviour on the Occasion.  
 ‘I had pretty well spent my Tears before his  
 ‘Return Home; but sufficient Remains of them  
 ‘appeared in my swollen Eyes. He threw him-  
 ‘self sullenly into his Chair, and for a long  
 ‘Time we were both silent. At length, in a  
 ‘haughty Tone, he said, “I hope, Madam,  
 “your Servants have packed up all your Things;  
 “for the Coach will be ready by Six in the  
 “Morning.” My Patience was totally subdued  
 ‘by this Provocation, and I answered, “No, Sir,  
 “there is a Letter still remains unpacked;” and  
 ‘then throwing it on the Table, I fell to up-  
 ‘braiding him with the most bitter Language I  
 ‘could invent.

“Whether Guilt, or Shame, or Prudence, re-  
 ‘strained him, I cannot say; but tho’ he is the  
 ‘most passionate of Men, he exerted no Rage on  
 ‘this Occasion. He endeavoured, on the con-  
 ‘trary, to pacify me by the most gentle Means.  
 ‘He swore the Phrase in the Letter to which I  
 ‘principally objected was not his, nor had he  
 ‘ever written any such. He owned indeed the  
 ‘having

‘ having mentioned his Marriage, and that Pre-  
 ‘ ference which he had given to myself, but de-  
 ‘ nied with many Oaths the having assigned any  
 ‘ such Reason. And he excused the having  
 ‘ mentioned any such Matter at all, on account  
 ‘ of the Straits he was in for Money, arising, he  
 ‘ said, from his having too long neglected his  
 ‘ Estate in *Ireland*. And this, he said, which he  
 ‘ could not bear to discover to me, was the only  
 ‘ Reason of his having so strenuously insisted on  
 ‘ our Journey. He then used several very en-  
 ‘ dearing Expressions, and concluded by a very  
 ‘ fond Caress, and many violent Protestations of  
 ‘ Love.

‘ There was one Circumstance, which, tho’  
 ‘ he did not appeal to it, had much Weight with  
 ‘ me in his Favour, and that was the Word Join-  
 ‘ ture in the Taylor’s Letter, whereas my Aunt  
 ‘ never had been married, and this Mr. *Fitz-*  
 ‘ *patrick* well knew.—As I imagined therefore  
 ‘ that the Fellow must have inserted this of his  
 ‘ own Head, or from Hearsay, I persuaded my-  
 ‘ self he might have ventured likewise on that  
 ‘ odious Line on no better Authority. What  
 ‘ Reasoning was this, my Dear? Was I not an  
 ‘ Advocate rather than a Judge? — But why do I  
 ‘ mention such a Circumstance as this, or appeal  
 ‘ to it for the Justification of my Forgiveness?—  
 ‘ In short, had he been guilty of twenty times as  
 ‘ much, half the Tenderneſs and Fondneſs which  
 ‘ he used would have prevailed on me to have  
 ‘ forgiven him. I now made no farther Ob-  
 ‘ jections to our setting out, which we did the  
 ‘ next Morning, and in a little more than a  
 ‘ Week arrived at the Seat of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.  
 ‘ Your

‘ Your Curiosity will excuse me from relating  
 ‘ any Occurrences which past during our Jour-  
 ‘ ney : For it would indeed be highly disagree-  
 ‘ able to travel it over again, and no less so to  
 ‘ you to travel it over with me.

‘ This Seat, then, is an ancient Mansion-  
 ‘ house : If I was in one of those merry Hu-  
 ‘ mours in which you have so often seen me, I  
 ‘ could describe it to you ridiculously enough.  
 ‘ It looked as if it had been formerly inhabited  
 ‘ by a Gentleman. Here was Room enough,  
 ‘ and not the less Room on account of the Fur-  
 ‘ niture : For indeed there was very little in it.  
 ‘ An old Woman, who seemed coeval with the  
 ‘ Building, and greatly resembled her whom  
 ‘ *Chamont* mentions in the *Orphan*, received us  
 ‘ at the Gate; and in a Howl scarce human, and  
 ‘ to me unintelligible, welcomed her Master  
 ‘ home. In short, the whole Scene was so  
 ‘ gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my Spi-  
 ‘ rits into the lowest Dejection ; which my Hus-  
 ‘ band discerning, instead of relieving, increas-  
 ‘ ed by two or three malicious Observations.  
 ‘ “ There are good Houses, Madam,” says he,  
 ‘ “ as you find, in other Places besides *England* ;  
 ‘ “ but perhaps you had rather be in dirty Lodg-  
 ‘ “ ings at *Bath*.”

‘ Happy, my Dear, is the Woman, who in  
 ‘ any State of Life, hath a chearful good-natured  
 ‘ Companion to support and comfort her ; but  
 ‘ why do I reflect on happy Situations only to  
 ‘ aggravate my own Misery ! My Companion,  
 ‘ far from clearing up the Gloom of Solitude,  
 ‘ soon convinced me, that I must have been  
 ‘ wretched with him in any Place, and in any  
 ‘ Condition. In a Word, he was a surly Fel-  
 ‘ low,

low, a Character you have perhaps never seen ;  
For indeed no Woman ever sees it exemplified,  
but in a Father, a Brother, or a Husband ; and  
tho' you have a Father, he is not of that Character. This surly Fellow had formerly appeared to me the very Reverse, and so he did still to every other Person. Good Heaven ! how is it possible for a Man to maintain a constant Lie in his Appearance abroad and in Company, and to content himself with shewing disagreeable Truth only at home ? Here, my Dear, they make themselves Amends for the uneasy Restraint which they put on their Tempers in the World ; for I have observed, the more merry and gay and good-humoured my Husband hath at any Time been in Company, the more sullen and morose he was sure to become at our next private Meeting. How shall I describe his Barbarity ? To my Fondness he was cold and insensible. My little comical Ways, which you, my *Sophy*, and which others have called so agreeable, he treated with Contempt. In my most serious Moments, he sung and whistled ; and whenever I was thoroughly dejected and miserable, he was angry, and abused me : For though he was never pleased with my good Humour, nor ascribed it to my Satisfaction in him ; yet my Low Spirits always offended him, and those he imputed to my Repentance of having (as he said) married an *Irishman*.

You will easily conceive, my dear *Graveairs* (I ask your Pardon, I really forgot myself), that when a Woman makes an imprudent Match in the Sense of the World ; that is when she is not an arrant Prostitute to pecuniary



‘ niary Interest, she must necessarily have some  
‘ Inclination and Affection for her Man. You  
‘ will as easily believe that this Affection may  
‘ possibly be lessened; nay, I do assure you, Con-  
‘ tempt will wholly eradicate it. This Con-  
‘ tempt I now began to entertain for my Hus-  
‘ band, whom I now discovered to be—I must  
‘ use the Expression—an arrant Blockhead. Per-  
‘ haps you will wonder I did not make this Dis-  
‘ covery long before; but Women will suggest  
‘ a thousand Excuses to themselves for the Folly  
‘ of those they like: Besides, give me Leave to  
‘ tell you, it requires a most penetrating Eye to  
‘ discern a Fool through the Disguises of Gaiety  
‘ and Good-breeding.

‘ It will be easily imagined, that when I once  
‘ despised my Husband, as I confess to you I soon  
‘ did, I must consequently dislike his Company;  
‘ and indeed I had the Happiness of being very  
‘ little troubled with it; for our House was now  
‘ most elegantly furnished, our Cellars well  
‘ stocked, and Dogs and Horses provided in great  
‘ Abundance. As my Gentleman therefore en-  
‘ tertained his Neighbours with great Hospitality,  
‘ so his Neighbours resorted to him with great  
‘ Alacrity; and Sports and Drinking consumed  
‘ so much of his Time, that a small Part of his  
‘ Conversation, that is to say, of his Ill-humours,  
‘ fell to my Share.

‘ Happy would it have been for me, if I could  
‘ as easily have avoided all other disagreeable  
‘ Company; but alas! I was confined to some  
‘ which constantly tormented me; and the more,  
‘ as I saw no Prospect of being relieved from  
‘ them. These Companions were my own rack-  
‘ ing Thoughts, which plagued, and in a man-  
‘ ner

' ner haunted, me Night and Day. In this Si-  
 ' tuation, I pass through a Scene, the Horrors of  
 ' which can neither be painted nor imagined.  
 ' Think, my Dear, figure, if you can, to your-  
 ' self what I must have undergone. I became a  
 ' Mother by the Man I scorned, hated, and de-  
 ' tested. I went through all the Agonies and  
 ' Miseries of a Lying-in (ten Times more pain-  
 ' ful in such a Circumstance, than the worst La-  
 ' bour can be, when one endures it for a Man  
 ' one loves) in a Desert, or rather indeed a Scene  
 ' of Riot and Revel, without a Friend, without  
 ' a Companion, or without any of those agree-  
 ' able Circumstances, which often alleviate, and  
 ' perhaps sometimes more than compensate, the  
 ' Sufferings of our Sex at this Season.

## C H A P. VI.

*In which the Mistake of the Landlord throws So-  
phie into a dreadful Consternation.*

**M**R S. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her  
 Narrative, when she was interrupted by  
 the Entrance of Dinner, greatly to the Concern  
 of *Sophie*: For the Misfortunes of her Friend  
 had raised her Anxiety, and left her no Appetite,  
 but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to satisfy by her  
 Relation.

The Landlord now attended with a Plate under  
 his Arm, and with the same Respect in his Coun-  
 tenance and Address, which he would have put  
 on, had the Ladies arrived in a Coach and Six.

The married Lady seemed less affected with  
 her own Misfortunes than was her Cousin: For  
 the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter  
 could

could hardly swallow a Morsel. *Sophia* likewise shewed more Concern and Sorrow in her Countenance than appeared in the other Lady; who having observed these Symptoms in her Friend, begged her to be comforted, saying, ‘ Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I expect.’

Our Landlord thought he had now an Opportunity to open his Mouth, and was resolved not to omit it. ‘ I am sorry, Madam,’ cries he, ‘ that your Ladyship can’t eat; for, to be sure, you must be hungry after so long fasting. I hope your Ladyship is not uneasy at any thing: For, as Madam there says, all may end better than any body expects. A Gentleman, who was here just now, brought excellent News; and perhaps some Folks who have given other Folks the Slip, may get to *London* before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no Doubt, but they will find People who will be very ready to receive them.’

All Persons under the Apprehension of Danger convert whatever they see and hear into the Objects of that Apprehension. *Sophia* therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing Speech, that she was known, and pursued by her Father. She was now struck with the utmost Consternation, and for a few Minutes deprived of the Power of Speech; which she no sooner recovered, than she desired the Landlord to send his Servants out of the Room, and then addressing herself to him, said; ‘ I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; but I beseech you;—nay, I am convinced, if you have any Compassion or Goodness, you will not betray us.’

‘ I betray your Ladyship!’ quoth the Landlord; ‘ No; (and then he swore several very hearty Oaths) ‘ I would sooner be cut into ten thousand Pieces. I hate all Treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in my Life yet, and I am sure I shall not begin with so sweet a Lady as your Ladyship. All the World would very much blame me if I should, since it will be in your Ladyship’s Power so shortly to reward me. My Wife can witness for me, I knew your Ladyship the Moment you came into the House: I said it was your Honour, before I lifted you from your Horse, and I shall carry the Bruises I got in your Ladyship’s Service to the Grave; but what signified that, as long as I saved your Ladyship? To be sure, some People this Morning would have thought of getting a Reward; but no such Thought ever entered into my Head. I would sooner starve than take any Reward for betraying your Ladyship.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ if it be ever in my Power to reward you, you shall not lose by your Generosity.’

‘ Alack-a-day, Madam!’ answered the Landlord, ‘ in your Ladyship’s Power! Heaven put it as much into your Will. I am only afraid your Honour will forget such a poor Man as an Innkeeper; but if your Ladyship should not, I hope you will remember what Reward I refused---refused; that is, I would have refused, and to be sure it may be called refusing; for I might have had it certainly; and to be sure you might have been in some Houses;- but for my Part, I would not methinks for the World have your Ladyship wrong me so much, as to imagine



‘ gine I ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard the good News.

‘ What News pray ?’ says *Sophia*, somewhat eagerly.

‘ Hath not your Ladyship heard it then !’ cries the Landlord, ‘ nay, like enough : For I heard it only a few Minntes ago ; and if I had never heard it, may the Devil fly away with me this Instant, if I would have betrayed your Honour ; no, if I would, may I’---Here he subjoined several dreadful Imprecations, which *Sophia* at last interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the News.---He was going to answer, when Mrs. *Honour* came running into the Room, all pale and breathless, and cried out, ‘ Madam, we are all undone, all ruined ; they are come, they are come !’ These Words almost froze up the Blood of *Sophia* ; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* asked *Honour*, who were come ?--- ‘ Who ?’ answered she, ‘ why the *French* ; several hundred thousands of them are landed, and we shall be all murdered and ravished.’

As a Miser, who hath in some well-built City a Cottage value Twenty Shillings, when at a Distance he is alarmed with the News of a Fire, turns pale and trembles at his Loss ; but when he finds the beautiful Palaces only are burnt, and his own Cottage remains safe, he comes instantly to himself and smiles at his good Fortune : Or as (for we dislike something in the former Simile) the tender Mother, when terrified with the Apprehension that her darling Boy is drowned, is struck senseless and almost dead with Consternation ; but when she is told that little Master is safe, and the *Victory* only with Twelve hundred brave Men gone to the Bottom, Life and Sense again

again return, maternal Fondness enjoys the sudden Relief from all its Fears, and the general Benevolence, which at another Time would have deeply felt the dreadful Catastrophe, lies fast asleep in her Mind.

So *Sophia*, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general Calamity of her Country, found such immediate Satisfaction from the Relief of those Terrors she had of being overtaken by her Father, that the Arrival of the *French* scarce made any Impression on her. She gently chid her Maid for the Fright into which she had thrown her; and said, ‘she was glad it was no worse; for that she had feared somebody else was come.’

‘Ay, ay,’ quoth the Landlord smiling, ‘her Ladyship knows better Things; she knows the *French* are our very best Friends, and come over hither only for our Good. They are the People who are to make *Old England* flourish again. I warrant her Honour thought the Duke was coming; and that was enough to put her into a Fright. I was going to tell your Ladyship the News.—His Honour’s Majesty, Heaven bless him, hath given the Duke the Slip, and is marching as fast as he can to *London*, and ten thousand *French* are landed to join him on the Road.’

*Sophia* was not greatly pleased with this News, nor with the Gentleman who related it; but as she still imagined he knew her (for she could not possibly have any Suspicion of the real Truth) she durst not shew any Dislike. And now the Landlord, having removed the Cloth from the Table, withdrew; but at his Departure frequently repeated his Hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all easy under the Supposition of being known at this House; for she still applied to herself many Things which the Landlord had address'd to *Jenny Cameron*; she therefore order'd her Maid to pump out of him by what Means he had become acquainted with her Person, and who had offer'd him the Reward for betraying her; she likewise order'd the Horses to be in Readiness by Four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promis'd to bear her Company; and then composing herself as well as we could, she desired that Lady to continue her Story.

## C H A P. VII.

*In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick concludes her History.*

W H I L E Mrs. *Honour*, in Pursuance of the Commands of her Mistress, order'd a Bowl of Punch, and invit'd my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation,

‘ Most of the Officers who were quartered at a Town in our Neighbourhood were of my Husband’s Acquaintance. Among these was a Lieutenant, a very pretty Sort of Man, and who was married to a Woman so agreeable both in her Temper and Conversation, that from our first knowing each other, which was soon after my Lying-in, we were almost inseparable Companions; for I had the good Fortune to make myself equally agreeable to her.

‘ The Lieutenant, who was neither a Sot nor a Sportsman, was frequently of our Parties; indeed, he was very little with my Husband, and

‘no more than good Breeding constrained him  
 ‘to be, as he lived almost constantly at our  
 ‘House. My Husband often expressed much Dis-  
 ‘satisfaction at the Lieutenant’s preferring my  
 ‘Company to his; he was very angry with me  
 ‘on that Account, and gave me many a hearty  
 ‘Curse for drawing away his Companions; say-  
 ‘ing, “I ought to be d—ned for having spoiled  
 ‘one of the prettiest Fellows in the World, by  
 ‘making a Milk-sop of him.”

‘You will be mistaken, my dear *Sophia*, if  
 ‘you imagine that the Anger of my Husband  
 ‘arose from my depriving him of a Companion;  
 ‘for the Lieutenant was not a Person with whose  
 ‘Society a Fool could be pleased; and if I should  
 ‘admit the Possibility of this, so little Right had  
 ‘my Husband to place the Loss of his Companion  
 ‘to me, that I am convinced it was my Conver-  
 ‘sation alone which induced him ever to come  
 ‘to the House. No, Child, it was Envy, the  
 ‘worst and most rancorous Kind of Envy, the  
 ‘Envy of Superiority of Understanding. The  
 ‘Wretch could not bear to see my Conversation  
 ‘preferred to his, by a Man of whom he could  
 ‘not entertain the least Jealousy. O my dear  
 ‘*Sophy*, you are a Woman of Sense; if you mar-  
 ‘ry a Man, as is most probable you will, of less  
 ‘Capacity than yourself, make frequent Trials  
 ‘of his Temper before Marriage, and see whe-  
 ‘ther he can bear to submit to such a Superiority.  
 ‘—Promise me, *Sophy*, you will take this Ad-  
 ‘vice; for you will hereafter find its Importance.  
 ‘It is very likely I shall never marry at all,’ an-  
 ‘swered *Sophia*; ‘I think, at least, I shall never  
 ‘marry a Man in whose Understanding I see any  
 ‘Defects before Marriage; and I promise you I  
 F 2 ‘would



‘ would rather give up my own, than see any  
‘ such afterwards.’—‘ Give up your Understand-  
‘ ing!’ replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ Oh fie, Child,  
‘ I will not believe so meanly of you. Every  
‘ thing else I might myself be brought to give  
‘ up; but never this. Nature would not have  
‘ allotted this Superiority to the Wife in so many  
‘ Instances, if she had intended we should all of  
‘ us have surrendered it to the Husband. This  
‘ indeed Men of Sense never expect of us; of  
‘ which the Lieutenant I have just mentioned  
‘ was one notable Example; for though he had a  
‘ very good Understanding, he always acknow-  
‘ ledged (as was really true) that his Wife had a  
‘ better. And this, perhaps, was one Reason of  
‘ the Hatred my Tyrant bore her.

‘ Before he would be so governed by a Wife,  
‘ he said, especially such an ugly B—— (for in-  
‘ deed she was not a regular Beauty, but very  
‘ agreeable, and extremely genteel) he would see  
‘ all the Women upon Earth at the Devil, which  
‘ was a very usual Phrase with him. He said,  
‘ he wondered what I could see in her to be so  
‘ charmed with her Company; since this Wo-  
‘ man, says he, hath come among us, there is  
‘ an End of your beloved Reading, which you  
‘ pretended to like so much, that you could not  
‘ afford Time to return the Visits of the Ladies  
‘ in this Country; and I must confess I had been  
‘ guilty of a little Rudeness this Way; for the  
‘ Ladies there are at least no better than the  
‘ mere Country Ladies here; and I think I need  
‘ make no other Excuse to you for declining any  
‘ Intimacy with them.

‘ This Correspondence however continued a  
‘ whole Year, even all the while the Lieutenant

‘ was quartered in that Town; for which I was  
 ‘ contented to pay the Tax of being constantly  
 ‘ abused in the Manner abovementioned by my  
 ‘ Husband; I mean when he was at Home; for  
 ‘ he was frequently absent a Month at a Time  
 ‘ at *Dublin*, and once made a Journey of two  
 ‘ Months to *London*; in all which Journies I  
 ‘ thought it a very singular Happiness that he  
 ‘ never once desired my Company; nay, by his  
 ‘ frequent Censures on Men who could not tra-  
 ‘ vel, as he phrased it, without a Wife tied up  
 ‘ to their Tail, he sufficiently intimated that, had  
 ‘ I been never so desirous of accompanying him,  
 ‘ my Wishes would have been in vain; but,  
 ‘ Heaven knows, such Wishes were very far from  
 ‘ my Thoughts.

‘ At length my Friend was removed from me,  
 ‘ and I was again left to my Solitude, to the tor-  
 ‘ menting Conversation with my own Reflec-  
 ‘ tions, and to apply to Books for my only Com-  
 ‘ fort. I now read almost all Day long.—How  
 ‘ many Books do you think I read in three  
 ‘ Months?’ ‘ I can’t guess, indeed, Cousin,’  
 answered *Sophia*.——‘ Perhaps half a Score.  
 ‘ Half a Score! half a Thousand, Child,’ an-  
 swered the other. ‘ I read a good deal in *Daniel’s*  
 ‘ *English History of France*; a great deal in *Plu-*  
 ‘ *tarch’s Lives*; the *Atalantis*, *Pope’s Homer*,  
 ‘ *Dryden’s Plays*, *Chillingworth*, the Countess  
 ‘ *D’Anois*, and *Locke’s Human Understanding*.

‘ During this Interval, I wrote three very sup-  
 ‘ plicating, and, I thought, moving Letters to  
 ‘ my Aunt; but as I received no Answer to any  
 ‘ of them, my Disdain would not suffer me to  
 ‘ continue my Application.’—Here she stopt, and  
 looking earnestly at *Sophia*, said, ‘ Methinks,  
 F 3      ‘ my

‘ my Dear, I read something in your Eyes which  
‘ reproaches me of a Neglect in another Place,  
‘ where I should have met with a kinder Return.  
‘ Indeed, dear *Harriet*,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ your  
‘ Story is an Apology for any Neglect; but in-  
‘ deed I feel that I have been guilty of a Remiss-  
‘ ness, without so good an Excuse—Yet pray  
‘ proceed; for I long, tho’ I tremble, to hear  
‘ the End.

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* resumed her Nar-  
rative. ‘ My Husband now took a second Jour-  
‘ ney to *England*, where he continued upwards  
‘ of three Months. During the greater Part of  
‘ this Time, I led a Life which nothing but  
‘ having led a worse, could make me think tole-  
‘ rable; for perfect Solitude can never be recon-  
‘ ciled to a social Mind, like mine, but when it  
‘ relieves you from the Company of those you  
‘ hate. What added to my Wretchedness, was  
‘ the Loss of my little Infant: Not that I pretend  
‘ to have had for it that extravagant Tenderness  
‘ of which I believe I might have been capable  
‘ under other Circumstances; but I resolved, in  
‘ every Instance, to discharge the Duty of the  
‘ tenderest Mother; and this Care prevented me  
‘ from feeling the Weight of that, heaviest of all  
‘ Things, when it can be at all said to lie heavy  
‘ on our Hands.

‘ I had spent full ten Weeks almost entirely by  
‘ myself, having seen no body all that Time,  
‘ except my Servants, and a very few Visitors,  
‘ when a young Lady, a Relation to my Husband,  
‘ came from a distant Part of *Ireland* to visit me.  
‘ She had staid once before a Week at my House,  
‘ and I then gave her a pressing Invitation to re-  
‘ turn; for she was a very agreeable Woman,

‘and had improved good natural Parts by a proper Education. Indeed she was to me a most welcome Guest.

‘A few Days after her Arrival, perceiving me in very low Spirits, without enquiring the Cause, which indeed she very well knew, the young Lady fell to compassionating my Case. She said, “Tho’ Politeness had prevented me from complaining of my Husband’s Behaviour to his Relations, yet they all were very sensible of it, and felt great Concern upon that Account; but none more than herself:” And after some more general Discourse on this Head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing, at last, after much previous Precaution and enjoined Concealment, she communicated to me, as a profound Secret—that my Husband kept a Mistress.

‘You will certainly imagine, I heard this News with the utmost Insensibility.---Upon my Word, if you do, your Imagination will mislead you. Contempt had not so kept down my Anger to my Husband, but that Hatred rose again on this Occasion. What can be the Reason of this? Are we so abominably selfish, that we can be concerned at others having Possession even of what we despise? Or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greatest Injury done to our Vanity? What think you, *Sophia*?’

‘I don’t know, indeed,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘I have never troubled myself with any of these deep Contemplations; but I think the Lady did very ill in communicating to you such a Secret.’



‘And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural,’ replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; ‘and when you have seen and read as much as myself, you will acknowledge it to be so.’

‘I am sorry to hear it is natural,’ returned *Sophia*; ‘for I want neither Reading nor Experience to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured: Nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a Husband or Wife of the Faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.’

‘Well,’ continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ‘my Husband at last returned; and if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own Thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: For certainly nothing so much weakens our Contempt, as an Injury done to our Pride or our Vanity.’

‘He now assumed a Carriage to me, so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his Behaviour the first Week of our Marriage, that had I now had any Spark of Love remaining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my Fondness for him. But though Hatred may succeed to Contempt, and may, perhaps, get the better of it, Love, I believe, cannot. The Truth is, the Passion of Love is too restless to remain contented, without the Gratification which it receives from its Object; and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have Eyes without seeing. When a Husband, therefore, ceases to be the Object of this Passion, it is most probable some other Man—I say, my Dear, if your Husband grows indifferent to you—if you once come to despise him—I say,—that is,—if you have the Passion of Love in you—Lud! I have  
‘be-

' bewildered myself so,---but one is apt, in these  
 ' abstracted Considerations, to lose the Concate-  
 ' nation of Ideas, as Mr. *Locke* says.---In short,  
 ' the Truth is---In short, I scarce know what it  
 ' is ; but, as I was saying, my Husband re-  
 ' turned, and his Behaviour, at first, greatly sur-  
 ' prized me ; but he soon acquainted me with  
 ' the Motive, and taught me to account for it.  
 ' In a Word, then, he had spent and lost all the  
 ' ready Money of my Fortune ; and as he could  
 ' mortgage his own Estate no deeper, he was now  
 ' desirous to supply himself with Cash for his Ex-  
 ' travagance, by selling a little Estate of mine,  
 ' which he could not do without my Assistance ;  
 ' and to obtain this Favour was the whole and  
 ' sole Motive of all the Fondness which he now  
 ' put on.

' With this I peremptorily refused to comply.  
 ' I told him, and I told him truly, that had I  
 ' been possessed of the *Indies* at our first Mar-  
 ' riage, he might have commanded it all : For it  
 ' had been a constant Maxim with me, that where  
 ' a Woman disposes of her Heart, she should al-  
 ' ways depofite her Fortune ; but as he had been  
 ' so kind, long ago, to restore the former into  
 ' my Possession, I was resolved likewise to retain  
 ' what little remained of the latter.

' I will not describe to you the Passion into  
 ' which these Words, and the resolute Air in  
 ' which they were spoken, threw him : Nor will  
 ' I trouble you with the whole Scene which suc-  
 ' ceeded between us. Out came, you may be  
 ' well assured, the Story of the Mistress ; and  
 ' out it did come, with all the Embellishments  
 ' which Anger and Disdain could bestow upon  
 ' it,

‘ Mr. *Fitzpatrick* seemed a little Thunder.  
‘ struck with this, and more confused than I had  
‘ seen him; though his Ideas are always confused  
‘ enough, Heaven knows. He did not, how-  
‘ ever, endeavour to exculpate himself; but took  
‘ a Method which almost equally confounded me.  
‘ What was this but Recrimination! He affected  
‘ to be jealous;---he may, for ought I know,  
‘ be inclined enough to Jealousy in his natural  
‘ Temper: Nay, he must have had it from Na-  
‘ ture, or the Devil must have put it into his  
‘ Head; for I defy all the World to cast a just  
‘ Aspersions on my Character: Nay, the most  
‘ scandalous Tongues have never dared to censure  
‘ my Reputation. My Fame, I thank Heaven,  
‘ hath been always as spotless as my Life; and let  
‘ Falshood itself accuse that, if it dare. No, my  
‘ dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, however ill  
‘ treated, however injured in my Love, I have  
‘ firmly resolved never to give the least Room  
‘ for Censure on this Account.---And yet, my  
‘ Dear, there are some People so malicious, some  
‘ Tongues so venomous, that no Innocence can  
‘ escape them. The most undesigned Word,  
‘ the most accidental Look, the least Familiarity,  
‘ the most innocent Freedom, will be miscon-  
‘ strued, and magnified into I know not what,  
‘ by some People. But I despise, my dear *Grave-*  
‘ *airs*, I despise all such Slander. No such Ma-  
‘ lice, I assure you, ever gave me an uneasy Mo-  
‘ ment. No, no, I promise you I am above all  
‘ that---But where was I? O let me see, I told  
‘ you my Husband was jealous--And of whom,  
‘ pray? --Why of whom but the Lieutenant I  
‘ mentioned to you before? He was obliged to  
‘ resort above a Year and more back, to find  
‘ any

‘ any Object for this unaccountable Passion, if  
‘ indeed he really felt any such, and was not an  
‘ arrant Counterfeit, in order to abuse me.

‘ But I have tired you already with too many  
‘ Particulars. I will now bring my Story to a  
‘ very speedy Conclusion. In short, then, after  
‘ many Scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in  
‘ which my Cousin engaged so heartily on my  
‘ Side that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at last turned her  
‘ out of Doors ; when he found I was neither  
‘ to be soothed nor bullied into Compliance, he  
‘ took a very violent Method indeed. Perhaps  
‘ you will conclude he beat me ; but this, tho’ he  
‘ hath approached very near to it, he never ac-  
‘ tually did. He confined me to my Room, with-  
‘ out suffering me to have either Pen, Ink, Pa-  
‘ per, or Book ; and a Servant every Day made  
‘ my Bed, and brought me my Food.

‘ When I had remained a Week under this  
‘ Imprisonment, he made a Visit, and, with the  
‘ Voice of a Schoolmaster, or, what is often  
‘ much the same, of a Tyrant, asked me, “ If I  
‘ would yet comply ? ” I answered very stout-  
‘ ly, “ That I would die first.” “ Then so you  
‘ shall, and be d—n’d,” cries he ; “ for you shall  
‘ never go alive out of this Room.”

‘ Here I remained a Fortnight longer ; and, to  
‘ say the Truth, my Constancy was almost sub-  
‘ dued, and I began to think of Submission ;  
‘ when one Day, in the Absence of my Hus-  
‘ band, who was gone abroad for some short  
‘ Time, by the greatest good Fortune in the  
‘ World, an Accident happened,—I—at a Time  
‘ when I began to give Way to the utmost De-  
‘ spair—every Thing would be excusable at such



‘ a Time—at that very Time I received—But it  
‘ would take up an Hour to tell you all Particu-  
‘ lars—In one Word, then, (for I will not tire  
‘ you with Circumstances) Gold, the common  
‘ Key to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and set  
‘ me at Liberty.

‘ I now made haste to *Dublin*, where I im-  
‘ mediately procured a Passage to *England*: and  
‘ was proceeding to *Bath*, in order to throw my-  
‘ self into the Protection of my Aunt, or of your  
‘ Father, or of any Relation who would afford it  
‘ me. My Husband overtook me last Night, at  
‘ the Inn where I lay, and which you left a few  
‘ Minutes before me; but I had the good Luck  
‘ to escape him, and to follow you.

‘ And thus, my Dear, ends my History: A  
‘ tragical one, I am sure, it is to myself; but,  
‘ perhaps, I ought rather to apologize to you for  
‘ its Dulness.’

*Sophia* heaved a deep Sigh, and answered, ‘ In-  
‘ deed, *Harriet*, I pity you from my Soul!—  
‘ But what could you expect? Why, why, would  
‘ you marry an *Irishman*?’

‘ Upon my Word,’ replied her Cousin, ‘ your  
‘ Censure is unjust. There are, among the *Irish*,  
‘ Men of as much Worth and Honour, as any  
‘ among the *English*: Nay, to speak the Truth,  
‘ Generosity of Spirit is rather more common  
‘ among them. I have known some Examples  
‘ there too of good Husbands; and, I believe,  
‘ these are not very plenty in *England*. Ask me,  
‘ rather, what I could expect when I married a  
‘ Fool? and I will tell you a solemn Truth; I  
‘ did not know him to be so.—‘ Can no Man,’  
said *Sophia*, in a very low and alter’d Voice,  
‘ do you think, make a bad Husband, who is  
‘ not

‘not a Fool!’ ‘That, answered the other, ‘is too general a Negative; but none, I believe, is so likely as a Fool to prove so. Among my Acquaintance, the silliest Fellows are the worst Husbands; and I will venture to assert, as a Fact, that a Man of Sense rarely behaves very ill to a Wife, who deserves very well.’

## C H A P. VIII.

*A dreadful Alarm in the Inn, with the Arrival of an unexpected Friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.*

**S**OPHIA now, at the Desire of her Cousin, related—not what follows, but what hath gone before in this History: For which Reason the Reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One Remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her Narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of *Jones*, from the Beginning to the End, than if there had been no such Person alive. This I will never endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a Kind of Dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent Openness and explicit Sincerity of the other Lady.—But so it was.

Just as *Sophia* arrived at the Conclusion of her Story, there arrived in the Room where the two Ladies were sitting, a Noise, not unlike, in Loudness, to that of a Pack of Hounds just let out from their Kennel; nor, in Shrillness, to Cats, when caterwauling; or, to Screech-Owls; or, indeed, more like (for what Animal can resemble a human Voice?) to those Sounds, which, in the pleasant Mansions of that Gate, which seems to  
derive

derive its Name from a Duplicity of Tongues, issue from the Mouths, and sometimes from the Nostrils of those fair River Nymphs, ycleped of old the *Naiades*; in the vulgar Tongue translated Oyster-Wenchies: For when, instead of the antient Libations of Milk and Honey and Oil, the rich Distillation from the Juniper-Berry, or perhaps, from Malt, hath, by the early Devotion of their Votaries, been poured forth in great Abundance, should any daring Tongue with unhallowed License prophane, *i. e.* depreciate, the delicate fat *Milton* Oyster, the Plaice sound and firm, the Flounder as much alive as when in the Water, the Shrimp as big as a Prawn, the fine Cod alive but a few Hours ago, or any other of the various Treasures, which those Water-Deities, who fish the Sea and Rivers, have committed to the Care of the Nymphs, the angry *Naiades* lift up their immortal Voices, and the prophane Wretch is struck deaf for his Impiety.

Such was the Noise, which now burst from one of the Rooms below; and soon the Thunder, which long had rattled at a Distance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till, having ascended by Degrees up Stairs, it at last entered the Apartment where the Ladies were. In short, to drop all Metaphor and Figure, Mrs. *Honour* having scolded violently below Stairs, and continued the same all the Way up, came in to her Mistress in a most outrageous Passion, crying out, 'What doth your Ladyship think? Would you imagine, that this impudent Villain, the Master of this House, hath had the Impudence to tell me, nay, to stand it out to my Face, that your Ladyship is that nasty, stinking Wh—re,

(Jenny

‘ (*Jenny Cameron* they call her) that runs about  
 ‘ the Country with the Pretender! Nay, the  
 ‘ lying, saucy Villain, had the Assurance to tell  
 ‘ me, that your Ladyship had owned yourself to  
 ‘ be so: But I have clawed the Rascal; I have  
 ‘ left the Marks of my Nails in his impudent  
 ‘ Face. My Lady!’ says I, ‘ you saucy Scoun-  
 ‘ drel: My Lady is no Meat for Pretenders. She  
 ‘ is a young Lady of as good Fashion, and Family,  
 ‘ and Fortune, as any in *Somersetshire*. Did you  
 ‘ never hear of the great Squire *Western*, Sirrah?  
 ‘ She is only Daughter; she is,——and Heiress  
 ‘ to all his great Estate. My Lady to be called a  
 ‘ nasty *Scotch Wh—re* by such a Varlet—To be  
 ‘ sure, I wish I had knocked his Brains out with  
 ‘ the Punch Bowl.’

The principal Uneasiness with which *Sophia*  
 was affected on this Occasion, *Honour* had her-  
 self caused, by having in her Passion discovered  
 who she was. However, as this Mistake of the  
 Landlord sufficiently accounted for those Passages  
 which *Sophia* had before mistaken, she acquired  
 some Ease on that Account; nor could she, upon  
 the whole, forbear smiling. This enraged *Ho-  
 nour*, and she cried, ‘ Indeed, Madam, I did not  
 ‘ think your Ladyship would have made a laugh-  
 ‘ ing Matter of it. To be called Whore by such  
 ‘ and impudent low Rascal. Your Ladyship may  
 ‘ be angry with me, for ought I know, for tak-  
 ‘ ing your Part, since proffered Service, they say,  
 ‘ stinks; but to be sure I could never bear to hear  
 ‘ a Lady of mine called Whore.—Nor will I  
 ‘ bear it. I am sure your Ladyship is as virtuous  
 ‘ a Lady as ever sat Foot on *English* Ground,  
 ‘ and I will claw any Villain’s Eyes out who  
 ‘ dares for to offer to presume for to say the least  
 ‘ Word



‘ Word to the contrary. No body ever could  
 ‘ say the least ill of the Character of any Lady  
 ‘ that ever I waited upon.’

*Hinc illæ Lachrymæ*; in plain Truth, *Honour* had as much Love for her Mistress as most Servants have, that is to say—But besides this, her Pride obliged her to support the Character of the Lady she waited on; for she thought her own was in a very close Manner connected with it. In proportion as the Character of her Mistress was raised, hers likewise, as she conceived, was raised with it; and, on the contrary, she thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this Subject, Reader, I must stop a Moment to tell thee a Story. ‘ The famous *Nell Gwynn*, keeping one Day from a House where she had made a short Visit in her Coach, saw a great Mob assembled, and her Footman all bloody and dirty; the Fellow being asked by his Mistress, the Reason of his being in that Condition, answered, ‘ I have been fighting, Madam, with an impudent Rascal who called your Ladyship a Wh—re.’ ‘ You Blockhead,’ replied Mrs. *Gwynn*, ‘ at this Rate you must fight every Day of your Life; why, you Fool, all the World knows it.’ ‘ Do they!’ cries the Fellow, in a muttering Voice, after he had shut the Coach Door, ‘ they shan’t call me a Whore’s Footman for all that.’

Thus the Passion of Mrs. *Honour* appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwise accounted for; but, in reality, there was another Cause of her Anger; for which we must beg Leave to remind our Reader of a Circumstance mentioned in the above Simile. There  
 are

are indeed certain Liquors, which, being applied to our Passions, or to Fire, produce Effects the very Reverse of those produced by Water, as they serve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguish. Among these, the generous Liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without Reason, that the learned Dr. *Cheney* used to call drinking Punch, pouring liquid Fire down your Throat.

Now Mrs. *Honour* had unluckily poured so much of this liquid Fire down her Throat, that the Smoke of it began to ascend into her Pericranium, and blinded the Eyes of Reason which is there supposed to keep her Residence, while the Fire itself from the Stomach easily reached the Heart, and there inflamed the noble Passion of Pride. So that upon the whole we shall cease to wonder at the violent Rage of the Waiting-woman; tho' at first sight we must confess the Cause seems inadequate to the Effect.

*Sophia*, and her Cousin both, did all in their Power to extinguish these Flames which had roared so loudly all over the House. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the Metaphor one Step farther, the Fire having consumed all the Fuel which the Language affords, to wit, every reproachful Term in it, at last went out of its own Accord.

But tho' Tranquillity was restored above Stairs. it was not so below; where my Landlady highly resenting the Injury done to the Beauty of her Husband, by the Flesh-Spades of Mrs. *Honour*, called aloud for Revenge and Justice. As to the poor Man, who had principally suffered in the Engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the Blood which he lost, might have cooled his Anger :

Anger : For the Enemy had not only applied her Nails to his Cheeks, but likewise her Fist to his Nostrils, which lamented the Blow with Tears of Blood in great Abundance. To this we may add Reflections on his Mistake ; but indeed nothing so effectually silenced his Resentment, as the Manner in which he now discovered his Error ; for as to the Behaviour of Mrs. *Honour*, it had the more confirmed him in his Opinion : but he was now assured by a Person of great Figure, and who was attended by a great Equipage, that one of the Ladies was a Woman of Fashion and his intimate Acquaintance.

By the Orders of this Person, the Landlord now ascended, and acquainted our fair Travelers, that a great Gentleman below desired to do them the Honour of waiting on them. *Sophia* turned pale, and trembled at this Message ; tho' the Reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithstanding the Landlord's Blunder, to have come from her Father ; but Fear hath the common Fault of a Justice of Peace, and is apt to conclude hastily from every slight Circumstance, without examining the Evidence on both Sides.

To ease the Reader's Curiosity, therefore, rather than his Apprehensions, we proceed to inform him, that an *Irish* Peer had arrived very late that Evening at an Inn in his Way to *London*. This Nobleman having sallied from his Supper at the Hurricane before commemorated, had seen the Attendant of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and, upon a short Enquiry, was informed, that her Lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This Information he had no sooner received, than he addressed himself to the Landlord, pacified him, and sent him up  
Stairs

Stairs with Compliments rather civiler than those which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the Waiting-woman herself was not the Messenger employed on this Occasion ; but we are sorry to say, she was not at present qualified for that, or indeed for any other Office. The Rum (for so the Landlord chose to call the Distillation from Malt) had basely taken the Advantage of the Fatigue which the poor Woman had undergone, and had made terrible Depredations on her noble Faculties, at a Time when they were very unable to resist the Attack.

We shall not describe this tragical Scene too fully ; but we thought ourselves obliged, by that historic Integrity which we profess, shortly to hint a Matter which we would otherwise have been glad to have spared. Many Historians indeed, for want of this Integrity, or of Diligence, to say no worse, often leave the Reader to find out these little Circumstances in the Dark, and sometimes to his great Confusion and Perplexity.

*Sophia* was very soon eased of her causeless Fright by the Entry of the noble Peer, who was not only an intimate Acquaintance of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but in Reality a very particular Friend of that Lady. To say Truth, it was by his Assistance, that she had been enabled to escape from her Husband ; for this Nobleman had the same gallant Disposition with those renowned Knights, of whom we read in heroic Story, and had delivered many an imprisoned Nymph from Du-rance. He was indeed as bitter an Enemy to the savage Authority too often exercised by Husbands and Fathers, over the Young and Lovely of the other Sex, as ever Knight-Errand was to the barbarous



barous Power of Enchanters: Nay, to say Truth, I have often suspected that those very Enchanters with which Romance every where abounds, were in Reality no other than the Husbands of those Days; and Matrimony itself was perhaps the enchanted Castle in which the Nymphs were said to be confined.

This Nobleman had an Estate in the Neighbourhood of *Fitzpatrick*, and had been for some Time acquainted with the Lady. No sooner therefore did he hear of her Confinement, than he earnestly applied himself to procure her Liberty; which he presently effected, not by storming the Castle, according to the Example of antient Heroes; but by corrupting the Governor, in Conformity with the modern Art of War; in which Craft is held to be preferable to Valour, and Gold is found to be more irresistible than either Lead or Steel.

This Circumstance, however, as the Lady did not think it material enough to relate to her Friend, we would not at that Time impart it to the Reader. We rather chose to leave him a while under a Supposition, that she had found, or coined, or by some very extraordinary, perhaps supernatural Means, had possessed herself of the Money with which she had bribed her Keeper, than to interrupt her Narrative by giving a Hint of what seemed to her of too little Importance to be mentioned.

The Peer, after a short Conversation, could not forbear expressing some Surprize at meeting the Lady in that Place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined she had been gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very freely answered, ' That she had been prevented in her Purpose by  
' the

‘ the Arrival of a Person she need not mention.  
 ‘ In short’ says she, ‘ I was overtaken by my  
 ‘ Husband (for I need not affect to conceal what  
 ‘ the World knows too well already). I had the  
 ‘ good Fortune to escape in a most surprizing  
 ‘ Manner, and am now going to *London* with  
 ‘ this young Lady, who is a near Relation of  
 ‘ mine, and who had escaped from as great a  
 ‘ Tyrant as my own.’

His Lordship concluding that this Tyrant was likewise a Husband, made a Speech full of Compliments to both the Ladies, and as full of Invectives against his own Sex; nor indeed did he avoid some oblique Glances at the matrimonial Institution itself, and at the unjust Powers given by it to Man over the more sensible, and more meritorious Part of the Species. He ended his Oration with an Offer of his Protection, and of his Coach and Six, which was instantly accepted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and at last, upon her Persuasions, by *Sophia*.

Matters being thus adjusted, his Lordship took his Leave, and the Ladies retired to Rest, where Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* entertained her Cousin with many high Encomiums on the Character of the noble Peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great Fondness for his Wife; saying, she believed he was almost the only Person of high Rank, who was entirely constant to the Marriage Bed. ‘ Indeed,’ added she, ‘ my dear *Sophy*, that is a very  
 ‘ rare Virtue among Men of Condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe  
 ‘ me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.’

A gentle Sigh stole from *Sophia* at these Words, which perhaps contributed to form a Dream of no  
 very

very pleasant Kind; but as she never revealed this Dream to any one, so the Reader cannot expect to see it related here.

## C H A P. IX.

*The Morning introduced in some pretty Writing, A Stage Coach. The Civility of Chambermaids. The heroic Temper of Sophia. Her Generosity. The Return to it. The Departure of the Company, and their Arrival at London; with some Remarks for the Use of Travellers.*

**T**HOSE Members of the Society, who are born to furnish the Blessings of Life, now began to light their Candles, in order to pursue their daily Labours, for the Use of those who are born to enjoy these Blessings. The sturdy Hind now attends the Levee of his Fellow Labourer the Ox; the cunning Artificer, the diligent Mechanic, spring from their hard Mattress; and now the bonny House-maid begins to repair the disordered Drum-Room, while the riotous Authors of that Disorder, in broken interrupted Slumbers, tumble and toss, as if the Hardness of Down disquieted their Repose.

In simple Phrase, the Clock had no sooner struck Seven, than the Ladies were ready for their Journey; and, at their Desire, his Lordship and his Equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a Matter of some Difficulty arose; and this was how his Lordship himself should be conveyed: For tho' in Stage-Coaches, where Passengers are properly considered as so much Luggage, the ingenious Coachman stows half a Dozen with perfect Ease into the Place of four:  
for

for well he contrives that the fat Hostess, or well-fed Alderman, may take up no more Room than the slim Miss, or taper Master; it being the Nature of Guts, when well squeezed, to give Way, and to lie in a narrow Compass; yet in these Vehicles which are called, for Distinction-sake, Gentlemens Coaches, tho' they are often larger than the others, this Method of packing is never attempted.

His Lordship would have put a short End to the Difficulty, by very gallantly desiring to mount his Horse; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no means consent to it. It was therefore concluded that the *Abigails* should by Turns relieve each other on one of his Lordship's Horses, which was presently equipped with a Side-Saddle for that Purpose.

Every Thing being settled at the Inn, the Ladies discharged their former Guides, and *Sophia* made a Present to the Landlord, partly to repair the Bruise which he had received under herself, and partly on Account of what he had suffered under the Hands of her enraged Waiting-woman. And now *Sophia* first discovered a Loss which gave her some Uneasiness; and this was of the hundred Pound Bank-Bill which her Father had given her at their last Meeting; and which, within a very inconsiderable Trifle, was all the Treasure she was at present worth. She searched every where, and shook and tumbled all her Things to no Purpose; the Bill was not to be found: And she was at last fully persuaded that she had lost it from her Pocket, when she had the Misfortune of tumbling from her Horse in the dark Lane, as before recorded. A Fact that seemed the more probable, as she now recollected

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some Discomposure in her Pockets which had happened at that Time, and the great Difficulty with which she had drawn forth her Handkerchief the very Instant before her Fall, in order to relieve the Distress of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.

Misfortunes of this Kind, whatever Inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of subduing a Mind in which there is any Strength, without the Assistance of Avarice. *Sophia* therefore, tho' nothing could be worse timed than this Accident, at such a Season, immediately got the better of her Concern, and with her wonted Serenity and Cheerfulness of Countenance, returned to her Company. His Lordship conducted the Ladies into the Vehicle, as he did likewise Mrs. *Honour*, who, after many Civilities, and more Dear Madams, at last yielded to the well-bred Importunities of her Sister *Abigail*, and submitted to be complimented with the first Ride in the Coach; in which indeed she would afterwards have been contented to have pursued her whole Journey, had not her Mistress, after several fruitless Intimations, at length forced her to take her Turn on Horseback.

The Coach now, having received its Company, began to move forwards, attended by many Servants, and by two led Captains, who had before rode with his Lordship, and who would have been dismissed from the Vehicle upon a much less worthy Occasion, than was this of accommodating two Ladies. In this they acted only as Gentlemen; but they were ready at any Time to have performed the Office of a Footman, or indeed would have condescended lower, for the Honour of his Lordship's Company, and for the Convenience of his Table.

My Landlord was so pleased with the Present he had received from *Sophia*, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his Bruise, or his Scratches. The Reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this Present ; but we cannot satisfy his Curiosity. Whatever it was, it satisfied the Landlord for his bodily Hurt ; but he lamented he had not known before how little the Lady valued her Money ; ‘ For to be sure,’ says he, ‘ one might have charged every Article double, and she would have made no Cavil at the Reckoning.’

His Wife however was far from drawing this Conclusion ; whether she really felt any Injury done to her Husband more than he did himself, I will not say ; certain it is, she was much less satisfied with the Generosity of *Sophia*. ‘ Indeed,’ cries she, ‘ my Dear, the Lady knows better how to dispose of her Money than you imagine. She might very well think we should not put up such a Business without some Satisfaction, and the Law would have cost her an infinite deal more than this poor little Matter, which I wonder you would take.’ ‘ You are always so bloodily wise,’ quoth the Husband : ‘ It would have cost her more, would it ? Dost fancy I don’t know that as well as thee ? But would any of that more, or so much, have come into our Pockets ? Indeed, if Son *Tom* the Lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad to have put such a pretty Business into his Hands. He would have got a good Picking out of it ; but I have no Relation now who is a Lawyer, and why should I go to Law for the Benefit of Strangers ?’ ‘ Nay, to be sure,’ answered she, ‘ you must know best.’ ‘ I believe I do,’ re-

plied he. 'I fancy, when Money is to be got, I can smell it out as well as another. Every body, let me tell you, would not have talked People out of this. Mind that, I say; every body would not have cajoled this out of her, mind that.' The Wife then joined in the Applause of her Husband's Sagacity; and thus ended the short Dialogue between them on this Occasion.

We will therefore take our Leave of these good People, and attend his Lordship and his fair Companions, who made such good Expedition, that they performed a Journey of ninety Miles in two Days, and on the second Evening arrived in *London*, without having encountered any one Adventure on the Road worthy the Dignity of this History to relate. Our Pen, therefore, shall imitate the Expedition which it describes, and our History shall keep Pace with the Travellers who are its Subject. Good Writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious Traveller in this Instance, who always proportions his Stay at any Place, to the Beauties, Elegancies, and Curiosities which it affords. At *Eshur*, at *Stowe*, at *Wilton*, at *Eastbury*, and at *Prior's Park*, Days are too short for the ravished Imagination; while we admire the wondrous Power of Art in improving Nature. In some of these, Art chiefly engages our Admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our Applause; but in the last, the former seems to triumph. Here Nature appears in her richest Attire, and Art dressed with the modestest Simplicity attends its benignant Mistress. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choicest Treasures which she hath lavished on this World; and here human Nature presents you

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you with an Object which can only be exceeded in the other.

The same Taste, the same Imagination, which luxurious riots in these elegant Scenes, can be amused with Objects of far inferior Note. The Woods, the Rivers, the Lawns of *Devon* and of *Dorset*, attract the Eye of the ingenious Traveller, and retard his Pace, which Delay he afterwards compensates by swiftly scouring over the gloomy Heath of *Bagshot*, or that pleasant Plain which extends itself Westward from *Stockbridge*, where no other Object than one single Tree only in sixteen Miles presents itself to the View, unless the Clouds, in Compassion to our tired Spirits, kindly open their variegated Mansions to our Prospect.

Not so travels the Money-mediating Tradesman, the sagacious Justice, the dignified Doctor, the warm-clad Grazier, with all the numerous Offspring of Wealth and Dulness. On they jogg, with equal Pace, through the verdant Meadows, or over the barren Heath, their Horses measuring four Miles and a half *per* Hour with the utmost Exactness; the Eyes of the Beast and of his Master being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the same Objects in the same manner. With equal Rapture, the good Rider surveys the proudest Boasts of the Architect, and those fair Buildings, with which some unknown Name hath adorned the rich Cloathing-Town; where Heaps of Bricks are piled up as a kind of Monument, to shew that Heaps of Money have been piled there before.

And now, Reader, as we are in haste to attend our Heroine, we will leave to thy Sagacity to apply all this to the *Bæotian* Writers, and to those



Authors who are their Opposites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our Aid. Bestir thyself therefore on this Occasion; for tho' we will always lend thee proper Assistance in difficult Places, as we do not, like some others, expect thee to use the Arts of Divination to discover our Meaning; yet we shall not indulge thy Laziness where nothing but thy own Attention is required; for thou art highly mistaken if thou dost imagine that we intended, when we began this great Work, to leave thy Sagacity nothing to do; or that, without sometimes exercising this Talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our Pages with any Pleasure or Profit to thyself.

## C H A P. X.

*Containing a Hint or two concerning Virtue, and a few more concerning Suspicion.*

OUR Company being arrived at London, were set down at his Lordship's House, where, while they refreshed themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, Servants were dispatched to provide a Lodging for the two Ladies; for as her Ladyship was not then in Town, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no means consent to accept a Bed in the Mansion of the Peer.

Some Readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary Delicacy, as I may call it, of Virtue, as too nice and scrupulous; but we must make Allowances for her Situation, which must be owned to have been very ticklish; and when we consider the Malice of censorious Tongues, we must allow, if it was a Fault, the Fault was an Excess on the right Side, and which every Wo-

man who is in the self-same Situation will do well to imitate. The most formal Appearance of Virtue, when it is only an Appearance, may perhaps, in very abstracted Considerations, seem to be rather less commendable than Virtue itself without this Formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is necessary, unless in some very particular Cases, for every Woman to support either the one or the other.

A Lodging being prepared, *Sophia* accompanied her Cousin for that Evening; but resolved early in the Morning to enquire after the Lady, into whose Protection, as we have formerly mentioned, she had determined to throw herself, when she quitted her Father's House. And this she was the more eager in doing, from some Observations she had made during her Journey in the Coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious Character of Suspicion on *Sophia*, we are almost afraid to open to our Reader the Conceits which filled her Mind concerning Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; of whom she certainly entertained at present some Doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the Bosoms of the worst of People, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have first suggested a Word or two to our Reader touching Suspicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two Degrees. The first of these I chuse to derive from the Heart; as the extreme Velocity of its Discernment seems to denote some previous inward Impulse, and the rather, as this superlative Degree often forms its own Objects; sees what is not, and always more than really exists.

This is that quick-sighted Penetration, whose Hawk's Eyes no Symptom of Evil can escape ; which observes not only upon the Actions, but upon the Words and Looks of Men ; and as it proceeds from the Heart of the Observer, so it dives into the Heart of the Observed, and there espies Evil, as it were, in the first Embryo ; nay sometimes before it can be said to be conceived. An admirable Faculty, if it were infallible ; but as this Degree of Perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal Being ; so from the Fallibility of such acute Discernment have arisen many sad Mischiefs and most grievous Heart-achs to Innocence and Virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vast Quick-sightedness into Evil as a vicious Excess, and as a very pernicious Evil in itself. And I am the more inclined to this Opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad Heart, for the Reasons I have abovementioned, and for one more, namely, because I never knew it the Property of a good one. Now from this Degree of Suspicion I entirely and absolutely acquit *Sophia*.

A second Degree of this Quality seems to arise from the Head. This is indeed no other than the Faculty of seeing what is before your Eyes, and of drawing Conclusions from what you see. The former of these is unavoidable by those who have any Eyes, and the latter is perhaps no less certain and necessary a Consequence of our having any Brains. This is altogether as bitter an Enemy to Guilt, as the former is to Innocence ; nor can I see it in an unamiable Light, even though, through human Fallibility, it should be sometimes mistaken. For Instance, if a Husband should accidentally surprize his Wife in the Lap

or in the Embraces of some of those pretty young Gentlemen who profess the Art of Cuckold-making, I should not highly, I think, blame him for concluding something more than what he saw, from the Familiarities which he really had seen, and which we are at least favourable enough to, when we call them innocent Freedoms. The Reader will easily suggest great Plenty of Instances to himself: I shall add but one more, which, however unchristian it may be thought by some, I cannot help esteeming to be strictly justifiable; and this is a Suspicion that a Man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is possible for one who hath been a Villain once, to act the same Part again. And to confess the Truth, of this Degree of Suspicion I believe *Sophia* was guilty. From this Degree of Suspicion she had, in Fact, conceived an Opinion, that her Cousin was really not better than she should be.

The Case, it seems, was this: *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* wisely considered, that the Virtue of a young Lady is, in the World, in the same Situation with a poor Hare, who is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its Enemies: For it can hardly meet any other. No sooner therefore was she determined to take the first Opportunity of quitting the Protection of her Husband, than she resolved to cast herself under the Protection of some other Man; and whom could she so properly chuse to be her Guardian as a Person of Quality, of Fortune, of Honour; and who, besides a gallant Disposition which inclines Men to Knight-Errantry, that is, to be the Champions of Ladies in Distress, had often declared a vio-



lent Attachment to herself, and had already given her all the Instances of it in his Power?

But as the Law hath foolishly omitted this Office of Vice-Husband, or Guardian to an eloped Lady; and as Malice is apt to denominate him by a more disagreeable Appellation; it was concluded that his Lordship should perform all such kind Offices to the Lady in secret, and without publicly assuming the Character of her Protector. Nay, to prevent any other Person from seeing him in this Light, it was agreed that the Lady should proceed directly to *Bath*, and that his Lordship should first go to *London*, and thence should go down to that Place by the Advice of his Physicians.

Now all this *Sophia* very plainly understood, not from the Lips or Behaviour of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but from the Peer, who was infinitely less expert at retaining a Secret, than was the good Lady; and perhaps the exact Secrecy which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had observed on this Head in her Narrative, served not a little to heighten those Suspicions which were now risen in the Mind of her Cousin.

*Sophia* very easily found out the Lady she sought; for indeed there was not a Chairman in Town to whom her House was not perfectly well known; and as she received, in Return of her first Message, a most pressing Invitation, she immediately accepted it. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* indeed did not desire her Cousin to stay with her with more Earnestness than Civility required. Whether she had discerned and resented the Suspicion above mentioned, or from what other Motive it arose, I cannot say; but certain it is, she was  
full

full as desirous of parting with *Sophia*, as *Sophia* herself could be of going.

The young Lady, when she came to take Leave of her Cousin, could not avoid giving her a short Hint of Advice. She begged her, for Heaven's Sake, to take care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a Situation she stood; adding, she hoped some Method would be found of reconciling her to her Husband. 'You must remember, my Dear,' says she, 'the Maxim which my Aunt *Western* hath so often repeated to us both; *That whenever the matrimonial Alliance is broke, and War declared between Husband and Wife, she can hardly make a disadvantageous Peace for herself on any Conditions.* These are my Aunt's very Words, and she hath had a great deal of Experience in the World.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* answered, with a contemptuous Smile, 'Never fear me, Child, take care of yourself; for you are younger than me. I will come and visit you in a few Days; but, dear *Sophy*, let me give you one Piece of Advice: Leave the Character of *Graveairs* in the Country; for, believe me, it will sit very awkwardly upon you in this Town.'

Thus the two Cousins parted, and *Sophia* repaired directly to Lady *Bellaston*, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite Welcome. The Lady had taken a great Fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her Aunt *Western*. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the Reasons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to *London*, than she highly applauded her Sense and Resolution; and after expressing the highest Satisfaction in the Opinion which *Sophia* had declared

she entertained of her Ladyship, by chusing her House for an Asylum, she promised her all the Protection which it was in her Power to give.

As we have now brought *Sophia* into safe Hands, the Reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposite her there a while, and to look a little after other Personages, and particularly poor *Jones*, whom we have left long enough to do Penance for his past Offences, which, as is the Nature of Vice, brought sufficient Punishment upon him themselves.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XII.

*Containing the same individual Time with  
the former.*

CHAP. I.

*Shewing what is to be deemed Plagiarism in a modern Author, and what is to be considered as lawful Prize.*

THE learned Reader must have observed, that in the Course of this mighty Work, I have often translated Passages out of the best antient Authors, without quoting the Original, or without taking the least Notice of the Book from whence they were borrowed.

This Conduct in Writing is placed in a very proper Light by the ingenious Abbé Bannier, in



his Preface to his Mythology, a Work of great Erudition, and of equal Judgment. "It will be easy," says he, "for the Reader to observe, that I have frequently had greater Regard to him, than to my own Reputation: For an Author certainly pays him a considerable Compliment, when, for his Sake, he suppresses learned Quotations that come in his Way, and which would have cost him but the bare Trouble of translating."

To fill up a Work with these Scraps may indeed be considered as a downright Cheat on the learned World, who are by such Means imposed upon to buy a second time in Fragments and by Retail what they have already in Gross, if not in their Memories, upon their Shelves; and it is still more cruel upon the Illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of Use to them. A Writer who intermixes great Quantity of *Greek* and *Latin* with his Works, deals by the Ladies and fine Gentlemen in the same paultry Manner with which they are treated by the Auctioneers, who often endeavour so to confound and mix up their Lots, that, in order to purchase the Commodity you want, you are obliged at the same Time to purchase that which will do you no Service.

And yet, as there is no Conduct so fair and disinterested, but that it may be misunderstood by Ignorance, and misrepresented by Malice, I have been sometimes tempted to preserve my own Reputation, at the Expence of my Reader, and to transcribe the Original, or at least to quote Chapter and Verse, whenever I have made Use either of the Thought or Expression of another. I am indeed in some Doubt that I have often suffered by

by the contrary Method; and that by suppressing the original Author's Name, I have been rather suspected of Plagiarism, than reputed to act from the amiable Motive above assigned by that justly-celebrated *Frenchman*.

Now to obviate all such Imputations for the future, I do here confess and justify the Fact. The Antients may be considered as a rich Common, where every Person who hath the smallest Tenement in *Parnassus*, hath a free Right to fatten his Muse. Or, to place it in a clearer Light, we Moderns are to the Antients what the Poor are to the Rich. By the Poor here I mean, that large and venerable Body which, in *English*, we call the Mob. Now, whoever hath had the Honour to be admitted to any Degree of Intimacy with this Mob, must well know that it is one of their established Maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich Neighbours without any Reluctance; and that this is held to be neither Sin nor Crime among them. And so constantly do they abide and act by this Maxim, that in every Parish almost in the Kingdom, there is a Kind of Confederacy ever carrying on against a certain Person of Opulence called the Squire, whose Property is considered as Free-Booty by all his poor Neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of Guilt in such Depredations, look upon it as a Point of Honour and moral Obligations to conceal, and to preserve each other from Punishment on all such Occasions.

In like Manner are the Antients, such as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, and the rest, to be esteemed among us Writers, as so many wealthy Squires, from whom we, the Poor of *Parnassus*, claim an immemorial Custom of taking whatever

we can come at. This Liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor Neighbours in their Turn. All I profess, and all I require from my Brethren, is to maintain the same strict Honesty among ourselves, which the Mob shew to one another. To steal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be strictly stiled defrauding the Poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves) or, to set it under the most opprobrious Colours, robbing the Spittal.

Since therefore, upon the strictest Examination, my own Conscience cannot lay any such pitifull Theft to my Charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former Accusation; nor shall I ever scruple to take to myself any Passage which I shall find in an antient Author to my Purpose, without setting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken. Nay, I absolutely claim a Property in all such Sentiments the Moment they are transcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This Claim however I desire to be allowed me only on Condition, that I preserve strict Honesty towards my poor Brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are possessed, I shall never fail to put their Mark upon it, that it may be at all Times ready to be restored to the right Owner.

The Omission of this was highly blameable in one Mr. *Moore*, who, having formerly borrowed some Lines of *Pope* and Company, took the Liberty to transcribe six of them into his Play of the *Rival Modes*. Mr. *Pope* however very luckily found them in the said Play, and laying violent Hands

Hands on his own Property, transferred it back again into his own Works; and for a further Punishment, imprisoned the said *Moore* in the loathsome Dungeon of the *Dunciad*, where his unhappy Memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper Punishment for such his unjust Dealings in the poetical Trade.

## C H A P. II.

*In which, tho' the Squire doth not find his Daughter, something is found which puts an End to his Pursuit.*

THE History now returns to the Inn at *Upton*, whence we shall first trace the Footsteps of Squire *Western*; for as he will soon arrive at the End of his Journey, we shall have then full Leisure to attend our Hero.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that the said Squire departed from the Inn in great Fury, and in that Fury he pursued his Daughter. The Hostler having informed him that she had crossed the *Severn*, he likewise past that River with his Equipage, and rode full Speed, vowing the utmost Vengeance against poor *Sophia*, if he should but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a Cross-way. Here he called a short Council of War, in which, after hearing different Opinions, he at last gave the Direction of his Pursuit to Fortune, and struck directly into the *Worcester* Road.

In this Road he proceeded about two Miles, when he began to bemoan himself most bitterly, frequently crying out, ' What Pity is it ! Sure  
' never



‘ never was so unlucky a Dog as myself !’ and then burst forth a Volley of Oaths and Execrations.

The Parson attempted to administer Comfort to him on this Occasion. ‘ Sorrow not, Sir,’ says he, ‘ like those without Hope. Howbeit we ‘ have not yet been able to overtake young ‘ Madam, we may account it some good Fortune, ‘ that we have hitherto traced her Course aright. ‘ Peradventure she will soon be fatigated with her ‘ Journey, and will tarry in some Inn, in order ‘ to renovate her corporeal Functions; and in ‘ that Case, in all moral Certainty, you will very ‘ briefly be *compos voti*.

‘ Pooh ! D--n the Slut,’ answered the Squire, ‘ I am lamenting the Loss of so fine a Morning ‘ for Hunting. It is confounded hard to lose one ‘ of the best Scenting Days, in all Appearance, ‘ which hath been this Season, and especially ‘ after so long a Frost.’

Whether Fortune, who now and then shews some Compassion in her wantonest Triks, might not take Pity of the Squire; and as she had determined not to let him overtake his Daughter might not resolve to make him Amends some other Way, I will not assert; but he had hardly uttered the Words just before commemorated, and two or three Oaths at their Heels, when a Pack of Hounds began to open their melodious Throats at a small Distance from them, which the Squire’s Horse and his Rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their Ears, and the Squire crying, ‘ She’s gone, she’s gone ! Damn me, ‘ if she is not gone !’ instantly clapped Spurs to the Beast, who little needed it, having indeed the same Inclination with his Master. And now

the whole Company crossing into a Corn-field, rode directly towards the Hounds, with much Hallowing and Hooping, while the poor Parson, blessing himself, brought up the Rear.

Thus Fable reports, that the fair *Grimalkin*, whom *Venus*, at the Desire of a passionate Lover, converted from a Cat into a fine Woman, no sooner perceived a Mouse, than, mindful of her former Sport, and still retaining her pristine Nature, she leaped from the Bed of her Husband to pursue the little Animal.

What are we to understand by this? Not that the Bride was displeased with the Embraces of her amorous Bridegroom: For tho' some have remarked that Cats are subject to Ingratitude; yet Women and Cats too will be pleased and purr on certain Occasions. The Truth is, as the sagacious Sir *Roger L'Estrange* observes, in his deep Reflections, that 'if we shut Nature out at the Door, she will come in at the Window; and that Puss, though a Madam, will be a Moufer still.' In the same Manner, we are not to arraign the Squire of any Want of Love for his Daughter: For in Reality he had a great deal; we are only to consider that he was a Squire and a Sportsman, and then we may apply the Fable to him, and the judicious Reflections likewise.

The Hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire pursued over Hedge and Ditch, with all his usual Vociferation and Alacrity, and with all his usual Pleasure; nor did the Thoughts of *Sophia* ever once intrude themselves to allay the Satisfaction he enjoyed in the Chace, which he said, was one of the finest he ever saw, and which he swore was very well worth going fifty Miles for. As the Squire forgot his Daughter, the Ser-

vants,

vants, we may easily believe, forgot their Mistress; and the Parson, after having expressed much Astonishment in *Latin* to himself, at length likewise abandoned all farther Thoughts of the young Lady, and jogging on at a Distance behind, began to meditate a Portion of Doctrine for the ensuing *Sunday*.

The Squire who owned the Hounds, was highly pleased with the Arrival of his Brother Squire and Sportsman: For all Men approve Merit in their own Way, and no Man was more expert in the Field than Mr. *Western*, nor did any other better know how to encourage the Dogs with his Voice, and to animate the Hunt with his Holla.

Sportsmen, in the Warmth of a Chace, are too much engaged to attend to any Manner of Ceremony; nay, even to the Offices of Humanity: For if any of them meet with an Accident by tumbling into a Ditch, or into a River, the rest pass on regardless, and generally leave him to his Fate; during this Time, therefore, the two Squires, though often close to each other, interchanged not a single Word. The Master of the Hunt, however, often saw and approved the great Judgment of the Stranger in drawing the Dogs when they were at a Fault, and hence conceived a very high Opinion of his Understanding, as the Number of his Attendants inspired no small Reverence to his Quality. As soon therefore as the Sport was ended, by the Death of the little Animal which had occasioned it, the two Squires met, and in all Squire-like Greeting, saluted each other.

The Conversation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an Appendix, or on some other Occasion; but as it no wise concerns

cerns this History, we cannot prevail on ourselves to give it a Place here. It concluded with a second Chace, and that with an Invitation to Dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty Bout of Drinking, which ended in as hearty a Nap on the Part of Squire *Western*.

Our Squire was by no means a Match, either for his Host or for Parson *Supple*, at his Cups that Evening; for which the violent Fatigue of Mind as well as Body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the least Derogation from his Honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar Phrase, whistle-drunk; for before he had swallowed the third Bottle, he became so entirely overpowered, that, tho' he was not carried off to Bed till long after, the Parson considered him as absent; and having acquainted the other Squire with all relating to *Sophia*, he obtained his Promise of seconding those Arguments which he intended to urge the next Morning for Mr. *Western's* Return.

No sooner therefore had the good Squire shaken off his Evening and began to call for his Morning Draught, and to summon his Horses in order to renew his Pursuit, than Mr. *Supple* began his Dissuatives, which the Host so strongly seconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. *Western* agreed to return Home; being principally moved by one Argument, *viz.* That he knew not which Way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his Daughter, instead of towards her. He then took Leave of his Brother Sportsman, and expressing great Joy that the Frost was broken (which might perhaps be no small Motive to his hastening Home) set forwards, or rather backwards, for *Somersetshire*; but not before



fore he had first dispatched Part of his Retinue in quest of his Daughter, after whom he likewise sent a Volley of the most bitter Execrations which he could invent.

### C H A P. III.

*The Departure of Jones from Upton, with what pass between him and Partridge on the Road.*

**A**T length, we are once more come to our Hero; and, to say Truth, we have been obliged to part with him so long, that, considering the Condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our Readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at present in that Situation in which prudent People usually desist from enquiring any farther after their Friends, lest they should be shocked by hearing such Friends had hanged themselves.

But, in Reality, if we have not all the Virtues, I will boldly say, neither have we all the Vices of a prudent Character; and, tho' it is not easy to conceive Circumstances much more miserable than those of poor *Jones* at present, we shall return to him, and attend upon him with the same Diligence as if he was wantoning in the brightest Beams of Fortune.

*Mr. Jones* then, and his Companion *Partridge*, left the Inn a few Minutes after the Departure of *Squire Western*, and pursued the same Road on Foot; for the Hostler told them, that no Horses were by any Means to be at that Time procured at *Upton*. On they marched with heavy Hearts; for tho' their Disquiet proceeded from very different Reasons, yet displeased they were both;  
and

and if *Jones* sighed bitterly, *Partridge* grunted altogether as sadly at every Step.

When they came to the Cross-roads where the Squire had stopt to take Counsel, *Jones* stopt likewise, and turning to *Partridge*, asked his Opinion which Tract they should pursue. 'Ah, Sir!' answered *Partridge*, 'I wish your Honour would follow my Advice.' 'Why should I not?' replied *Jones*; 'for it is now indifferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me.' 'My Advice then,' said *Partridge*, 'is that you immediately face about and return Home: For who that hath such a Home to return to, as your Honour, would travel thus about the Country like a Vagabond? I ask Pardon, *sed vox ea sola reperta est.*'

'Alas!' cries *Jones*, 'I have no Home to return to;---but if my Friend, my Father would receive me, could I bear the Country from which *Sophia* is flown---Cruel *Sophia*! Cruel! No. Let me blame myself---No, let me blame thee. D---nation seize thee, Fool, Blockhead! thou hast undone me, and I will tear thy Soul from thy Body.'---At which Words, he laid violent Hands on the Collar of poor *Partridge*, and shook him more heartily than an Ague Fit or his own Fears had ever done before.

*Partridge* fell trembling on his Knees, and begged for Mercy, vowing he had meant no Harm---when *Jones*, after staring wildly on him for a Moment, quitted his Hold, and discharged a Rage on himself, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an End to his Being, which indeed the very Apprehension of it had almost effected.

We

We would bestow some Pains here in minutely describing all the mad Pranks which *Jones* played on this Occasion, could we be well assured that the Reader would take the same Pains in perusing them; but as we are apprehensive that after all the Labour which we should employ in painting this Scene, the said Reader would be very apt to skip it entirely over, we have saved ourself that Trouble. To say the Truth, we have, from this Reason alone, often done great Violence to the Luxuriance of our Genius, and have left many excellent Descriptions out of our Work, which would otherwise have been in it. And this Suspicion, to be honest, arises, as is generally the Case, from our own wicked Heart; for we have, ourselves, been very often most horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the Pages of voluminous Historians.

Suffice it then simply to say, that *Jones*, after having played the Part of a Madman for many Minutes, came, by Degrees, to himself; which no sooner happened, than, turning to *Partridge*, he very earnestly begged his Pardon for the Attack he made on him in the Violence of his Passion; but concluded, by desiring him never to mention his Return again; for he was resolved never to see that Country any more.

*Partridge* easily forgave, and faithfully promised to obey the Injunction now laid upon him. And then *Jones* very briskly cried out: 'Since it is absolutely impossible for me to pursue any farther the Steps of my Angel—I will pursue those of Glory. Come on, my brave Lad, now for the Army:—It is a glorious Cause, and I would willingly sacrifice my Life in it, even tho' it was worth my preserving.' And so

so saying, he immediately struck into the different Road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere Chance, pursued the very same thro' which *Sophia* had before passed.

Our Travellers now marched a full Mile, without speaking a Syllable to each other, tho' *Jones*, indeed, muttered many Things to himself. As to *Partridge*, he was profoundly silent: For he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former Fright; besides, he had Apprehensions of provoking his Friend to a second Fit of Wrath; especially as he now began to entertain a Conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great Wonder in the Reader. In short, he began now to suspect that *Jones* was absolutely out of his Senses.

At length, *Jones* being weary of Soliloquy, addressed himself to his Companion, and blamed him for his Taciturnity: For which the poor Man very honestly accounted, from his Fear of giving Offence. And now this Fear being pretty well removed, by the most absolute Promises of Indemnity, *Partridge* again took the Bridle from his Tongue; which, perhaps, rejoiced no less at regaining its Liberty, than a young Colt when the Bridle is slipt from his Neck, and he is turned loose into the Pastures.

As *Partridge* was inhibited from that Topic which would have first suggested itself, he fell upon that which was next uppermost in his Mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' says he, 'that could never be a Man, who dresses himself, and lives after such a strange Manner, and so unlike other Folks. Besides, his Diet, as the old Woman told me, is chiefly upon Herbs, which is a fitter Food for a Horse than a Christian: Nay, Landlord at *Upton* says, that  
'the



‘ the Neighbours thereabouts have very fearful  
 ‘ Notions about him. It runs strangely in my  
 ‘ Head, that it must have been some Spirit, who,  
 ‘ perhaps, might be sent to forewarn us : And  
 ‘ who knows, but all that Matter which he told  
 ‘ us, of his going to fight, and of his being taken  
 ‘ Prisoner, and of the great Danger he was in of  
 ‘ being hanged, might be intended as a Warning  
 ‘ to us, considering what we are going about :  
 ‘ Besides, I dreamt of nothing at all last Night,  
 ‘ but of fighting ; and methought the Blood ran  
 ‘ out of my Nose, as Liquor out of a Tap.  
 ‘ Indeed, Sir, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare*  
 ‘ *Dolorem.*’

‘ Thy Story, *Partridge,*’ answered *Jones,* ‘ is  
 ‘ almost as ill applied as thy *Latin.* Nothing  
 ‘ can be more likely to happen than Death to  
 ‘ Men who go into Battle. Perhaps we shall both  
 ‘ fall in it,—and what then ?’ ‘ What then !’  
 replied *Partridge.* ‘ Why then there is an End  
 ‘ of us, is there not ? When I am gone, all is  
 ‘ over with me. What matters the Cause to me,  
 ‘ or who gets the Victory, if I am killed ? I shall  
 ‘ never enjoy any Advantage from it. What are  
 ‘ all the ringing of Bells, and Bonfires, to one  
 ‘ that is six Foot under Ground ? There will be  
 ‘ an End of poor *Partridge.*’ ‘ And an End of  
 ‘ poor *Partridge,*’ cries *Jones,* ‘ there must be  
 ‘ one Time or other. If you love *Latin,* I will  
 ‘ repeat you some fine Lines out of *Horace,* which  
 ‘ would inspire Courage into a Coward.

*Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.*  
*Mors & fugacem persequitur virum*  
*Nec parcat imbellis juventa*  
*Populis, timidoque tergo.*

‘ I wish you would construe them,’ cries *Partridge*; ‘ for *Horace* is a hard Author, and I cannot understand as you repeat them.’

‘I will repeat you a bad Imitation, or rather  
‘Paraphrase of my own,’ said *Jones*; ‘for I am  
‘but an indifferent Poet.

‘ Who would not die in his dear Country’s Cause?’

' Since, if base Fear his daftard Step with-  
draws,

From Death he cannot fly :—One common  
Grave

‘Receives, at last, the Coward and the Brave.’

‘That’s very certain,’ cries *Partridge*. ‘Ay, sure, *Mors omnibus communis* : But there is a great Difference between dying in one’s Bed a great many Years hence, like a good Christian with all our Friends crying about us, and being shot To day or To-morrow, like a mad Dog ; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty Pieces with a Sword, and that too before we have repented of all our Sins. Oh ! Lord have Mercy upon us ! To be sure, the Soldiers are a wicked Kind of People. I never loved to have any Thing to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as Christians. There is nothing but Cursing and Swearing among them. I wish your Honour would repent : I heartily wish you would repent, before it is too late ; and not think of going among them.— Evil Communication corrupts good Manners. That is my principal Reason. For as for that Matter, I am no more afraid than another Man, not I ; as to Matter of that. I know all  
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' human Flesh must die ; but yet a Man may  
 ' live many Years for all that. Why I am a  
 ' middle-aged Man now, and yet I may live a  
 ' great Number of Years. I have read of several  
 ' who have lived to be above a Hundred, and  
 ' some a great deal above a Hundred. Not that  
 ' I hope, I mean that I promise myself, to live  
 ' to any such Age as that neither.—But if it be  
 ' only to Eighty or Ninety : Heaven be praised,  
 ' that is a great Ways off yet ; and I am not  
 ' afraid of dying then, no more than another  
 ' Man : But, surely, to tempt Death before a  
 ' Man's Time is come, seems to me downright  
 ' Wickedness and Presumption. Besides, if it  
 ' was to do any Good indeed ; but let the Cause  
 ' be what it will, what mighty Matter of Good  
 ' can Two People do ? And, for my Part, I un-  
 ' derstand nothing of it. I never fired off a Gun  
 ' above ten Times in my Life ; and then it was  
 ' not charged with Bullets. And for the Sword,  
 ' I never learned to fence, and know nothing of  
 ' the Matter. And then there are those Cannons,  
 ' which certainly it must be thought the highest  
 ' Presumption to go in the Way of ; and no body  
 ' but a Madam—I ask Pardon ; upon my Soul,  
 ' I meant no Harm : I beg I may not throw your  
 ' Honour into another Passion.'

' Be under no Apprehension, *Partridge*,' cries  
*Jones* ; ' I am now so well convinced of thy  
 ' Cowardice, that thou couldst not provoke me  
 ' on any Account.' ' Your Honour,' answered  
 ' he, ' may call me Coward, or any thing else you  
 ' please. If loving to sleep in a whole Skin  
 ' makes a Man a Coward, *non immunes ab illis*  
 ' *malis sumus*. I never read in my Grammar,  
 ' that a Man can't be a good Man without fight-  
 ' ing.

‘ing. *Vir bonus est quis ? Qui consulta Patrum, qui leges juraque servat.* Not a Word of Fighting ; and I am sure the Scripture is so much against it, that a Man shall never persuade me he is a good Christian, while he sheds Christian-blood.’

## C H A P. IV.

*The Adventure of a Beggar-man.*

**J**UST as *Partridge* had uttered that good and pious Doctrine with which the last Chapter concluded, they arrived at another Cross-way, when a lame Fellow in Rags asked them for Alms ; upon which *Partridge* gave him a severe Rebuke, saying, ‘ Every Parish ought to keep their own Poor.’ *Jones* then fell a laughing, and asked *Partridge*, if he was not ashamed, with so much Charity in his Mouth, to have no Charity in his Heart. ‘ Your Religion,’ says he, ‘ serves you only for an Excuse for your Faults, but is no Incentive to your Virtue. Can any Man who is really a Christian abstain from relieving one of his Brethren in such a miserable Condition ?’ And at the same time putting his Hand in his Pocket, he gave the poor Object a Shilling.

‘ Master,’ cries the Fellow, after thanking him, ‘ I have a curious Thing here in my Pocket, which I found about two Miles off, if your Worship will please to buy it. I should not venture to pull it out to every one ; but as you are so good a Gentleman, and so kind to the Poor, you won’t suspect a Man of being a Thief only because he is poor.’ He then pulled



out a little gilt Pocket-Book, and delivered it into the Hands of *Jones*.

*Jones* presently opened it, and (guess, Reader, what he felt) saw in the first Page the Words *Sophia Western*, written by her own fair Hand. He no sooner read the Name, than he prest it close to his Lips; nor could he avoid falling into some very frantic Raptures, notwithstanding his Company; but, perhaps, these very Raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While *Jones* was kissing and mumbling the Book, as if he had an excellent brown butter'd Crust in his Mouth, or as if he had really been a Bookworm, or an Author who had nothing to eat but his own Works, a Piece of Paper fell from its Leaves to the Ground, which *Partridge* took up, and delivered to *Jones*, who presently perceived it to be a Bank-Bill. It was, indeed, the very Bill which *Western* had given his Daughter, the Night before her Departure; and a *Jew* would have jumped to purchase it at five Shillings less than 100 *l*.

The Eyes of *Partridge* sparkled at this News, which *Jones* now proclaimed aloud; and so did (tho' with somewhat a different Aspect) those of the poor Fellow who had found the Book; and who (I hope from a Principle of Honesty) had never opened it: But we should not deal honestly by the Reader, if we omitted to inform him of a Circumstance, which may be here a little material, *viz.* That the Fellow could not read.

*Jones*, who had felt nothing but pure Joy and Transport from the finding the Book, was affected with a Mixture of Concern at this new Discovery: For his Imagination instantly suggested to him, that the Owner of the Bill might possibly want

want it, before he should be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the Finder, that he knew the Lady to whom the Book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as soon as possible, and return it her.

The Pocket-Book was a late Present from Mrs. *Western* to her Niece : It had cost five and twenty Shillings, having been bought of a celebrated Toyman ; but the real Value of the Silver, which it contained in its Clasp, was about 18*d.* and that Price the said Toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it first issued from his Shop, would now have given for it. A prudent Person would, however, have taken proper Advantage of the Ignorance of this Fellow, and would not have offered more than a Shilling, or perhaps Sixpence for it ; nay, some perhaps would have given nothing, and left the Fellow to his Action of Trover, which some learned Serjeants may doubt whether he could, under these Circumstances, have maintained.

*Jones*, on the contrary, whose Character was on the Outside of Generosity, and may perhaps not very unjustly have been suspected of Extravagance, without any Hesitation, gave a Guinea in Exchange for the Book. The poor Man, who had not for a long Time before been possessed of so much Treasure, gave Mr. *Jones* a thousand Thanks, and discovered little less of Transport in his Muscles, than *Jones* had before shewn, when he had first read the Name of *Sophia Western*.

The Fellow very readily agreed to attend our Travellers to the Place where he had found the Pocket-Book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither ; but not so fast as Mr. *Jones*

desired; for his Guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a Mile an Hour. As this Place, therefore, was at above three Miles Distance, though the Fellow had said otherwise, the Reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

*Jones* opened the Book a hundred Times during their Walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his Companions. At all which the Guide express'd some Signs of Astonishment to *Partridge*; who more than once shook his Head, and cry'd, Poor Gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

At length they arrived at the very Spot where *Sophia* unhappily dropt the Pocket-Book, and where the Fellow had as happily found it. Here *Jones* offered to take Leave of his Guide, and to improve his Pace; but the Fellow, in whom that violent Surprize and Joy which the first Receipt of the Guinea had occasioned was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient Time to recollect himself, put on a discontented Look, and, scratching his Head, said, 'He hoped his 'Worship would give him something more. 'Your Worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it 'into your Consideration, that if I had not been 'honest I might have kept the Whole.' And, indeed, this the Reader must confess to have been true. 'If the Paper there,' said he, 'be worth '100 l. I am sure the finding it deserves more 'than a Guinea. Besides, suppose your Worship 'should never see the Lady, nor give it her — 'and though your Worship looks and talks very 'much like a Gentleman, yet I have only your 'Worship's bare Word: And, certainly, if the  
'right

‘right Owner ben’t to be found, it all belongs to  
 ‘the first Finder. I hope your Worship will  
 ‘consider all these Matters. I am but a poor  
 ‘Man, and therefore don’t desire to have all;  
 ‘but it is but reasonable I should have my Share.  
 ‘Your Worship looks like a good Man, and,  
 ‘I hope, will consider my Honesty : For I might  
 ‘have kept every Farthing, and no-body ever  
 ‘the wiser.’ ‘I promise thee, upon my Honour,’  
 cries *Jones*, ‘that I know the right Owner, and  
 ‘will restore it her.’ ‘Nay, your Worship,’  
 answered the Fellow, ‘may do as you please as  
 ‘to that : if you will but give me my Share, that  
 ‘is one Half of the Money ; your Honour may  
 ‘keep the rest yourself, if you please ;’ and con-  
 cluded with swearing, by a very vehement Oath,  
 ‘that he would never mention a Syllable of it to  
 ‘any Man living.’

‘Looke, Friend,’ cries *Jones*, ‘the right  
 ‘Owner shall certainly have again all that she  
 ‘lost ; and as for any farther Gratitude, I really can-  
 ‘not give it you at present ; but let me know  
 ‘your Name, and where you live, and it is more  
 ‘than possible, you may hereafter have further  
 ‘Reason to rejoice at this Morning’s Adventure.’

‘I don’t know what you mean by Venture,’  
 cries the Fellow ; ‘it seems, I must venture  
 ‘whether you will return the Lady her Money or  
 ‘no : But I hope your Worship will consider—’  
 ‘Come, come,’ said *Partridge*, ‘tell his Honour  
 ‘your Name, and where you may be found ;  
 ‘I warrant you will never repent having put the  
 ‘Money into his Hands.’ The Fellow, seeing  
 no Hopes of recovering the Possession of the  
 Pocket-Book, at last complied in giving in his



Name and Place of Abode, which *Jones* writ upon a Piece of Paper with the Pencil of *Sophia*, and then placing the Paper in the same Page where she had writ her Name, he cried out, 'There, Friend, you are the happiest Man alive; I have joined your Name to that of an Angel.' 'I don't know any thing about Angels,' answered the Fellow; 'but I wish you would give me a little more Money, or else return me the Pocket-Book.' *Partridge* now waxed wroth: He called the poor Cripple by several vile and opprobrious Names, and was absolutely proceeding to beat him, but *Jones* would not suffer any such Thing: And now telling the Fellow he would certainly find some Opportunity of serving him, Mr. *Jones* departed as fast as his Heels would carry him; and *Partridge*, into whom the Thoughts of the hundred Pound had infused new Spirits, followed his Leader; while the Man, who was obliged to stay behind, fell to cursing them both, as well as his Parents; For had they,' says he, 'sent me to Charity-School to learn to write and read and cast Account, I should have known the Value of these Matters as well as other People.

## C H A P. V.

*Containing more Adventures which Mr. Jones and his Companion met on the Road.*

OUR Travellers now walked so fast, that they had very little Time or Breath for Conversation; *Jones* meditating all the Way on *Sophia*, and *Partridge* on the Bank-Bill, which, though it gave him some Pleasure, caused him at the

the same Time to repine at Fortune, which, in all his Walks, had never given him such an Opportunity of shewing his Honesty. They had proceeded above three Miles, when *Partridge*, being unable any longer to keep up with *Jones*, called to him, and begged him a little to slacken his Pace : With this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for some Time lost the Foot-steps of the Horses, which the Thaw had enabled him to trace for several Miles, and he was now upon a wide Common where were several Roads.

He here therefore stopt to consider which of these Roads he should pursue, when on a sudden they heard the Noise of a Drum that seemed at no great Distance. This Sound presently alarmed the Fears of *Partridge*, and he cried out, ‘ Lord have Mercy upon us all; they are certainly a coming! ‘ Who is coming?’ cries *Jones*; for Fear had long since given place to softer Ideas in his Mind; and since his Adventure with the lame Man, he had been totally intent on pursuing *Sophia*, without entertaining one Thought of an Enemy. ‘ Who!’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ why the Rebels : But why should I call them Rebels? ‘ they may be very honest Gentlemen, for any thing I know to the contrary. The Devil take him that affronts them, I say. I am sure, if ‘ they have nothing to say to me, I will have nothing to say to them, but in a civil Way. For ‘ Heaven’s Sake, Sir, don’t affront them, if they ‘ should come, and perhaps they may do us no ‘ Harm; but would it not be the wiser Way to ‘ creep into some of yonder Bushes till they are ‘ gone by? What can Two unarmed Men do ‘ perhaps against Fifty thousand? Certainly no-  
H 5      ‘ body

body but a Madman; I hope your Honour is not offended; but certainly no Man who hath *'mens sana in corpore sano'*—Here *Jones* interrupted this Torrent of Eloquence, which Fear had inspired, saying, 'That by the Drum he perceived they were near some Town.' He then made directly towards the Place whence the Noise proceeded, bidding *Partridge* 'take Courage, for that he would lead him into no Danger;' and adding, 'it was impossible the Rebels should be so near.'

*Partridge* was a little comforted with this last Assurance; and tho' he would more gladly have gone the contrary Way, he followed his Leader, his Heart beating Time, but not after the Manner of Heroes, to the Music of the Drum, which ceased not till they had traversed the Common, and were come into a narrow Lane.

And now *Partridge*, who kept even Pace with *Jones*, discovered something painted flying in the Air, a very few Yards before him, which fancying to be the Colours of the Enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'Oh! Lord, Sir, here they are; there is the Crown and Coffin. Oh! Lord! I never saw any thing so terrible; and we are within Gun-shot of them already.'

*Jones* no sooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which *Partridge* had thus mistaken. '*Partridge*,' says he, 'I fancy you will be able to engage this whole Army yourself; for by the Colours I guess what the Drum was which we heard before, and which beats up for Recruits to a Puppet-show.'

'A Puppet-show!' answered *Partridge*, with most eager Transport. 'And is it really no more than that? I love a Puppet-show of all  
'the

‘ the Pastimes upon Earth. Do, good Sir, let  
 ‘ us tarry and see it. Besides, I am quite famished  
 ‘ to Death ; for it is now almost dark, and I have  
 ‘ not eat a Morfel since Three o’Clock in the  
 ‘ Morning.’

They now arrived at an Inn, or indeed an Alehouse, where *Jones* was prevailed upon to stop, the rather as he had no longer any Assurance of being in the Road he desired. They walked both directly into the Kitchen, where *Jones* began to enquire if no Ladies had passed that Way in the Morning, and *Partridge* as eagerly examined into the State of their Provisions ; and indeed his Enquiry met with the better Success ; for *Jones* could not hear News of *Sophia* ; but *Partridge*, to his great Satisfaction, found good Reason to expect very shortly the agreeable Sight of an excellent smoking Dish of Eggs and Bacon.

In strong and healthy Constitutions Love hath a very different Effect from what it causes in the puny Part of the Species. In the latter, it generally destroys all that Appetite which tends towards the Conservation of the Individual ; but in the former, tho’ it often induces Forgetfulness, and a Neglect of Food, as well as of every thing else ; yet place a good Piece of well-powdered Buttock before a hungry Lover, and he seldom fails very handsomely to play his Part. Thus it happened in the present Case ; for tho’ *Jones* perhaps wanted a Prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty Stomach ; yet no sooner did he sit down to the Bacon and Eggs, than he fell to, as heartily and voraciously as *Partridge* himself.



Before our Travellers had finished their Dinner, Night came, on, and as the Moon was now past the Full, it was extremely dark. *Partridge* therefore prevailed on *Jones* to stay and see the Puppet show, which was just going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the Master of the said Show, who declared that his Figures were the finest which the World had ever produced, and that they had given great Satisfaction to all the Quality in every Town in *England*.

The Puppet-show was performed with great Regularity and Decency. It was called the fine and serious Part of the *Provoked Husband*; and it was indeed a very grave and solemn Entertainment, without any low Wit or Humour, or Jest; or, to do it no more than Justice, without any thing which could provoke a Laugh. The Audience were all highly pleased. A grave Matron told the Master she would bring her two Daughters the next Night, as he did not shew any Stuff; and an Attorney's Clerk and an Exciseman both declared, that the Characters of Lord and Lady *Townley* were well preserved, and highly in Nature. *Partridge* likewise concurred with this Opinion.

The Master was so highly elated with these Encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding some more of his own. He said, 'The present Age was not improved in any Thing so much as in their Puppet-shows; which, by throwing out *Punch* and his Wife *Joan*, and such idle Trumpery, were at last brought to be a rational Entertainment. I remember,' said he, 'when I first took to the Business, there was a great deal of low Stuff, that did very well to  
' make

‘ make Folks laugh ; but was never calculated  
 ‘ to improve the Morals of young People, which  
 ‘ certainly ought to be principally aimed at in  
 ‘ every Puppet-show : For why may not good  
 ‘ and instructive Lessons be conveyed this Way,  
 ‘ as well as any other ? My Figures are as big as  
 ‘ the Life, and they represent the Life in every  
 ‘ Particular ; and I question not but People rise  
 ‘ from my little *Drama* as much improved as  
 ‘ they do from the great.’ ‘ I would by no  
 ‘ means degrade the Ingenuity of your Profession,’  
 answered *Jones* ; ‘ but I should have been glad to  
 ‘ have seen my old Acquaintance Master *Punch*,  
 ‘ for all that ; and so far from improving, I  
 ‘ think, by leaving out him and his merry Wife  
 ‘ *Joan*, you have spoiled your Puppet-show.’

The Dancer of Wires conceived an immediate and high Contempt for *Jones*, from these Words. And with much Disdain in his Countenance, he replied, ‘ Very probably, Sir, that  
 ‘ may be your Opinion ; but I have the Satisfaction to know the best Judges differ from  
 ‘ you, and it is impossible to please every Taste.  
 ‘ I confess, indeed, some of the Quality at *Bath*,  
 ‘ two or three Years ago, wanted mightily to  
 ‘ bring *Punch* again upon the Stage. I believe  
 ‘ I lost some Money for not agreeing to it ; but  
 ‘ let others do as they will ; a little Matter shall  
 ‘ never bribe me to degrade my own Profession,  
 ‘ nor will I ever willingly consent to the spoiling  
 ‘ tha Decency and Regularity of my Stage, by  
 ‘ introducing any such low Stuff upon it.’

‘ Right, Friend,’ cries the Clerk, ‘ you are  
 ‘ very right. Always avoid what is low. There  
 ‘ are several of my Acquaintance in *London*, who  
 ‘ are resolved to drive every thing which is low  
 ‘ from

‘from the Stage.’ ‘Nothing can be more proper,’ cries the Exciseman, pulling his Pipe from his Mouth. ‘I remember,’ added he, ‘(for I then lived with my Lord) I was in the Footman’s Gallery, the Night when this Play of the *Provoked Husband* was acted first. There was a great deal of low Stuff in it about a Country Gentleman come up to Town to stand for Parliament-man; and there they brought a Parcel of his Servants upon the Stage, his Coachman I remember particularly; but the Gentlemen in our Gallery could not bear any thing so low, and they damned it. I observe, Friend, you have left all that Matter out, and you are to be commended for it.’

‘Nay, Gentlemen,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I can never maintain my Opinion against so many; indeed, if the Generality of his Audience dislike him, the learned Gentleman who conducts the Show may have done very right in dismissing *Punch* from his Service.’

The Master of the Show then began a second Harangue, and said much of the great Force of Example, and how much the inferior Part of Mankind would be deterred from Vice, by observing how odious it was in their Superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an Incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another Time, we cannot help relating at present, but not in this Chapter.

## C H A P. VI.

*From which it may be inferred, that the best Things are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted.*

A Violent Uproar now arose in the Entry, where my Landlady was well cuffing her Maid both with her Fist and Tongue. She had indeed missed the Wench from her Employment, and, after a little Search, had found her on the Puppet-show Stage in Company with the *Merry Andrew*, and in a Situation not very proper to be described.

Tho' *Grace* (for that was her Name) had forfeited all Title to Modesty, yet had she not Impudence enough to deny a Fact in which she was actually surprised; she therefore took another Turn, and attempted to mitigate the Offence. 'Why do you beat me in this Manner, Mistress?' cries the Wench. 'If you don't like my Doings, you may turn me away. If I am a W--e,' (for the other had liberally bestowed that Appellation on her) 'my Betters are so as well as I? What was the fine Lady in the Puppet-show just now? I suppose she did not lie all Night out from her Husband for nothing.'

The Landlady now burst into the Kitchen, and fell foul on both her Husband and the poor Puppet-mover. 'Here, Husband,' says she, 'you see the Consequence of harbouring these People in your House. If one doth draw a little Drink the more for them, one is hardly made Amends for the Litter they make; and then to have one's House made a Bawdy-house  
' of



‘ of by such lousy Vermin. In short, I desire  
 ‘ you would be gone To-morrow Morning; for  
 ‘ I will tolerate no more such Doings. It is only  
 ‘ the Way to teach our Servants Idleness and  
 ‘ Nonsense; for, to be sure, nothing better can be  
 ‘ learned by such idle Shows as these. I remem-  
 ‘ ber when Puppet-shows were made of good  
 ‘ Scripture Stories, as *Jephtha’s* Rash Vow, and  
 ‘ such good Things, and when wicked People  
 ‘ were carried away by the Devil. There was  
 ‘ some Sense in those Matters; but, as the Parson  
 ‘ told us last *Sunday*, nobody believes in the De-  
 ‘ vil now-a-days; and here you bring about a  
 ‘ Parcel of Puppets drest up like Lords and La-  
 ‘ dies, only to turn the Heads of poor Country  
 ‘ Wenches; and when their Heads are once  
 ‘ turned topsy-turvy, no wonder every thing else  
 ‘ is so.’

*Virgil*, I think, tells us, that when the Mob  
 are assembled in a riotous and tumultuous Man-  
 ner, and all Sorts of missile Weapons fly about,  
 if a Man of Gravity and Authority appears  
 amongst them, the Tumult is presently appeased,  
 and the Mob, which, when collected into one  
 Body, may be well compared to an Ass, erect  
 their long Ears at the grave Man’s Discourse.

On the contrary, when a Set of grave Men  
 and Philosophers are disputing; when Wisdom  
 herself may in a Manner be considered as pre-  
 sent, and administering Arguments to the Dispu-  
 tants; should a Tumult rise among the Mob, or  
 should one Scold, who is herself equal in Noise  
 to a mighty Mob, appear among the said Philo-  
 sophers; their Disputes cease in a Moment, Wis-  
 dom no longer performs her ministerial Office,  
 and

and the Attention of every one is immediately attracted by the Scold alone.

Thus the Uproar aforesaid, and the Arrival of the Landlady silenced the Master of the Puppet-show, and put a speedy and final End to that grave and solemn Harangue, of which we have given the Reader a sufficient Taste already. Nothing indeed could have happened so very inopportune as this Accident; the most wanton Malice of Fortune could not have contrived such another Stratagem to confound the poor Fellow, while he was so triumphantly descanting on the good Morals inculcated by his Exhibitions. His Mouth was now as effectually stopt, as that of a Quack must be, if, in the Midst of a Declamation on the great Virtues of his Pills and Powders, the Corpse of one of his Martyrs should be brought forth, and deposited before the Stage, as a Testimony of his Skill.

Instead, therefore, of answering my Landlady, the Puppet-show Man ran out to punish his *Merry Andrew*; and now the Moon beginning to put forth her Silver Light, as the Poets call it (tho' she looked at that Time more like a Piece of Copper) *Jones* called for his Reckoning, and ordered *Partridge*, whom my Landlady had just awaked from a profound Nap, to prepare for his Journey; but *Partridge*, having lately carried two Points, as my Reader hath seen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was, to prevail with *Jones* to take up a Lodging that Evening in the House where he then was. He introduced this with an affected Surprize at the Intention which Mr. *Jones* declared of removing; and after urging many excellent Arguments against it, he at last insisted strongly, that it could be to no  
Manner

Manner of Purpose whatever: For that unless *Jones* knew which Way the Lady was gone, every Step he took might very possibly lead him the farther from her; ‘for you, find Sir,’ said he, ‘by all the People in the House, that she is not gone this Way. How much better therefore, would it be to stay till the Morning, when we may expect to meet with Somebody to enquire of?’

This last Argument had indeed some Effect on *Jones*, and while he was weighing it, the Landlord threw all the Rhetoric of which he was Master, into the same Scale. ‘Sure, Sir,’ said he, ‘your Servant gives you most excellent Advice: For who would travel by Night at this Time of the Year?’ He then began, in the usual Style, to trumpet forth the excellent Accommodation which his House afforded; and my Landlady likewise opened on the Occasion—But not to detain the Reader with what is common to every Host and Hostess, it is sufficient to tell him, *Jones* was at last prevailed on to stay and refresh himself with a few Hours Rest, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly shut his Eyes since he had left the Inn where the Accident of the broken Head had happened.

As soon as *Jones* had taken a Resolution to proceed no farther that Night, he presently retired to Bed, with his two Bed-fellows, the Pocket-Book and the Muff; but *Partridge*, who at several Times had refreshed himself with several Naps, was more inclined to Eating than to Sleeping, and more to Drinking than to either.

And now, the Storm which *Grace* had raised being at an End, and my Landlady being again reconciled to the Puppet-man, who on his Side  
forgave

forgave the indecent Reflexions which the good Woman in her Passion had cast on his Performances, a Face of perfect Peace and Tranquillity reigned in the Kitchen; where sat assembled round the Fire, the Landlord and Landlady of the House, the Master of the Puppet-show, the Attorney's Clerk, the Exciseman, and the ingenious Mr. *Partridge*; in which Company, past the agreeable Conversation which will be found in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. VII.

*Containing a Remark or two of our own, and many more of the good Company assembled in the Kitchen.*

**T**HOUGH the Pride of *Partridge* did not submit to acknowledge himself a Servant; yet he condescended in most Particulars to imitate the Manners of that Rank. One Instance of this was his greatly magnifying the Fortune of his Companion, as he called *Jones*: such is a general Custom with all Servants among Strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the Attendant on a Beggar: For the higher the Situation of the Master is, the higher consequently is that of the Man in his own Opinion; the Truth of which Observation appears from the Behaviour of all the Footmen of the Nobility.

But tho' Title and Fortune communicate a Splendor all around them, and the Footmen of Men of Quality and of Estate think themselves entitled to a Part of that Respect which is paid to the Quality and Estate of their Masters; it is clearly otherwise with Regard to Virtue and Understanding. These Advantages are strictly per-



sonal, and swallow themselves all the Respect which is paid to them. To say the Truth, this is so very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As these therefore reflect no Honour on the Domestick, so neither is he at all dishonoured by the most deplorable Want of both in his Master. Indeed it is otherwise in the Want of what is called Virtue in a Mistress, the Consequence of which we have before seen : For in this Dishonour there is a Kind of Contagion, which, like that of Poverty, communicates itself to all who approach it.

Now for these Reasons we are not to wonder that Servants (I mean among the Men only) should have so great Regard for the Reputation of the Wealth of their Masters, and little or none at all for their Character in other Points, and that tho' they would be ashamed to be the Footman of a Beggar, they are not so to attend upon a Rogue, or a Blockhead ; and do consequently make no Scruple to spread the Fame of the Iniquities and Follies of their Masters as far as possible, and this often with great Humour and Merriment. In reality, a Footman is often a Wit, as well as a Beau, at the Expence of the Gentleman whose Livery he weais.

After *Partridge*, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vast Fortune to which Mr. *Jones* was Heir, he very freely communicated an Apprehension which he had begun to conceive the Day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very Time, the Behaviour of *Jones* seemed to have furnished a sufficient Foundation. In short, he was now pretty well confirmed in an Opinion, that his Master was out of his Wits, with which  
Opinion

Opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good Company round the Fire.

With this Sentiment the Puppet-show Man immediately coincided. ‘I own,’ said he, ‘the Gentleman surprized me very much, when he talked so absurdly about Puppet-shows. It is indeed hardly to be conceived, that any Man in his Senses should be so much mistaken; what you say now, accounts very well for all his monstrous Notions. Poor Gentleman! I am heartily concerned for him; indeed, he hath a strange Wildness about his Eyes, which I took notice of before, tho’ I did not mention it.’

The Landlord agreed with this last Assertion, and likewise claimed the Sagacity of having observed it. ‘And certainly,’ added he, ‘it must be so: for no one but a Madman would have thought of leaving so good a House, to ramble about the Contry at that Time of Night.’

The Exciseman, pulling his Pipe from his Mouth, said, ‘He thought the Gentleman looked and talked a little wildly;’ and then turning to *Partridge*, ‘If he be a Madman,’ says he, ‘he should not be suffered to travel thus about the Country; for possibly he may do some Mischief. It is pity he was not secured and sent home to his Relations.’

Now some Conceits of this Kind were likewise lurking in the Mind of *Partridge*: For as he was now persuaded that *Jones* had run away from Mr. *Allworthy*, he promised himself the highest Rewards, if he could by any Means convey him back. But Fear of *Jones*, of whose Fierceness and Strength he had seen, and indeed felt, some Instances, had however represented any such Scheme as impossible to be executed, and had discouraged

couraged him from applying himself to form any regular Plan for the Purpose. But no sooner did he hear the Sentiments of the Exciseman, than he embraced that Opportunity of declaring his own, and expressed a hearty Wish that such a Matter could be brought about.

‘ Could be brought about?’ says the Exciseman; ‘ why there is nothing easier.’

‘ Ah! Sir,’ answered *Partridge*; ‘ you don’t know what a Devil of a Fellow he is. He can take me up with one Hand, and throw me out of a Window; and he would too, if he did but imagine—’

‘ Pooh!’ says the Exciseman. I believe I am as good a Man as he. Besides, here are five of us.’

‘ I don’t know what five,’ cries the Landlady, ‘ My Husband shall have nothing to do in it. Nor shall any violent Hands be laid upon any Body in my House. The young Gentleman is as pretty a young Gentleman as ever I saw in my Life, and I believe he is no more mad than any of us. What do you tell of his having a wild Look with his Eyes? They are the prettiest Eyes I ever saw, and he hath the prettiest Look with them; and a very modest civil young Man he is. I am sure I have bepitied him heartily ever since the Gentleman there in the Corner told us he was crost in Love. Certainly that is enough to make any Man, especially such a sweet young Gentleman as he is, to look a little otherwise than he did before. Lady, indeed! What the Devil would the Lady have better than such a handsome Man with a great Estate? I suppose she is one of your Quality-folks, one of your Townly Ladies that we saw last Night

I

‘ in

‘in the Puppet-show, who don’t know what they  
‘would be at.

The Attorney’s Clerk likewise declared he would have no Concern in the Business, without the Advice of Council. ‘Suppose,’ says he, ‘an  
‘Action of false Imprisonment should be brought  
‘against us, what Defence could we make?  
‘Who knows what may be sufficient Evidence  
‘of Madness to a Jury? But I only speak upon  
‘my own Account; for it don’t look well for a  
‘Lawyer to be concerned in these Matters, unless it be as a Lawyer. Juries are always less  
‘favourable to us than to other People. I don’t  
‘therefore dissuade you, Mr. *Thomson* (to the  
‘Exciseman) nor the Gentleman, nor any Body  
‘else.’

The Exciseman shook his Head at this Speech, and the Puppet-show-Man said, ‘Madness was  
‘sometimes a difficult Matter for a Jury to decide:  
‘For I remember,’ says he, ‘I was once present  
‘at a Trial of Madness, where twenty Witnesses  
‘swore that the Person was as mad as a *March*  
‘Hare; and twenty others, that he was as much  
‘in his Senses as any Man in *England*.—And indeed it was the Opinion of most People, that it  
‘was only a Trick of his Relations to rob the poor  
‘Man of his Right.’

‘Very likely!’ cries the Landlady, ‘I myself  
‘knew a poor Gentleman who was kept in a Mad-  
‘house all his Life by his Family, and they enjoyed his Estate; but it did them no Good: For  
‘tho’ the Law gave it them, it was the Right of  
‘another.

‘Pooh!’ cries the Clerk, with great Contempt, ‘Who hath any Right but what the Law  
‘gives them? If the Law gave me the best Estate  
‘in



‘in the County, I should never trouble myself  
‘much who had the Right.’

‘If it be so,’ says *Partridge*, ‘*Felix quem faci-*  
‘*unt aliena pericula cautum.*’

My Landlord, who had been called out by the  
Arrival of a Horseman at the Gate, now returned  
into the Kitchen, and with an affrighted Coun-  
tenance cried out, ‘What do you think, Gen-  
‘tlemen? The Rebels have given the Duke the  
‘Slip, and are got almost to *London*.—It is cer-  
‘tainly true, for a Man on Horseback just now  
‘told me so.’

‘I am glad of it with all my Heart,’ cries *Par-*  
*tridge*, ‘then there will be no fighting in these  
‘Parts.’

‘I am glad,’ cries the Clerk, ‘for a better  
‘Reason; for I would always have Right take  
‘Place.’

‘Ay, but,’ answered the Landlord, ‘I have  
‘heard some People say, this Man hath no Right.’

‘I will prove the contrary in a Moment,’  
cries the Clerk; ‘if my Father dies seized of a  
‘Right; do you mind me, seized of a Right, I  
‘say; Doth not that Right descend to his Son?  
‘And doth not one Right descend as well as an-  
‘other?’

‘But how can he have any Right to make us  
‘Papishes?’ says the Landlord.

‘Never fear that,’ cries *Partridge*. ‘As to the  
‘Matter of Right, the Gentleman there hath  
‘proved it as clear as the Sun; and as to the Mat-  
‘ter of Religion, it is quite out of the Case.  
‘The Papists themselves don’t expect any such  
‘Thing. A Popish Priest, whom I know very  
‘well, and who is a very honest Man, told me  
‘upon

upon his Word and Honour they had no such Design.

'And another Priest of my Acquaintance' said the Landlady, 'hath told me the same Thing—'

‘ But my Husband is always so afraid of Papishes.

' I know a great many Papishes that are very

honest Sort of People, and spend their Mo-

ney very freely; and it is always a Maxim with

'me, that one Man's Money is as good as

'another's.

‘ Very true, Mistress,’ said the Puppet-showman, ‘ I don’t care what Religion comes, provided the Presbyterians are not uppermost; for they are Enemies to Puppet-shows.’

‘ And so you would sacrifice your Religion to your Interest;’ cries the Exciseman; ‘ and are desirous to see Popery brought in, are you.’

‘ Not I truly,’ answered the other, ‘ I hate Popery as much as any Man; but yet it is a very Comfort to one, that one should be able to live under it, which I could not do among Presbyterians. To be sure every Man values his Livelihood first; that must be granted; and I warrant, if you would confess the Truth, you are more afraid of losing your Place than any Thing else; but never fear, Friend, there will be an Excise under another Government as well as under this.’

‘ Why certainly,’ replied the Exciseman, ‘ I should be a very ill Man, if I did not honour the King, whose Bread I eat. That is no more than natural, as a Man may say: For what signifies it to me that there would be an Excise-office under another Government, since my Friends would be out, and I could expect no better than to follow them? No, no, Friend, I

“shall never be bubbled out of my Religion in  
 “Hopes only of keeping my Place under another  
 “Government; for I should certainly be no bet-  
 “ter, and very probably might be worse.”

“Why, that is what I say,” cries the Land-  
 lord, “whenever Folks say who knows what  
 “may happen? Odsooks! should not I be a  
 “Blockhead to lend my Money to I know not  
 “who, because mayhap he may return it again?  
 “I am sure it is safe in my own Bureau, and  
 “there I will keep it.”

The Attorney’s Clerk had taken a great Fancy  
 to the Sagacity of *Partridge*. Whether this pro-  
 ceeded from the great Discernment which the  
 former had into Men, as well as Things, or whe-  
 ther it arose from the Sympathy between their  
 Minds; for they were both truly *Jacobites* in  
 Principle; they now shook Hands heartily, and  
 drank Bumpers of Strong Beer to Healths which  
 we think proper to bury in Oblivion.

These Healths were afterwards pledged by all  
 present, and even by my Landlord himself, tho’  
 reluctantly; but he could not withstand the Me-  
 naces of the Clerk, who swore he would never  
 set his Foot within his House again, if he refused.

The Bumpers which were swallowed on this Oc-  
 casion soon put an End to the Conversation.  
 Here, therefore, we will put an End to the  
 Chapter.

## C H A P. VIII.

*In which Fortune seems to have been in a better Humour with Jones than we have hitherto seen her.*

**A**S there is no wholesomer, so, perhaps there are few stronger Sleeping Potions than Fatigue. Of this *Jones* might be said to have taken a very large Dose, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already slept nine Hours, and might perhaps have slept longer, had he not been awakened by a most violent Noise at his Chamber-Door, where the Sound of many heavy Blows was accompanied with many Exclamations of Murder. *Jones* presently leapt from his Bed, where he found the Master of the Puppet-show belabouring the Back and Ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either Mercy or Moderation.

*Jones* instantly interposed on Behalf of the Suffering Party, and pinned the insulting Conqueror up to the Wall: For the Puppet-show man was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than the poor Party-coloured Jester had been to contend with this Puppet-man.

But tho' the Merry Andrew was a little Fellow, and not very strong, he had nevertheless some Choler about him. He therefore no sooner found himself delivered from the Enemy, than he began to attack him with the only Weapon at which he was his Equal. From this he first discharged a Volley of general abusive Words, and thence proceeded to some particular Accusations—  
 ‘D—n your Bl—d, you Rascal,’ says he, ‘I have not only supported you, (for to me you owe all the Money you get) but I have saved



‘ you from the Gallows. Did you not want to  
‘ rob the Lady of her fine Riding-Habit, no  
‘ longer ago than Yesterday, in the Back-Lane  
‘ here? Can you deny that you wished to have  
‘ her alone in a Wood to strip her, to strip one  
‘ of the prettiest Ladies that ever was seen in the  
‘ World? and here you have fallen upon me,  
‘ and have almost murdered me for doing no  
‘ Harm to a Girl as willing as myself, only be-  
‘ cause she likes me better than you.’

*Jones* no sooner heard this, than he quitted the Master, laying on him at the same time the most violent Injunctions of Forbearance from any further Insult on the Merry Andrew; and then taking the poor Wretch with him into his own Apartment, he soon learnt Tidings of his *Sophia*, whom the Fellow, as he was attending his Master with his Drum the Day before, had seen pass by. He easily prevailed with the Lad to shew him the exact Place; and then, having summoned *Partridge*, he departed with the utmost Expedition.

It was almost Eight of the Clock before all Matters could be got ready for his Departure: For *Partridge* was not in any Hast; nor could the Reckoning be presently adjusted; and when both these were settled and over, *Jones* would not quit the Place, before he had perfectly reconciled all Differences between the Master and the Man.

When this was happily accomplished, he set forwards, and was by the trusty Merry Andrew conducted to the Spot by which *Sophia* had pass; and then having handsomely rewarded his Conductor, he again pushed on with the utmost Eagerness, being highly delighted with the extraor-

nary Manner in which he received his Intelligence. Of this *Partridge* was no sooner acquainted, than he, with great Earnestness, began to prophesy, and assured *Jones*, that he would certainly have good Success in the End: For, he said, ‘ two such Accidents could never have happened to direct him after his Mistress, if Providence had not designed to bring them together ‘ at last.’ And this was the first Time that *Jones* lent any Attention to the superstitious Doctrines of his Companion.

They had not gone above two Miles, when a violent Storm of Rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the same Time in Sight of an Alehouse, *Partridge*, with much earnest Entreaty, prevailed with *Jones* to enter, and weather the Storm. Hunger is an Enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the *English* than of the *French* Disposition; for tho’ you subdue this never so often, it will always rally again in Time; and so it did with *Partridge*, who was no sooner arrived within the Kitchen, than he began to ask the same Questions which he had asked the Night before. The Consequence of this was an excellent old Chine being produced upon the Table, upon which not only *Partridge*, but *Jones* himself, made a very hearty Breakfast, tho’ the latter began to grow again uneasy, as the People of the House could give him no fresh Information concerning *Sophia*.

Their Meal being over, *Jones* was again preparing to sally, notwithstanding the Violence of the Storm still continued; but *Partridge* begged heartily for another Mugg; and at last casting his Eyes on a Lad at the Fire, who had entered into the Kitchen, and who at that Instant was looking

as earnestly at him, he turned suddenly to *Jones*, and cried, ‘ Master, give me your Hand, a single Mugg shan’t serve the Turn this Bout. Why here’s more News of Madam *Sophia* come to Town. The Boy there standing by the Fire is the very Lad that rode before her. I can swear to my own Plaster on his Face.’ ‘ Heavens bless you, Sir,’ cries the Boy, ‘ it is your own Plaster sure enough; I shall have always Reason to remember your Goodness; for it hath almost cured me.’

At these Words *Jones* started from his Chair, and bidding the Boy follow him immediately, departed from the Kitchen into a private Apartment; for so delicate was he with regard to *Sophia*, that he never willingly mentioned her Name in the Presence of many People; and tho’ he had, as it were, from the Overflowings of his Heart, given *Sophia* as a Toast among the Officers, where he thought it was impossible she should be known; yet even there the Reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her Sur-name.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the Opinion of many sagacious Readers, very absurd and monstrous, that he should principally owe his present Misfortunes to the supposed Want of that Delicacy with which he so abounded; for, in Reality, *Sophia* was much more offended at the Freedoms which she thought (and not without good Reason) he had taken with her Name and Character, than at any Freedoms, in which, under his present Circumstances, he had indulged himself with the Person of another Woman; and to say Truth, I believe *Honour* could never have prevailed on her to leave *Upton* without seeing her

*Jones.*

*Jones*, had it not been for those two strong Instances of a Levity in his Behaviour, so void of Respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any Degree of Love and Tenderneſs in great and delicate Minds.

But ſo Matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them ; and if any Reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch Perſons, that I am not writing a Syſtem, but a Hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every Matter to the received Notions concerning Truth and Nature. But if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the Fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any Comment of mine upon it, tho' it may at firſt Sight offend ſome Readers, yet, upon more mature Conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all ; for wiſe and good Men may conſider what happened to *Jones* at *Upton* as a juſt Punishment for his Wickedneſs, with regard to Women, of which it was indeed the immediate Conſequence ; and ſilly and bad Perſons may comfort themſelves in their Vices, by flattering their own Hearts that the Characters of Men are rather owing to Accident than to Virtue. Now perhaps the Reflection which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe Concluſions, and would ſhew that theſe Incidents contribute only to confirm the great, uſeful and uncommon Doctrines, which it is the Purpoſe of this whole Work to inculcate, and which we muſt not fill up our Pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary Parſon fills his Sermon by repeating his Text at the End of every Paragraph.



We are contented that it must appear, however unhappily *Sophia* had erred in her Opinion of *Jones*, she had sufficient Reason for her Opinion ; since, I believe, every other young Lady would, in her Situation, have erred in the same Manner. Nay, had she followed her Lover at this very Time, and had entered this very Alehouse the Moment he was departed from it, she would have found the Landlord as well acquainted with her Name and Person as the Wench at *Upton* had appeared to be. For while *Jones* was examining his Boy in Whispers in an inner Room, *Partridge*, who had no such Delicacy in his Disposition, was in the Kitchen very openly catechising the other Guide who had attended Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ; by which Means the Landlord, whose Ears were open on all such Occasions, became perfectly well acquainted with the Tumble of *Sophia* from her Horse, &c. with the Mistake concerning *Jenny Cameron*, with the many Consequences of the Punch, and, in short, with almost every Thing which had happened at the Inn, whence we dispatched our Ladies in a Coach and Six, when we last took our Leaves of them.

## C H A P. IX.

*Containing little more than a few odd Observations.*

**J**ONES had been absent a full half Hour, when he returned into the Kitchen in a Hurry, desiring the Landlord to let him know that Instant what was to pay. And now the Concern which *Partridge* felt at being obliged to quit the warm Chimney-corner, and a Cup of excellent Liquor, was somewhat compensated by hearing that

that he was to proceed no farther on Foot; for *Jones*, by Golden Arguments, had prevailed with the Boy to attend him back to the Inn whither he had before conducted *Sophia*; but to this however the Lad consented, upon Condition that the other Guide would wait for him at the Alehouse; because, as the Landlord at *Upton* was an intimate Acquaintance of the Landlord at *Gloucester*, it might some Time or other come to the Ears of the latter, that his Horses had been let to more than one Person; and so the Boy might be brought to Account for Money which he wisely intended to put in his own Pocket.

We were obliged to mention this Circumstance, trifling as it may seem, since it retarded Mr. *Jones* a considerable Time in his setting out; for the Honesty of this latter Boy was somewhat high—that is, somewhat high priced, and would indeed have cost *Jones* very dear, had not *Partridge*, who, as we have said, was a very cunning Fellow, artfully thrown in half a Crown to be spent at that very Alehouse, while the Boy was waiting for his Companion. This half Crown the Landlord no sooner got Scent of, than he opened after it with such vehement and persuasive Out-cry, that the Boy was soon overcome, and consented to take half a Crown more for his Stay. Here we cannot help observing, that as there is so much of Policy in the lowest Life, great Men often overvalue themselves on those Refinements in Imposture, in which they are frequently excelled by some of the lowest of the Human Species.

The Horses being now produced, *Jones* directly leapt into the Side-Saddle, on which his dear *Sophia* had rid. The Lad indeed very civilly

offered him the Use of his; but he chose the Side-Saddle, probably because it was softer. *Partridge*, however, tho' full as effeminate as *Jones*, could not bear the Thoughts of degrading his Manhood; he therefore accepted the Boy's Offer; and now *Jones*, being mounted on the Side-Saddle of his *Sophia*, the Boy on that of Mrs. *Honour*, and *Partridge* bestriding the third Horse, they set forwards on their Journey, and within four Hours arrived at the Inn where the Reader hath already spent so much Time. *Partridge* was in very high Spirits during the whole Way, and often mentioned to *Jones* the many good Omens of his future Success, which had lately befriended him; and which the Reader, without being the least superstitious, must allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. *Partridge* was moreover better pleased with the present Pursuit of his Companion, than he had been with his Pursuit of Glory; and from these very Omens, which assured the Pedagogue of Success, he likewise first acquired a clear Idea of the Amour between *Jones* and *Sophia*; to which he had before given very little Attention, as he had originally taken a wrong Scent concerning the Reasons of *Jones's* Departure; and as to what happened at *Upton*, he was too much frightened just before and after his leaving that Place, to draw any other Conclusions from thence, than that poor *Jones* was a downright Madman: A Conceit which was not at all disagreeable to the Opinion he before had of his extraordinary Wildness, of which, he thought, his Behaviour on their quitting *Gloucester* so well justified all the Accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well satisfied with his present Expedition, and henceforth began

began to conceive much worthier Sentiments of his Friend's Understanding.

The Clock had just struck Three when they arrived, and *Jones* immediately bespoke Post-Horses; but unluckily there was not a Horse to be procured in the whole Place; which the Reader will not wonder at, when he considers the Hurry in which the whole Nation, and especially this Part of it, was at this Time engaged, when Expresses were passing and repassing every Hour of the Day and Night.

*Jones* endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former Guide to escorte him to *Coventry*; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the Boy in the Inn-yard, a Person came up to him, and saluting him by his Name, enquired how all the good Family did in *Somersetshire*; and now *Jones* casting his Eyes upon this Person, presently discovered him to be Mr. *Dowling* the Lawyer, with whom he had dined at *Golucester*, and with much Courtesy returned his Salutation.

*Dowling* very earnestly pressed Mr. *Jones* to go no further that Night; and backed his Solicitations with many unanswerable Arguments, such as, that it was almost dark, that the Roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by Day-light, with many others equally good, some of which *Jones* had probably suggested to himself before; but as they were then ineffectual, so they were still; and he continued resolute in his Design, even tho' he should be obliged to set out on Foot.

When the good Attorney found he could not prevail on *Jones* to stay, he as strenuously applied himself to persuade the Guide to accompany him. He urged many Motives to induce



him to undertake this short Journey, and at last concluded with saying, 'Do you think the Gentleman won't very well reward you for your Trouble?'

Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at Foot-ball. But the Advantage which this united Force hath in Persuasion or Entreaty, must have been visible to a curious Observer; for he must have often seen, that when a Father, a Master, a Wife, or any other Person in Authority, have stoutly adhered to a Denial against all the Reasons which a single Man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the Repetition of the same Sentiments by a second or third Person, who hath undertaken the Cause without attempting to advance any thing new in its Behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the Phrase of seconding an Argument or a Motion, and the great Consequence this is of in all Assemblies of public Debate. Hence likewise probably it is, that in our Courts of Law we often hear a learned Gentleman (generally a Serjeant) repeating for an Hour together what another learned Gentleman who spoke just before him, had been saying.

Instead of accounting for this, we shall proceed in our usual Manner to exemplify it in the Conduct of the Lad above-mentioned, who submitted to the Persuasions of Mr. Dowling, and promised once more to admit Jones into his Side-Saddle; but insisted on first giving the poor Creatures a good Bait, saying, they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this Caution of the Boy was needless; for Jones, notwithstanding his Hurry and Impatience, would have ordered this of himself; for he by no means agreed with the Opinion of those who consider Animals

as mere Machines, and when they bury their Spurs in the Belly of their Horse, imagine the Spur and the Horse to have an equal Capacity of feeling Pain.

While the Beasts were eating their Corn, or rather were supposed to eat it (for as the Boy was taking Care of himself in the Kitchen, the Hostler took great Care that his Corn should not be consumed in the Stable); Mr. Jones, at the earnest Desire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that Gentleman into his Room, where they sat down together over a Bottle of Wine.

## C H A P. X.

*In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a Bottle together.*

MR. Dowling, pouring out a Glass of Wine, named the Health of the good Squire *Allworthy*; adding, ‘If you please, Sir, we will likewise remember his Nephew and Heir, the young Squire: Come, Sir, here’s Mr. *Bliffl* to you, a very pretty young Gentleman; and who, I dare swear, will hereafter make a very considerable Figure in his Country. I have a Borough for him myself in my Eye.’

‘Sir,’ answered Jones, ‘I am convinced you don’t intend to affront me, so I shall not resent it; but, I promise you, you have joined two Persons very improperly together; for one is the Glory of the Human Species, and the other is a Rascal who dishonours the Name of Man.’

Dowling stared at this. He said, He thought both the Gentlemen had a very unexceptionable Character. As for Squire *Allworthy* himself,

‘ self, says he, I never had the Happiness to  
 ‘ see him ; but all the World talks of his Good-  
 ‘ ness. And, indeed, as to the young Gentle-  
 ‘ man, I never saw him but once, when I carried  
 ‘ him the News of the Loss of his Mother ; and  
 ‘ then I was so hurried, and drove, and tore with  
 ‘ the Multiplicity of Business, that I had hardly  
 ‘ Time to converse with him ; but he looked so  
 ‘ like a very honest Gentleman, and behaved  
 ‘ himself so prettily, that I protest I never was  
 ‘ more delighted with any Gentleman since I  
 ‘ was born.’

‘ I don’t wonder,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ that he  
 ‘ should impose upon you in so short an Acquain-  
 ‘ tance ; for he hath the Cunning of the Devil  
 ‘ himself, and you may live with him many  
 ‘ Years without discovering him. I was bred up  
 ‘ with him from my Infancy, and we were hardly  
 ‘ ever asunder ; but it is very lately only, that I  
 ‘ have discovered half the Villany which is in  
 ‘ him. I own I never greatly liked him. I  
 ‘ thought he wanted that Generosity of Spirit,  
 ‘ which is the sure Foundation of all that is great  
 ‘ and noble in Human Nature. I saw a Selfish-  
 ‘ ness in him long ago which I despised ; but it  
 ‘ is lately, very lately, that I have found him ca-  
 ‘ pable of the basest and blackest Designs ; for,  
 ‘ indeed, I have at last found out, that he hath  
 ‘ taken an Advantage of the Openness of my own  
 ‘ Temper, and hath concerted the deepest Pro-  
 ‘ ject, by a long Train of wicked Artifice, to  
 ‘ work my Ruin, which at last he hath effected.’

‘ Ay ! Ay ! cries *Dowling*, I protest then,  
 ‘ it is a Pity such a Person should inherit the  
 ‘ great Estate of your Uncle *Allworthy*.’

‘ Alas,

‘ Alas, Sir,’ cries *Jones*, you do me an Honour to which I have no Title. It is true, indeed, his Goodness once allowed me the Liberty of calling him by a much nearer Name; but as this was only a voluntary Act of Goodness, I can complain of no Injustice when he thinks proper to deprive me of this Honour; since the Loss cannot be more unmerited than the Gift originally was. I assure you, Sir, I am no Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*; and if the World, who are incapable of setting a true Value on his Virtue, should think, in his Behaviour by me, he hath dealt hardly by a Relation, they do an Injustice to the best of Men: For I—but I ask your Pardon, I shall trouble you with no Particulars relating to myself; only, as you seemed to think me a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*, I thought proper to set you right in a Matter that might draw some Censures upon him, which I promise you I would rather lose my Life, than give Occasion to.’

‘ I protest, Sir,’ cried *Dowling*, ‘ you talk very much like a Man of Honour; but instead of giving me any Trouble, I protest it would give me great Pleasure to know how you came to be thought a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy’s*, if you are not. Your Horses won’t be ready this half Hour, and as you have sufficient Opportunity, I wish you would tell me how all that happened; for I protest it seems very surprising that you should pass for a Relation of a Gentleman, without being so.’

*Jones*, who in the Compliance of his Disposition (tho’ not in his Prudence) a little resembled his lovely *Saphia*, was easily prevailed on to satisfy



Mr. *Dowling's* Curiosity, by relating the History of his Birth and Education, which he did, like *Othello*,

——— even from his boyish Years,  
To th' very Moment he was bad to tell;

the which to hear, *Dowling*, like *Desdemona*, did  
*seriously incline*;

He swore 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wonderous pitiful.

Mr. *Dowling* was indeed very greatly affected with this Relation; for he had not divested himself of Humanity by being an Attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjust than to carry our Prejudices against a Profession into private Life, and to borrow our Idea of a Man from our Opinion of his Calling. Habit, it is true, lessens the Horror of those Actions which the Profession makes necessary, and consequently habitual; but in all other Instances, Nature works in Men of all Professions alike; nay, perhaps, even more strongly with those who give her, as it were, a Holiday, when they are following their ordinary Business. A Butcher, I make no doubt, would feel Compunction at the Slaughter of a fine Horse; and though a Surgeon can conceive no Pain in cutting off a Limb, I have known him compassionate a Man in a Fit of the Gout. The common Hangman, who hath stretched the Necks of Hundreds, is known to have trembled at his first Operation on a Head: And the very Professors of Human-

Blood-

Blood-shedding, who in their Trade of War butcher Thousands, not only of their Fellow Professors, but often of Women and Children without Remorse; even these, I say, in Times of Peace, when Drums and Trumpets are laid aside, often lay aside all their Ferocity, and become very gentle Members of civil Society. In the same Manner an Attorney may feel all the Miseries and Distresses of his Fellow Creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned against them.

*Jones*, as the Reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black Colours in which he had been represented to *Mr. Ailworthy*; and as to other Matters he did not shew them in the most disadvantageous Light: For though he was unwilling to cast any Blame on his former Friend and Patron, yet he was not very desirous of heaping too much upon himself. *Dowling* therefore observed, and not without Reason, that very ill Offices must have been done him by some Body: ‘For certainly,’ cries he, ‘the Squire would never have disinherited you only for a few Faults, which any young Gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly say disinherited; for, to be sure, by Law you cannot claim as Heir. That’s certain; that no Body need go to Counsel for. Yet when a Gentleman had in a Manner adopted you thus as his own Son, you might reasonably have expected some very considerable Part, if not the Whole; nay, if you had expected the Whole, I should not have blamed you: For certainly all Men are for getting as much as they can, and they are not to be blamed on that Account.’

‘Indeed

‘ Indeed you wrong me,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I should  
 ‘ have been contented with very little: I never  
 ‘ had any View upon Mr. *Allworthy*’s Fortune;  
 ‘ nay, I believe, I may truly say, I never once  
 ‘ considered what he could or might give me.  
 ‘ This I solemnly declare, if he had done a Pre-  
 ‘ judice to his Nephew in my Favour, I would  
 ‘ have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my  
 ‘ own Mind than the Fortune of another Man.  
 ‘ What is the poor Pride arising from a magni-  
 ‘ ficent House, a numerous Equipage, a splendid  
 ‘ Table, and from all the other Advantages or  
 ‘ Appearances of Fortune, compared to the warm,  
 ‘ solid Content, the swelling Satisfaction, the  
 ‘ thrilling Transports, and the exulting Triumphs,  
 ‘ which a good Mind enjoys, in the Contempla-  
 ‘ tion of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent  
 ‘ Action? I envy not *Bliss* in the Prospect of his  
 ‘ Wealth; nor shall I envy him in the Possession  
 ‘ of it. I would not think myself a Rascal Half  
 ‘ an Hour, to exchange Situations. I believe,  
 ‘ indeed, Mr. *Bliss* suspected me of the Views  
 ‘ you mention; and I suppose these Suspicions,  
 ‘ as they arose from the Baseness of his own Heart,  
 ‘ so they occasioned his Baseness to me. But, I  
 ‘ thank Heaven, I know, I feel, —— I feel my  
 ‘ Innocence, my Friend; and I would not part  
 ‘ with that Feeling for the World —— For as  
 ‘ long as I know I have never done, nor even  
 ‘ designed an Injury to any Being whatever,

*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis*  
*Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,*  
*Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque*  
*Jupiter urget.*

*Ponere.*

*Pone, sub curru nimium propinqui  
Solis in Terra domibus negata;  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem \*.*

He then filled a Bumper of Wine, and drank it off to the Health of his dear *Lalage*; and filling *Dowling's* Glass likewise up to the Brim, insisted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miss *Lalage's* Health, with all my Heart,' cries *Dowling*. 'I have heard her toasted often, I protest, though I never saw her; but they say she's extremely handsome.'

Though the *Latin* was not the only Part of this Speech which *Dowling* did not perfectly understand, yet there was somewhat in it, that made a very strong Impression upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, sneering, and grinning, to hide the Impression from *Jones*, (for we are as often ashamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he secretly approved as much of his Sentiments as he understood, and really felt a very strong Impulse of Compassion for him. But we may possibly take some other Opportunity of commenting upon this, especially

\* Place me where never Summer Breeze  
Unbinds the Glebe, or warms the Trees;  
Where ever lowering Clouds appear,  
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement Year.

Place me beneath the burning Ray,  
Where rolls the rapid Car of Day;  
Love and the Nymph shall charm my Toils,  
The Nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

Mr. Francis.



if we should happen to meet Mr. *Dowling* any more in the Course of our History. At present, we are obliged to take our Leave of that Gentleman a little abruptly, in Imitation of Mr. *Jones*; who was no sooner informed, by *Partridge*, that his Horses were ready, than he deposited his Reckoning, wished his Companions a good Night, mounted, and set forward towards *Coventry*, tho' the Night was dark, and it just then began to rain very hard.

## C H A P. XI.

*The Disasters which befel Jones on his Departure for Coventry; with the sage Remarks of Partridge.*

**N**O Road can be plainer than that from the Place where they now were to *Coventry*; and though neither *Jones*, nor *Partridge*, nor the Guide had ever travelled it before, it would have been almost impossible to have missed their Way, had it not been for the two Reasons mentioned in the Conclusion of the last Chapter.

These two Circumstances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our Travellers deviated into a much less frequented Track, and after riding full six Miles, instead of arriving at the stately Spires of *Coventry*, they found themselves still in a very dirty Lane, where they saw no Symptoms of approaching the Suburbs of a large City.

*Jones* now declared that they must certainly have lost their Way; but this the Guide insisted upon was impossible; a Word which, in common Conversation, is often used to signify not  
only

only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, sometimes, what hath certainly happened: An hyperbolical Violence like that which is so frequently offered to the Words Infinite and Eternal; by the former of which it is usual to express a Distance of Half a Yard, and by the latter, a Duration of five Minutes. And thus it is as usual to assert the Impossibility of losing what is already actually lost. This was, in fact, the Case at present: For notwithstanding all the confident Assertions of the Lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right Road to *Coventry*, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting Miser is in the Road to Heaven.

It is not, perhaps, easy for a Reader who hath never been in those Circumstances, to imagine the Horror with which Darkness, Rain, and Wind fill Persons who have lost their Way in the Night; and who, consequently, have not the pleasant Prospect of warm Fires, dry Cloaths, and other Refreshments, to support their Minds in struggling with the Inclemencies of the Weather. A very imperfect Idea of this Horror will, however, serve sufficiently to account for the Conceits which now filled the Head of *Partridge*, and which we shall presently be obliged to open.

*Jones* grew more and more positive that they were out of their Road; and the Boy himself, at last, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right Road to *Coventry*; tho' he affirmed, at the same Time, it was impossible they should have missed the Way. But *Partridge* was of a different Opinion. He said, 'When they first set out, he imagined some Mischief or other would happen. — Did not you observe, Sir,' said he to *Jones*, 'that old Woman who stood at the Door just as

' you was taking Horse? I wish you had given  
 ' her a small Matter, with all my Heart; for she  
 ' said then, you might repent it; and at that very  
 ' Instant it began to rain, and the Wind hath con-  
 ' tinued rising ever since. Whatever some People  
 ' may think, I am very certain it is in the Power  
 ' of Witches to raise the Wind whenever they  
 ' please. I have seen it happen very often in my  
 ' Time: And if ever I saw a Witch in all my  
 ' Life, that old Woman was certainly one. I  
 ' thought so to myself at that very Time; and if  
 ' I had any Halfpence in my Pocket, I would  
 ' have given her some: For to be sure it is al-  
 ' ways good to be charitable to those Sort of  
 ' People, for Fear what may happen; and ma-  
 ' ny a Person hath lost his Cattle by saving a  
 ' Halfpenny?

*Jones*, tho' he was horridly vexed at the Delay  
 which this Mistake was likely to occasion in his  
 Journey, could not help smiling at the Superstition  
 of his Friend, which an Accident now greatly  
 confirmed in his Opinion. This was a Tumble  
 from his Horse; by which, however, he received  
 no other Injury than what the Dirt conferred on  
 his Cloaths.

*Partridge* had no sooner recovered his Legs,  
 than he appealed to his Fall, as conclusive Evi-  
 dence of all he had asserted; but *Jones*, finding  
 he was unhurt, answered with a Smile: ' This  
 ' Witch of yours, *Partridge*, is a most ungrate-  
 ' ful Jade, and doth not, I find, distinguish her  
 ' Friends from others in her Resentment. If the  
 ' old Lady had been angry with me for neglect-  
 ' ing her, I don't see why she should tumble you  
 ' from your Horse, after all the Respect you have  
 ' expressed for her,

‘ It is ill jesting,’ cries *Partridge*. ‘ with People who have Power to do these Things; for they are often very malicious. I remember a Farrier, who provoked one of them, by asking her when the Time she had bargained with the Devil for, would be out; and within three Months from that very Day one of his best Cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with that; for a little Time afterwards he lost a Barrel of Best-Drink: For the old Witch pulled out the Spigot, and let it run all over the Cellar, the very first Evening he had tapped it, to make merry with some of his Neighbours. In short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards; for she worried the poor Man so, that he took to Drinking, and in a Year or two his Stock was seized, and he and his Family are now come to the Parish.’

The Guide, and perhaps his Horse too, were both so attentive to this Discourse, that, either thro’ Want of Care, or by the Malice of the Witch, they were now both sprawling in the Dirt.

*Partridge* entirely imputed this Fall, as he had done his own, to the same Cause. He told Mr. *Jones*, ‘ it would certainly be his Turn next;’ and earnestly intreated him ‘ to return back, and find out the old Woman, and pacify her. We shall very soon,’ added he, ‘ reach the Inn: For tho’ we have seemed to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical Place in which we were an Hour ago; and I dare swear, if it was Day-light, we might now see the Inn we set out from.’

Instead of returning any Answer to this sage Advice, *Jones* was entirely attentive to what had happened to the Boy, who received no other

Hurt



Hurt than what had before befallen *Partridge*, and which his Cloaths very easily bore, as they had been for many Years inured to the like. He soon regained his Side-Saddle, and, by the hearty Curfes and Blows which he bestowed on his Horse, quickly satisfied Mr. *Jones* that no Harm was done.

## C H A P. XII.

*Relates that Mr. Jones continued his Journey contrary to the Advice of Partridge, with what happened on that Occasion.*

THEY now discovered a Light at some Distance, to the great Pleasure of *Jones*, and to the no small Terror of *Partridge*, who firmly believed himself to be bewitched, and that this Light was a *Jack with the Lantern*, or somewhat more mischievous.

But how were these Fears increased, when, as they approached nearer to this Light or Lights (they now appeared) they heard a confused Sound of Human Voices; of singing, laughing, and hollowing, together with a strange Noise that seemed to proceed from some Instruments; but could hardly be allowed the Name of Music. Indeed, to favour a little the Opinion of *Partridge*, it might very well be called Music bewitched.

It is impossible to conceive a much greater Degree of Horror than what now seized on *Partridge*; the Contagion of which had reached the Pott Boy, who had been very attentive to many Things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning *Jones* to return; saying,

saying he firmly believed what *Partridge* had just before said, that tho' the Horses seemed to go on, they had not moved a Step forwards during at least the last half Hour.

*Jones* could not help smiling in the midst of his Vexation, at the Fears of these poor Fellows.

'Either we advance,' says he, 'towards the Lights, or the Lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at a very little Distance from them; but how can either of you be afraid of a Set of People who appear only to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries *Partridge*; 'who could be merry-making at this Time of Night, and in such a Place, and such Weather? They can be nothing but Ghosts or Witches, or some Evil Spirits or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries *Jones*, 'I am resolved to go up to them, and enquire the Way to *Coventry*. All Witches, *Partridge*, are not such ill-natured Hags as that we had the Misfortune to meet with last.'

'Oh Lord, Sir!' cries *Partridge*, 'there is no knowing what Humour they will be in; to be sure it is always best to be civil to them; but what if we should meet with something worse than Witches, with Evil Spirits themselves?--- Pray, Sir, be advised; pray, Sir, do. If you had read so many terrible Accounts as I have of these Matters, you would not be so Fool-hardy. --- The Lord knows whither we have got already, or whither we are going: For sure such Darkness was never seen upon Earth, and I question whether it can be darker in the other World.'

*Jones* put forwards as fast as he could, notwithstanding all these Hints and Cautions, and poor *Partridge* was obliged to follow: For tho' he hardly dared to advance, he dared still less to stay behind by himself.

At length they arrived at the Place whence the Lights and different Noises had issued. This *Jones* perceived to be no other than a Barn where a great Number of Men and Women were assembled, and were diverting themselves with much apparent Jollity.

*Jones* no sooner appeared before the great Doors of the Barn, which were open, than a masculine and very rough Voice from within demanded who was there?---To which *Jones* gently answered, A Friend; and immediately asked the Road to *Coventry*.

'If you are a Friend,' cries another of the Men in the Barn, 'you had better alight till the Storm is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you are very welcome to put up your Horse; for there is sufficient Room for him at one End of the Barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned *Jones*; 'and I will accept your Offer for a few Minutes, whilst the Rain continues; and here are two more who will be glad of the same Favour.' This was accorded with more Good-will than it was accepted: For *Partridge* would rather have submitted to the utmost Inclemency of the Weather, than have trusted to the Clemency of those whom he took for Hobgoblins; and the poor Post-Boy was now infected with the same Apprehensions; but they were both obliged to follow the Example of *Jones*; the one because he durst not

not leave his Horse, and the other because he feared nothing so much as being left by himself.

Had this History been writ in the Days of Superstition, I should have had too much Compassion for the Reader to have left him so long in Suspence, whether *Beelzebub* or *Satan* was about actually to appear in Person, with all his Hellish Retinue; but as these Doctrines are at present very unfortunate, and have but few if any Believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any such Terrors. To say Truth, the whole Furniture of the infernal Regions hath long been appropriated by the Managers of Playhouses, who seem lately to have lain them by as Rubbish, capable only of affecting the Upper Gallery; a Place in which few of our Readers ever sit.

However, tho' we do not suspect raising any great Terror on this Occasion, we have Reason to fear some other Apprehensions may here arise in our Reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a Voyage into Fairy Land, and to introduce a Set of Beings into our History, which scarce any one was ever childish enough to believe, though many have been foolish enough to spend their Time in writing and reading their Adventures.

To prevent therefore any such Suspicions, so prejudicial to the Credit of an Historian, who professes to draw his Materials from Nature only, we shall now proceed to acquaint the Reader who these People were, whose sudden Appearance had struck such Terrors into *Partridge*, had more than half frightened the Post-Boy, and had a little surprized even Mr. *Jones* himself.

The People then assembled in this Barn were no other than a Company of *Egyptians*, or as  
K 2 they



they are vulgarly called *Gypsies*, and they were now celebrating the Wedding of one of their Society.

It is impossible to conceive a happier Set of People than appeared here to be met together. The utmost Mirth indeed shewed itself in every Countenance ; nor was their Ball totally void of all Order and Decorum. Perhaps it had more than a Country Assembly is sometimes conducted with : For these People are subject to a formal Government and Laws of their own, and all pay Obedience to one great Magistrate, whom they call their King.

Greater Plenty likewise was no where to be seen, than what flourished in this Barn. Here was indeed no Nicety nor Elegance, nor did the keen Appetite of the Guests require any. Here was good Store of Bacon, Fowls, and Mutton, to which every one present provided better Sauce himself, than the best and dearest *French* Cook can prepare.

*Aeneas* is not described under more Consternation in the Temple of *Juno*,

*Dum stupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno.*

than was our Heroe at what he saw in this Barn. While he was looking every where round him with Astonishment, a venerable Person approach'd him with many friendly Salutations, rather of too hearty a Kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the King of the *Gypsies* himself. He was very little distinguished in Dress from his Subjects, nor had he any *Regalia* of Majesty to support his Dignity ; and yet there seemed (as Mr. *Jones* said) to be somewhat in his Air which denoted Authority, and inspired the Beholders with

with an Idea of Awe and Respect; tho' all this was perhaps imaginary in *Jones*; and the Truth may be, that such Ideas are incident to Power, and almost inseparable from it.

There was somewhat in the open Countenance and courteous Behaviour of *Jones*, which being accompanied with much Comeliness of Person, greatly recommended him at first Sight to every Beholder. These were perhaps a little heighten'd in the present Instance, by that profound Respect which he paid to the King of the *Gypsies*, the Moment he was acquainted with his Dignity, and which was the sweeter to his *Gypsiean* Majesty, as he was not used to receive such Homage from any but his own Subjects.

The King ordered a Table to be spread with the choicest of their Provisions for his Accommodation; and having placed himself at his Right-Hand, his Majesty began to discourse our Heroe in the following Manner:

' Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often seen  
' some of my People, who are what you call de  
' Parties detache: For dey go about every where;  
' but me fancy you imagine not we be so confi-  
' drable Body as we be; and may be you will  
' surprise more, when you hear de *Gypsie* be as or-  
' derly and well govern People as any upon Face  
' of de Earth.

' Me have Honour, as me say, to be deir  
' King, and no Monarch can do boast of more  
' dutiful Subject, ne no more affectionate. How  
' far me deserve deir Good-will, me no say; but  
' dis me can say, dat me never design any Ting  
' but to do them Good. Me fall no do boast of  
' dat neider: For what can me do oderwise dan  
' consider of de Good of dose poor People, who

‘ go about all Day to give me always the best of  
 ‘ what dey get. Dey love and honour me dere-  
 ‘ fore, because me do love and take Care of dem;  
 ‘ dat is all, me know no oder Reason.

‘ About a toufand or two toufand Year ago,  
 ‘ me cannot tell to a Year or two, as can neider  
 ‘ write nor read, dere was a great what you  
 ‘ call,--a Volution among de *Gypfy*; for dere  
 ‘ was de Lord *Gypfy* in dose Days; and dese Lord  
 ‘ did quarrel vid one anoder about de Place; but  
 ‘ de King of de *Gypfy* did demolish dem all, and  
 ‘ made all his Subject equal vid each oder; and  
 ‘ since dat time dey have agree very well: For  
 ‘ dey no tink of being King, and may be it be  
 ‘ better for dem as dey be; for me assure you it  
 ‘ be ver troublesome ting to be King, and always  
 ‘ to do Justice; me have often wish to be de pri-  
 ‘ vate *Gypfy* when me have been forced to punish  
 ‘ my dear Friend and Relation; for dough we  
 ‘ never put to Death, our Punishments be ver se-  
 ‘ vere. Dey make de *Gypfy* ashamed of dem-  
 ‘ selves, and dat be ver terrible Punishment; me  
 ‘ ave scarce ever known de *Gypfy* so punish do  
 ‘ Harm any more.’

The King then proceeded to express some  
 Wonder that there was no such Punishment as  
 Shame in other Governments. Upon which *Jones*  
 assured him to the contrary: For that there were  
 many Crimes for which Shame was inflicted by  
 the *English* Laws, and that it was indeed one  
 Consequence of all Punishment. ‘ Dat be ver  
 ‘ strange,’ said the King: ‘ For me know and  
 ‘ hears a good deal of your People, dough me no  
 ‘ live among dem; and me ave often hear dat  
 ‘ Sham is de Consequence and de Cause too of  
 ‘ many

‘ many of your Rewards. Are your Rewards and Punishments den de same Ting?’

While his Majesty was thus discoursing with *Jones*, a sudden Uproar arose in the Barn, and as it seems, upon this Occasion: The Courtesy of these People had by degrees removed all the Apprehensions of *Partridge*, and he was prevailed upon not only to stuff himself with their Food, but to taste some of their Liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all Fear from his Composition, and in its Stead introduced much more agreeable Sensations.

A young Female *Gypsy*, more remarkable for her Wit than her Beauty, had decoyed the honest Fellow aside, pretending to tell his Fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote Part of the Barn, whether it proceeded from the strong Liquor, which is never so apt to inflame inordinate Desire as after moderate Fatigue; or whether the fair *Gypsy* herself threw aside the Delicacy and Decency of her Sex, and tempted the Youth *Partridge* with express Solicitations; but they were discovered in a very improper Manner by the Husband of the *Gypsy*, who from Jealousy, it seems, had kept a watchful Eye over his Wife, and had dogged her to the Place, where he found her in the Arms of her Gallant.

To the great Confusion of *Jones*, *Partridge* was now hurried before the King; who heard the Accusation, and likewise the Culprit's Defence, which was indeed very trifling: For the poor Fellow was confounded by the plain Evidence which appeared against him, and had very little to say for himself. His Majesty then turning towards *Jones*, said, ‘ Sir, you have hear



‘ what dey say ; what Punishment do you tink  
 ‘ your Man deserve ?’

*Jones* answered, ‘ He was sorry for what had  
 ‘ happened, and that *Partridge* should make the  
 ‘ Husband all the Amends in his Power : He said,  
 ‘ he had very little Money about him at that  
 ‘ Time ;’ and putting his Hand into his Pocket,  
 offered the Fellow a Guinea. To which he im-  
 mediately answered, ‘ He hoped his Honour  
 ‘ would not think of giving him less than five.’

This Sum, after some Altercation, was reduced  
 to two ; and *Jones* having stipulated for the full  
 Forgiveness of both *Partridge* and the Wife, was  
 going to pay the Money ; when his Majesty re-  
 straining his Hand, turned to the Witness, and  
 asked him, ‘ At what Time he had discovered the  
 ‘ Criminals ?’ To which he answered, ‘ That he  
 ‘ had been desired by the Husband to watch the  
 ‘ Motions of his Wife from her first speaking to  
 ‘ the Stranger, and that he had never lost Sight  
 ‘ of her afterwards till the Crime had been com-  
 mitted.’ The King then asked, ‘ If the Hus-  
 ‘ band was with him all that Time in his lurking  
 ‘ Place ?’ To which he answered in the Affirma-  
 tive. His *Egyptian* Majesty then addressed him-  
 self to the Husband as follows. ‘ Me be sorry to  
 ‘ see any *Gypsy* dat have no more Honour dan to  
 ‘ sell de Honour of his Wife for Money. If  
 ‘ you had had de Love for your Wife, you would  
 ‘ have prevented dis Matter, and not endeavour  
 ‘ to make her de Whore dat you might discover  
 ‘ her. Me do order dat you have no Money  
 ‘ given you ; for you deserve Punishment, not  
 ‘ Reward ; me do order derefore, dat you be de  
 ‘ infamous *Gypsy*, and do wear Pair of Horns  
 ‘ upon your Forehead for one Month, and dat  
 ‘ your

‘ your Wife be called de Whore, and pointed at  
 ‘ all dat Time : For you be de infamous Gypsy,  
 ‘ but she be no less de infamous Whore.’

The *Gypsies* immediately proceeded to execute the Sentence, and left *Jones* and *Partridge* alone with his Majesty.

*Jones* greatly applauded the Justice of the Sentence ; upon which the King turning to him said,  
 ‘ Me believe you be surprize : For me suppose  
 ‘ you have ver bad Opinion of my People ; me  
 ‘ suppose you tink us all de Tieves.’

‘ I must confess, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I have not  
 ‘ heard so favourable an Account of them as they  
 ‘ seem to deserve.’

‘ Me vil tell you,’ said the King, ‘ how de  
 ‘ Difference is between you and us. My People  
 ‘ rob your People, and your People rob one  
 ‘ anoder.’

*Jones* afterwards proceeded very gravely to sing forth the Happiness of those Subjects who live under such a Magistrate.

Indeed their Happiness appears to have been so compleat, that we are aware lest some Advocate for arbitrary Power should hereafter quote the Case of those People, as an Instance of the great Advantages which attend that Government above all others.

And here we will make a Concession, which would not perhaps have been expected from us : That no limited Form of Government is capable of rising to the same Degree of Perfection, or of producing the same Benefits to Society with this. Mankind have never been so happy, as when the greatest Part of the then known World was under the Dominion of a single Master ; and this State of their Felicity continued during the Reign

of five successive Princes \*. This was the true *Æra* of the Golden Age, and the only Golden Age which ever had any Existence, unless in the warm Imaginations of the Poets, from the Expulsion from *Eden* down to this Day.

In reality, I know but of one solid Objection to absolute Monarchy. The only Defect in which excellent Constitution seems to be the Difficulty of finding any Man adequate to the Office of an absolute Monarch: For this indispensably requires three Qualities very difficult, as it appears from History, to be found in princely Natures: First, a sufficient Quantity of Moderation in the Prince, to be contented with all the Power which is possible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of Wisdom to know his own Happiness. And, 3dly, Goodness sufficient to support the Happiness of others, when not only compatible with, but instrumental to his own.

Now if an absolute Monarch, with all these great and rare Qualifications, should be allowed capable of conferring the greatest Good on Society; it must be surely granted, on the contrary, that absolute Power vested in the Hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no less a Degree of Evil.

In short, our own Religion furnishes us with adequate Ideas of the Blessing, as well as Curse which may attend absolute Power. The Pictures of Heaven and of Hell will place a very lively Image of both before our Eyes: For though the Prince of the latter can have no Power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears

\* *Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.*

from Scripture, that absolute Power in his infernal Dominions is granted to their diabolical Ruler. This indeed is the only absolute Power which can by Scripture be derived from Heaven. If therefore the several Tyrannies upon Earth can prove any Title to a divine Authority, it must be derived from this original Grant to the Prince of Darkness, and these subordinate Deputations must consequently come immediately from him whose Stamp they so expressly bear.

To conclude, as the Examples of all Ages shew us that Mankind in general desire Power only to do Harm, and when they obtain it, use it for no other Purpose; it is not consonant with even the least Degree of Prudence to hazard an Alternative, where our Hopes are poorly kept in Countenance by only two or three Exceptions out of a thousand Instances to alarm our Fears. In this Case it will be much wiser to submit to a few Inconveniencies arising from the dispassionate Deafness of Laws, than to remedy them by applying to the passionate open Ears of a Tyrant.

Nor can the Example of the *Gypsies*, tho' possibly they may have long been happy under this Form of Government, be here urged; since we must remember the very material Respect in which they differ from all other People, and to which perhaps this their Happiness is entirely owing, namely, that they have no false Honours among them; and that they look on Shame as the most grievous Punishment in the World.



## C H A P. XIII.

*A Dialogue between Jones and Partridge.*

**T**HE honest Lovers of Liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long Digression into which we were led at the Close of the last Chapter, to prevent our History from being applied to the Use of the most pernicious Doctrine which Priestcraft had ever the Wickedness or the Impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. *Jones*, who, when the Storm was over, took Leave of his *Egyptian* Majesty, after many Thanks for his courteous Behaviour and kind Entertainment, and set out for *Coventry*; to which Place (for it was still dark) a *Gypsy* was ordered to conduct him.

*Jones* having, by Reason of his Deviation, travelled eleven Miles instead of six, and most of those through very execrable Roads, where no Expedition could have been made in Quest of a Midwife, did not arrive at *Coventry* till near Twelve. Nor could he possibly get again into the Saddle till past Two; for Post-Horses were now not easy to get; nor were the Hostler or Post-Boy, in half so great a Hurry as himself, but chose rather to imitate the tranquil Disposition of *Partridge*; who being denied the Nourishment of Sleep, took all Opportunities to supply its Place with every other Kind of Nourishment, and was never better pleased than when he arrived at an Inn, nor ever more dissatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

*Jones*

*Jones* now travelled Post; we will follow him therefore, according to our Custom, and to the Rules of *Longinus*, in the same Manner. From *Coventry* he arrived at *Daventry*, from *Daventry* at *Stratford*, and from *Stratford* at *Dunstable*, whither he came the next Day a little after Noon, and within a few Hours after *Sophia* had left it; and though he was obliged to stay here longer than he wished, while a Smith, with great Deliberation, shoed the Post-Horse he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his *Sophia* before she should set out from *St. Albans*; at which Place he concluded, and very reasonably, that his Lordship would stop and dine.

And had he been right in this Conjecture, he most probably would have overtaken his Angel at the aforesaid Place; but unluckily my Lord had appointed a Dinner to be prepared for him at his own House in *London*, and in order to enable him to reach that Place in proper Time, he had ordered a Relay of Horses to meet him at *St. Albans*. When *Jones* therefore arrived there, he was informed that the Coach and Six had set out two Hours before.

If fresh Post-Horses had been now ready, as they were not, it seemed so apparently impossible to overtake the Coach before it reached *London*, that *Partridge* thought he had now a proper Opportunity to remind his Friend of a Matter which he seemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the Reader will guess, when we inform him that *Jones* had eat nothing more than one poached Egg since he had left the Alehouse where he had first met the Guide returning from *Sophia*; for with the Gypsies, he had only feasted his Understanding.

The Landlord so entirely agreed with the Opinion of Mr. *Partridge*, that he no sooner heard the latter desire his Friend to stay and dine, than he very readily put in his Word, and retracting his Promise before given of furnishing the Horses immediately, he assured Mr. *Jones* he would lose no Time in bespeaking a Dinner, which, he said, could be got ready sooner than it was possible to get the Horses up from Grass, and to prepare them for their Journey by a Feed of Corn.

*Jones* was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter Argument of the Landlord; and now a Joint of Mutton was put down to the Fire. While this was preparing, *Partridge* being admitted into the same Apartment with his Friend or Master, began to harangue in the following Manner.

‘Certainly, Sir, if ever Man deserved a young Lady, you deserve young Madam *Western*; for what a vast Quantity of Love must a Man have, to be able to live upon it without any other Food, as you do? I am positive I have eat thirty Times as much within these last twenty-four Hours as your Honour, and yet I am almost famished; for nothing makes a Man so hungry as travelling, especially in this cold raw Weather. And yet I can’t tell how it is, but your Honour is seemingly in perfect good Health, and you never looked better nor fresher in your Life. It must be certainly Love that you live upon.’

‘And a very rich Diet too, *Partridge*,’ answered *Jones*. ‘But did not Fortune send me an excellent Dainty Yesterday? Dost thou imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four Hours on this dear Pocket-Book?’

‘Un-

‘ Undoubtedly,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ there is enough in that Pocket-Book to purchase many a good Meal. Fortune sent it to your Honour very opportunely for present Use, as your Honour’s Money must be almost out by this Time.’

‘ What do you mean?’ answered *Jones*; ‘ I hope you don’t imagine I should be dishonest enough, even if it belonged to any other Person, besides Miss *Western* —

‘ Dishonest!’ replied *Partridge*, ‘ Heaven forbid I should wrong your Honour so much; but where’s the Dishonesty in borrowing a little for present spending, since you will be so well able to pay the Lady hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your Honour pay it again, as soon as it is convenient, by all Means; but where can be the Harm in making Use of it now you want it. Indeed if it belonged to a poor Body, it would be another thing; but so great a Lady to be sure can never want it, especially now as she is along with a Lord, who it can’t be doubted will let her have whatever she hath Need of. Besides, if she should want a little, she can’t want the Whole, therefore I would give her a little; but I would be hanged before I mentioned the having found it at first, and before I got some Money of my own; for *London*, I have heard, is the very worst of Places to be in without Money. Indeed, if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might have thought it was the Devil’s Money, and have been afraid to use it; but as you know otherwise, and came honestly by it, it would be an Affront to Fortune to part with it all again, at the very Time when you want it  
‘ most;



‘ most ; you can hardly expect she should ever  
 ‘ do you such another good Turn ; for *Fortuna*  
 ‘ *nunquam perpetuo est bona*. You will do as you  
 ‘ please, notwithstanding all I say ; but for my  
 ‘ Part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a  
 ‘ Word of the Matter.

‘ By what I can see, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*,  
 ‘ hanging is a Matter *non longe alienum à Scævola*  
 ‘ *studiis*.’ ‘ You should say *alienus*,’ says *Par-*  
*tridge*.—‘ I remember the Passage ; it is an Ex-  
 ‘ ample under *Communis, Alienus, immunis, va-*  
 ‘ *riis casibus serviunt*.’ ‘ If you do remember  
 ‘ it,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I find you don’t understand  
 ‘ it ; but I tell thee, Friend, in plain *English*,  
 ‘ that he who finds another’s Property, and wil-  
 ‘ fully detains it from the known Owner, de-  
 ‘ serves in *Foro Conscientiæ*, to be hanged no less  
 ‘ than if he had stolen it. And as for this very  
 ‘ identical Bill which is the Property of my  
 ‘ Angel, and was once in her dear Possession, I  
 ‘ will not deliver it into any Hands but her own,  
 ‘ upon any Consideration whatever ; no, tho’ I  
 ‘ was as hungry as thou art, and had no other  
 ‘ Means to satisfy my craving Appetite ; this I  
 ‘ hope to do before I sleep ; but if it should hap-  
 ‘ pen otherwise, I charge thee, if thou wouldst  
 ‘ not incur my Displeasure for ever, not to shock  
 ‘ me any more by the bare Mention of such de-  
 ‘ testable Baseness.’

‘ I should not have mentioned it now,’ cries  
*Partridge*, ‘ if it had appeared so to me ; for I’m  
 ‘ sure I scorn any Wickedness as much as another ;  
 ‘ but perhaps you know better ; and yet I might  
 ‘ have imagined that I should not have lived so  
 ‘ many Years, and have taught School so long,  
 ‘ with-

‘ without being able to distinguish between *Fas*  
‘ & *Nefas*; but it seems we are to live and  
‘ learn. I remember my old Schoolmaster, who  
‘ was a prodigious great Scholar, used often to  
‘ say, *Polly Matete cry Town is my Daskalon.*  
‘ The *English* of which, he told us, was, That  
‘ a Child may sometimes teach his Grandmother  
‘ to suck Eggs. I have lived to a fine Purpose  
‘ truly, if I am to be taught my Grammar at  
‘ this Time of Day. Perhaps, young Gentle-  
‘ man, you may change your Opinion, if you  
‘ live to my Years: For I remember I thought  
‘ myself as wise when I was a Stripling of one  
‘ or two and twenty as I am now. I am sure I  
‘ always taught *alienus*, and my Master read it  
‘ so before me.’

There were not many Instances in which *Partridge* could provoke *Jones*, nor were there many in which *Partridge* himself could have been hurried out of his Respect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of these. We have already seen *Partridge* could not bear to have his Learning attacked, nor could *Jones* bear some Passage or other in the foregoing Speech. And now looking upon his Companion with a contemptuous and disdainful Air (a thing not usual with him) he cried, ‘ *Partridge*, I see thou art  
‘ a conceited old Fool, and I wish thou art not  
‘ likewise an old Rogue. Indeed if I was as well  
‘ convinced of the latter as I am of the former,  
‘ thou shouldst travel no farther in my Com-  
‘ pany.’

The sage Pedagogue was contented with the Vent which he had already given to his Indignation; and, as the vulgar Phrase is, immediately drew in his Horns. He said, he was sorry he had  
uttered

uttered any thing which might give Offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*

As *Jones* had the Vices of a warm Disposition, he was entirely free from those of a cold one; and if his Friends must have confest his Temper to have been a little too easily ruffled, his Enemies must at the same Time have confest, that it as soon subsided; nor did it at all resemble the Sea, whose Swelling is more violent and dangerous after a Storm is over, than while the Storm itself subsists. He instantly accepted the Submission of *Partridge*, shook him by the Hand, and with the most benign Aspect imaginable, said twenty kind Things, and at the same Time very severely condemned himself, tho' not half so severely as he will most probably be condemned by many of our good Readers.

*Partridge* was now highly comforted, as his Fears of having offended were at once abolished, and his Pride completely satisfied by *Jones* having owned himself in the Wrong, which Submission he instantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering Voice, 'To be sure, Sir, your Knowledge may be superior to mine in some Things; but as to the Grammar, I think I may challenge any Man living. I think, at least, I have that at my Finger's End.'

If any thing could add to the Satisfaction which the poor Man now enjoyed, he received this Addition by the Arrival of an excellent Shoulder of Mutton, that at this Instant came smoaking to the Table. On which, having both plentifully feasted, they again mounted their Horses, and set forward for *London*.

## C H A P. XIV.

*What happened to Mr. Jones in his Journey from St. Albans.*

THEY were got about two Miles beyond *Barnet*, and it was now the Dusk of the Evening, when a genteel looking Man, but upon a very shabby Horse, rode up to *Jones*, and asked him whether he was going to *London*, to which *Jones* answered in the Affirmative. The Gentleman replied, 'I should be obliged to you, Sir, 'if you will accept of my Company; for it is 'very late, and I am a Stranger to the Road.' *Jones* readily complied with the Request; and on they travelled together, holding that Sort of Discourse which is usual on such Occasions.

Of this, indeed, Robbery was the principal Topic; upon which Subject the Stranger expressed great Apprehensions; but *Jones* declared he had very little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here *Partridge* could not forbear putting in his Word. 'Your Honour,' said he, 'may 'think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred Pound Bank Note in my Pocket, as you 'have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for 'my Part, I never was less afraid in my Life; 'for we are four of us, and if we all stand by one 'another, the best Man in *England* can't rob us. 'Suppose he should have a Pistol, he can kill but 'one of us, and a Man can die but once---That's 'my Comfort, a Man can die but once.'

Besides the Reliance on superior Numbers, a kind of Valour which hath raised a certain Nation among the Moderns to a high Pitch of  
Glory,



Glory, there was another Reason for the extraordinary Courage which *Partridge* now discovered; for he had at present as much of that Quality as was in the Power of Liquor to bestow.

Our Company were now arrived within a Mile of *Highbate*, when the Stranger turned short upon *Jones*, and pulling out a Pistol, demanded that little Bank Note which *Partridge* had mentioned.

*Jones* was at first somewhat shocked at this unexpected Demand; however, he presently recollected himself, and told the Highwayman, all the Money he had in his Pocket was entirely at his Service; and so saying, he pulled out upwards of three Guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other answered with an Oath, That would not do. *Jones* answered coolly, He was very sorry for it, and returned the Money into his Pocket.

The Highwayman then threatned, if he did not deliver the Bank Note that Moment, he must shoot him; holding his Pistol at the same Time very near to his Breast. *Jones* instantly caught hold of the Fellow's Hand, which trembled so that he could scarce hold the Pistol in it, and turned the Muzzle from him. A Struggle then ensued, in which the former wrested the Pistol from the Hand of his Antagonist, and both came from their Horses on the Ground together, the Highwayman upon his Back, and the victorious *Jones* upon him.

The poor Fellow now began to implore Mercy of the Conqueror; for, to say the Truth, he was in Strength by no Means a Match for *Jones*. 'Indeed, Sir,' says he, 'I could have had no Intention to shoot you; for you will find the Pistol was not loaded. This is the first Rob-  
' very

‘ bery I ever attempted, and I have been driven  
‘ by Distress to this.’

At this Instant, at about an hundred and fifty Yards Distance, lay another Person on the Ground, roaring for Mercy in a much louder Voice than the Highwayman. This was no other than *Partridge* himself, who endeavouring to make his Escape from the Engagement, had been thrown from his Horse, and lay flat on his Face, not daring to look up, and expecting every Minute to be shot.

In this Posture he lay, till the Guide, who was no otherwise concerned than for his Horses, having secured the stumbling Beast, came up to him and told him, his Master had got the better of the Highwayman.

*Partridge* leapt up at this News, and ran back to the Place, where *Jones* stood with his Sword drawn in his Hand to guard the poor Fellow; which *Partridge* no sooner saw, than he cried out, ‘ Kill the Villain, Sir, run him through the  
‘ Body, kill him this Instant.’

Luckily however for the poor Wretch he had fallen into more merciful Hands; for *Jones* having examined the Pistol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the Man had told him before *Partridge* came up; namely, that he was a Novice in the Trade, and that he had been driven to it by the Distress he mentioned, the greatest indeed imaginable, that of five hungry Children, and a Wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost Want and Misery. The Truth of all which the Highwayman most vehemently asserted, and offered to convince Mr. *Jones* of it, if he would take the Trouble to go to his House, which was not above two Miles off; saying, ‘ That he de-  
‘ fired

‘ fired no Favour, but upon Condition of proving all he had alledged.’

*Jones* at first pretended that he would take the Fellow at his Word, and return with him, declaring that his Fate should depend entirely on the Truth of his Story. Upon this the poor Fellow immediately expressed so much Alacrity, that *Jones* was perfectly satisfied with his Veracity, and began now to entertain Sentiments of Compassion for him. He returned the Fellow his empty Pistol, advised him to think of honest Means of relieving his Distress, and gave him a couple of Guineas for the immediate Support of his Wife and his Family; adding, ‘ he wished ‘ he had more for his Sake, but the hundred ‘ Pound that had been mentioned, was not his ‘ own.’

Our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinions concerning this Action; some may applaud it perhaps as an Act of extraordinary Humanity, while those of a more saturnine Temper will consider it as a Want of Regard to that Justice which every Man owes his Country. *Partridge* certainly saw it in that Light; for he testified much Dissatisfaction on the Occasion, quoted an old Proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the Rogue attacked them again before they reached *London*.

The Highwayman was full of Expressions of Thankfulness and Gratitude. He actually dropt Tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a Transgression; whether he kept his Word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our

Our Travellers having remounted their Horses, arrived in Town without encountering any new Mishap. On the Road much pleasant Discourse passed between *Jones* and *Partridge*, on the Subject of their last Adventure. In which *Jones* expresseth a great Compassion for those Highwaymen who are, by unavoidable Distress, driven, as it were, to such illegal Courses, as generally bring them to a shameful Death. ‘I mean,’ said he, ‘those only whose highest Guilt extends no farther than to Robbery, and who are never guilty of Cruelty nor Insult to any Person, which is a Circumstance that, I must say, to the Honour of our Country, distinguishes the Robbers of *England* from those of all other Nations; for Murder is, amongst those, almost inseparably incident to Robbery.’

‘No doubt,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘it is better to take away one’s Money than one’s Life; and yet it is very hard upon honest Men, that they can’t travel about their Business without being in Danger of these Villains. And to be sure it would be better that all Rogues were hanged out of the Way, than that one honest Man should suffer. For my own Part, indeed, I should not care to have the Blood of any of them on my own Hands; but it is very proper for the Law to hang them all. What Right hath any Man to take Sixpence from me, unless I give it him? Is there any Honesty in such a Man?’

‘No surely,’ cries *Jones*, ‘no more than there is in him who takes the Horses out of another Man’s Stable, or who applies to his own Use the Money which he finds, when he knows the right Owner.’

These



These Hints stoppt the Mouth of *Partridge*, nor did he open it again till *Jones* having thrown some farcaſtical Jokes on his Cowardice, he offered to excuse himſelf on the Inequality of Fire-Arms, ſaying, 'a thouſand naked Men are nothing to one Piſtol; for though, it is true, it will kill but one at a ſingle Diſcharge, who yet can tell but that one may be himſelf.'

THE

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF A  
FOUNDLING.

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BOOK XIII.

*Containing the Space of twelve Days.*

CHAP. I.

*An Invocation.*

COME, bright Love of Fame, inspire  
my glowing Breast: Not thee I call,  
who over swelling Tides of Blood and  
Tears, dost bear the Hero on to Glory, while  
Sighs of Millions waft his spreading Sails; but  
thee, fair, gentle Maid, whom *Mnesis*, happy  
Nymph, first on the Banks of *Hebrus* did pro-  
duce. Thee, whom *Maenia* educated, whom  
*Mantua* charmed, and who, on that fair Hill  
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which overlooks the proud Metropolis of *Britain*, sat'st, with thy *Milton*, sweetly tuning the Heroic Lyre; fill my ravished Fancy with the Hopes of charming Ages yet to come. Foretel me that some tender Maid, whose Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious Name of *Sophia*, she reads the real Worth which once existed in my *Charlotte*, shall from her sympathetic Breast, send forth the heaving Sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foresee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future Praise. Comfort me by a solemn Assurance, that when the little Parlour in which I sit at this Instant, shall be reduced to a worse furnished Box, I shall be read, with Honour, by those who never knew nor saw me, and whom I shall neither know nor see.

And thou, much plumper Dame, whom no airy Forms nor Phantoms of Imagination cloathe: Whom the well-seasoned Beef, and Pudding richly stained with Plumbs delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a *Treckschuyte* in some *Dutch* Canal the fat Ufrow Golt, impregnated by a jolly Merchant of *Amsterdam*, was delivered: In *Grub-street* School didst thou suck in the Elements of thy Erudition. Here hast thou, in thy maturer Age, taught Poetry to tickle not the Fancy, but the Pride of the Patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and solemn Air; while Tragedy storms loud, and rends th'affrighted Theatres with its Thunder. To sooth thy wearied Limbs in Slumber, Alderman History tells his tedious Tale; and again to awaken thee, Monsieur Romance performs his surprizing Tricks of Dexterity. Nor less thy well-fed Bookseller obeys thy Influence. By thy Advice the heavy, unread, Folio Lump, which long had dozed on the dusty Shelf,

Shelf, piece-mealed into Numbers, runs nimbly through the Nation. Instructed by thee some Books, like Quacks, impose on the World by promising Wonders; while others turn Beaus, and trust all their Merits to a gilded Outside. Come, thou jolly Substance, with thy shining Face, keep back thy Inspiration, but hold forth thy tempting Rewards; thy shining, chinking Heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-Bill, big with unseen Riches; thy often-varying Stock; the warm, the comfortable House; and, lastly, a fair Portion of that bounteous Mother, whose flowing Breasts yield redundant Sustenance for all her numerous Offspring, did not some too greedily and wantonly drive their Brethren from the Teat. Come thou, and if I am too tasteless of thy valuable Treasures, warm my Heart with the transporting Thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy Bounty, the prattling Babes, whose innocent Play hath often been interrupted by my Labours, may one Time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked Pair, this lean Shadow and this fat Substance, have prompted me to write, whose Assistance shall I invoke to direct my Pen?

First, Genius; thou Gift of Heaven; without whose Aid, in vain we struggle against the Stream of Nature. Thou, who dost sow the generous Seeds which Art nourishes, and brings to Perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the Hand, and lead me through all the Mazes, the winding Labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all those Mysteries which profane Eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult Task, to know Mankind better than they know themselves.



Remove that Mist which dims the Intellects of Mortals, and causes them to adore Men for their Art, or to detest them for their Cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in Reality, the Objects only of Ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin Disguise of Wisdom from Self-Conceit, of Plenty from Avarice, and of Glory from Ambition. Come thou, that hast inspired thy *Aristophanes*, thy *Lucian*, thy *Cervantes*, thy *Rabelais*, thy *Moliere*, thy *Shakespeare*, thy *Swift*, thy *Marivaux*, fill my Pages with Humour; till Mankind learn the Good-Nature to laugh only at the Follies of others, and the Humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almost the constant Attendant on true Genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender Sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy *Allen* and thy *Lyttleton*, steal them a little while from their Bosoms. Not without these the tender Scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble disinterested Friendship, the melting Love, the generous Sentiment, the ardent Gratitude, the soft Compassion, the candid Opinion; and all those strong Energies of a good Mind, which fill the moistened Eyes with Tears, the glowing Cheeks with Blood, and swell the Heart with Tides of Grief, Joy and Benevolence.

And thou, O Learning (for without thy Assistance nothing pure, nothing correct, can Genius produce) do thou guide my Pen. Thee, in thy favourite Fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling *Thames* washes thy *Etonian* Banks, in early Youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen Altar, with true *Spartan* Devotion, I have sacrificed my Blood. Come, then, and from thy  
vast,

vast, luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profusion. Open thy *Mæonian* and thy *Mantuan* Coffers, with whatever else includes thy Philosophic, thy Poetic, and thy Historical Treasures, whether with *Greek* or *Roman* Characters thou hast chosen to inscribe the ponderous Chests: Give me a while that Key to all thy Treasures, which to thy *Warburton* thou hast entrusted.

Lastly, come, Experience, long conversant with the Wise, the Good, the Learned, and the Polite. Nor with them only, but with every Kind of Character, from the Minister at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-House; from the Duchess at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Mankind be known; to which the recluse Pedant, however great his Parts, or extensive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all these, and more, if possible; for arduous is the Task I have undertaken: And without all your Assistance will, I find, be too heavy for me to support. But if you all smile on my Labours, I hope still to bring them to a happy Conclusion.

## CH A P. II.

*What befel Mr. Jones on his Arrival in London.*

THE learned Dr. *Misaubin* used to say, that the proper Direction to him was, *To Dr. Misaubin, in the World*; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we shall

find that this Circumstance bears no inconsiderable Part among the many Blessings of Grandeur.

The great Happiness of being known to Posterity, with the Hopes of which we so delighted ourselves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the several Elements which compose our Names, as *Sydenham* expresses it, repeated a thousand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth : And is scarce to be purchased, unless by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the scandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom No-body knows* (a Scandal, by the by, as old as the Days of *Ho-mer* \*) will always be the envied Portion of those, who have a legal Title either to Honour or Estate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the *Irish* Peer, who brought *Sophia* to Town, hath already made in this History, the Reader will conclude, doubtless, it must have been an easy Matter to have discovered his House in *London*, without knowing the particular Street or Square which he inhabited, since he must have been one *whom every body knows*. To say the Truth, so it would have been to any of those Tradesmen who are accustomed to attend the Regions of the Great : For the Doors of the Great are generally no less easy to find, than it is difficult to get Entrance into them. But *Jones*, as well as *Partridge*, was an entire Stranger in *London* ; and as he happened to arrive first in a Quarter of the Town, the Inhabitants of which have very little Inter-  
course with the Housholders of *Hanover* or *Gros-*

\* See the second *Odyssey*, ver. 175.

*venor Square* (for he entered through *Gray's-Inn Lane*) so he rambled about some Time, before he could even find his Way to those happy Mansions, where Fortune segregates from the Vulgar, those magnanimous Heroes, the Descendents of antient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whose Ancestors being born in better Days, by sundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Posterity.

*Jones* being at length arrived at those terrestrial *Elysian Fields*, would now soon have discovered his Lordship's Mansion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former House when he went for *Ireland*; and as he was just entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet sufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a successless Enquiry till the Clock had struck Eleven, *Jones*, at last, yielded to the Advice of *Partridge*, and retreated to the *Bull and Gate* in *Holborn*, that being the Inn where he had first alighted; and where he retired to enjoy that Kind of Repose, which usually attends Persons in his Circumstances.

Early in the Morning he again set forth in Pursuit of *Sophia*; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpose than before. At last, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to disappoint him, he came into the very Street which was honoured by his Lordship's Residence; and being directed to the House, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modesty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Person approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. *Jones*, who was drest in a



Suit of Fustian, and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchased of the Serjeant; of which, tho' the Blade might be composed of well-tempered Steel, the Handle was composed only of Brass, and that none of the brightest. When *Jones*, therefore, enquired after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordship, this Fellow answered surlily, 'That there were no Ladies there.' *Jones* then desired to see the Master of the House; but was informed that his Lordship would see no body that Morning. And upon growing more pressing, the Porter said, 'He had positive Orders to let no Person in; but 'if you think proper,' said he, 'to leave your Name, I will acquaint his Lordship; and if 'you call another Time, you shall know when 'he will see you.'

*Jones* now declared, 'that he had very particular Business with the young Lady, and could 'not depart without seeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aspect, affirmed, 'That there was no young Lady in that House, and consequently none 'could he see;' adding, 'Sure you are the 'strangest Man I ever met with; for you will 'not take an Answer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Description of *Cerberus* the Porter of Hell, in the sixth *Æneid*, *Virgil* might possibly intend to satirize the Porters of the Great Men in his Time; the Picture, at least, resembles those who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our Great Men. The Porter in his Lodge, answers exactly to *Cerberus* in his Den, and, like him, must be appeased by a Sop, before Access can be gained to his Master. Perhaps *Jones* might have seen him in  
that

that Light, and have recollected the Passage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an Entrance for *Æneas*, presents the Keeper of the *Stygian* Avenue with such a Sop. *Jones*, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human *Cerberus*, which a Footman overhearing, instantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. *Jones* would give him the Sum proposed, he would conduct him to the Lady.' *Jones* instantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Success than the near Approach to Good. The Gamester, who loses his Party at Piquet by a single Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Prospect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themselves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In short, these kind of hair-breadth Missings of Happiness, look like the Insults of Fortune, who may be considered as thus playing Tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herself at our Expence.

*Jones*, who more than once already had experienced this frolicksome Disposition of the Heaven Goddess, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, about ten Minutes after the Departure of *Sophia*. He now addressed himself to the Waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; who told him the disagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the same Answer he afterwards received from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* herself. For as that

Lady made no doubt but that Mr. *Jones* was a Person detached from her Uncle *Western*, in Pursuit of his Daughter, so she was too generous to betray her.

Though *Jones* had never seen Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, yet he had heard that a Cousin of *Sophia* was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the present Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordship's, acquainted him with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Cousin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was presently convinced that this was the same Woman, he became more surprised at the Answer which he had received, and very earnestly desired Leave to wait on the Lady herself; but she as positively refused him that Honour.

*Jones*, who, though he had never seen a Court, was better bred than most who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the present, saying to the Waiting-woman, 'That if this was an improper Hour to wait on her Lady, he would return in the Afternoon; and that he then hoped to have the Honour of seeing her.' The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comeliness of his Person, made an Impression on the Waiting-woman, and she could not help answering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may.' And, indeed, she afterwards said every Thing to her Mistress, which she thought most likely to prevail on her to admit a Visit from the handsome young Gentleman; for so she called him.

*Jones*

*Jones* very shrewdly suspected, that *Sophia* herself was now with her Cousin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Resentment of what had happened at *Upton*. Having, therefore, dispatched *Partridge* to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but no Person did he see issue forth, except a Servant of the House, and in the Evening he returned to pay his Visit to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, which that good Lady at last condescended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dress to give, no to conceal. Mr. *Jones*, as hath been before hinted, was possessed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, somewhat different from what his Apparel seemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Respects, was desired to sit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be desirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Conversation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor *Jones*. For though Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* soon discovered the Lover, (as all Women have the Eyes of Hawks in those Matters) yet he still thought it was such a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady should not betray her to. In short, she suspected this was the very Mr. *Blifil*, from whom *Sophia* had flown; and all the Answers which she artfully drew from *Jones*, concerning Mr. *Allworthy's* Family, confirmed her in this Opinion. She therefore strictly denied any Knowledge concerning the Place whither *Sophia* was gone; nor could *Jones* obtain more than a Permission to wait on her again the next Evening.



When, *Jones* was departed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* communicated her Suspicion concerning Mr. *Bliss*, to her Maid; who answered, ‘ Sure, Madam, he is too pretty a Man, in my Opinion, for any Woman in the World to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. *Jones*.’--- Mr. *Jones*, said the Lady, ‘ what *Jones*?’ For *Sophia* had not given the least Hint of any such Person in all their Conversation: But Mrs. *Honour* had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her Sister *Abigail* with the whole History of *Jones*, which this now again related to her Mistress.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* no sooner received this Information, than she immediately agreed with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what is very unaccountable, saw Charms in the gallant, happy Lover, which she had over-looked in the slighted Squire. ‘ *Betty*,’ says she, ‘ you are certainly in the right: He is a very pretty Fellow, and I don’t wonder that my Cousin’s Maid should tell you so many Women are fond of him. I am sorry now I did not inform him where my Cousin was: And yet if he be so terrible a Rake as you tell me, it is a Pity she should ever see him any more; for what but her Ruin can happen from marrying a Rake and a Beggar against her Father’s Consent. I protest, if he be such a Man as the Wench described him to you, it is but an Office of Charity to keep her from him; and, I am sure, it would be unpardonable in me to do otherwise, who have tasted so bitterly of the Misfortunes attending such Marriages.’

Here she was interrupted by the Arrival of a Visitor, which was no other than his Lordship; and as nothing passed at this Visit either new or  
extraor-

extraordinary, or any ways material to this History, we shall here put an End to this Chapter.

## C H A P. III.

*A Project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her Visit to Lady Bellaſton.*

WHEN Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* retired to Rest, her Thoughts were entirely taken up by her Cousin *Sophia* and Mr. *Jones*. She was, indeed, a little offended with the former, for the Disingenuity which she now discovered. In which Meditation she had not long exercised her Imagination, before the following Conceit suggested itself: That could she possibly become the Means of preserving *Sophia* from this Man, and of restoring her to her Father, she should, in all human Probability, by so great a Service to the Family, reconcile to herself both her Uncle and her Aunt *Western*.

As this was one of her most favourite Wishes, so the Hope of Success seemed so reasonable, that nothing remained but to consider of proper Methods to accomplish her Scheme. To attempt to reason the Case with *Sophia*, did not appear to her one of those Methods: For as *Betty* had reported from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had a violent Inclination to *Jones*, she conceived, that to dissuade her from the Match, was an Endeavour of the same Kind, as it would be, very heartily and earnestly to entreat a Moth not to fly into a Candle.

If the Reader will please to remember, that the Acquaintance which *Sophia* had with Lady *Bellaſton*, was contracted at the House of Mrs. *Western*,

turn, and must have grown at the very Time when Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* lived with this latter Lady, he will want no Information, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* must have been acquainted with her likewise. They were, besides, both equally her distant Relations.

After much Consideration, therefore, she resolved to go early in the Morning to that Lady, and endeavour to see her, unknown to *Sophia*, and to acquaint her with the whole Affair. For she did not in the least doubt, but that the prudent Lady, who had often ridiculed romantic Love, and indiscreet Marriages, in her Conversation, would very readily concur in her Sentiments concerning this Match, and would lend her utmost Assistance to prevent it.

This Resolution she accordingly executed; and the next Morning before the Sun, she huddled on her Cloaths, and at a very unfashionable, unseasonable, unvisitable Hour went to Lady *Bellafton*, to whom she got Access, without the least Knowledge or Suspicion of *Sophia*, who though not asleep, lay at that Time awake in her Bed, with *Honour* snoring by her Side.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* made many Apologies for an early, abrupt Visit, at an Hour when she said ‘she should not have thought of disturbing her Ladyship, but upon Business of the utmost Consequence.’ She then opened the whole Affair, told all she had heard from *Betty*; and did not forget the Visit which *Jones* had paid to herself the preceding Evening.

Lady *Bellafton* answered with a Smile, ‘Then you have seen this terrible Man, Madam; pray is he so very fine a Figure as he is represented?’  
‘For

‘ For *Etoff* entertained me last Night almost  
 ‘ two Hours with him. The Wench I believe  
 ‘ is in Love with him by Reputation.’ Here the  
 Reader will be apt to wonder ; but the Truth is  
 that Mrs. *Etoff*, who had the Honour to pin and  
 unpin the Lady *Bellaſton*, had received complete  
 Information concerning the ſaid Mr. *Jones*, and  
 had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her Lady laſt  
 Night (or rather that Morning) while ſhe was  
 undreſſing ; on which Accounts ſhe had been de-  
 tained in her Office above the Space of an Hour  
 and half.

The Lady indeed, tho’ generally well enough  
 pleaſed with the Narratives of Mrs. *Etoff* at thoſe  
 Seasons, gave an extraordinary Attention to her  
 Account of *Jones* ; for *Honour* had deſcribed him  
 as a very handſome Fellow, and Mrs. *Etoff* in her  
 Hurry added ſo much to the Beauty of his Perſon  
 to her Report, that Lady *Bellaſton* began to con-  
 ceive him to be a kind of Miracle in Nature.

The Curioſity which her Woman had inſpired,  
 was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*,  
 who ſpoke as much in Favour of the Perſon of  
*Jones*, as ſhe had before ſpoke in Diſpraiſe of his  
 Birth, Character and Fortune.

When Lady *Bellaſton* had heard the whole,  
 ſhe answered gravely, ‘ Indeed, Madam, this is  
 ‘ a Matter of great Conſequence. Nothing can  
 ‘ certainly be more commendable than the Part  
 ‘ you act ; and I ſhall be very glad to have my  
 ‘ Share in the Preſervation of a young Lady of  
 ‘ ſo much Merit, and for whom I have ſo much  
 ‘ Eſteem.’

‘ Doth not your Ladyſhip think,’ ſays Mrs.  
*Fitzpatrick* eagerly, ‘ that it would be the beſt  
 ‘ Way



‘ Way to write immediately to my Uncle, and  
 ‘ acquaint him where my Cousin is?’

The Lady pondered a little upon this, and thus answered---‘ Why, no, Madam, I think not.  
 ‘ *Di Western* hath described her Brother to me to  
 ‘ be such a Brute, that I cannot consent to put  
 ‘ any Woman under his Power who hath escaped  
 ‘ from it. I have heard he behaved like a Mon-  
 ‘ ster to his own Wife; for he is one of those  
 ‘ Wretches who think they have a Right to ty-  
 ‘ rannize over us, and from such I shall ever  
 ‘ esteem it the Cause of my Sex to rescue any  
 ‘ Woman who is so unfortunate to be under their  
 ‘ Power.—The Business, dear Cousin, will be  
 ‘ only to keep Miss *Western* from seeing this  
 ‘ young Fellow, till the good Company, which  
 ‘ she will have an Opportunity of meeting here,  
 ‘ give her a properer Turn.’

‘ If he should find her out, Madam,’ answered  
 the other, ‘ your Ladyship may be assured he will  
 ‘ leave nothing unattempted to come at her.’

‘ But, Madam,’ replied the Lady, ‘ it is im-  
 ‘ possible he should come here---tho’ indeed it is  
 ‘ possible he may get some Intelligence where she  
 ‘ is, and then may lurk about the House---I wish  
 therefore I knew his Person.

‘ Is there no Way, Madam, by which I could  
 ‘ have a Sight of him? For otherwise you know,  
 ‘ Cousin, she may contrive to see him here with-  
 ‘ out my Knowledge.’ Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* an-  
 ‘ swered, ‘ That he had threatened her with ano-  
 ‘ ther Visit that Afternoon, and that if her Lady-  
 ‘ ship pleased to do her the Honour of calling  
 ‘ upon her then, she would hardly fail of seeing  
 ‘ him between Six and Seven; and if he came  
 ‘ earlier she would, by some Means or other, de-  
 ‘ tain

‘tain him till her Ladyship’s Arrival.’---Lady *Bellaſton* replied, ‘she would come the Moment ſhe could get from Dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed would be by Seven at fartheſt; for that it was abſolutely neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with his Perſon. Upon my Word, Madam,’ ſays ſhe, ‘it was very good to take this care of Miſs *Western*; but common Humanity, as well as Regard to our Family, require it of us both; for it would be a dreadful Match indeed.’

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* failed not to make a proper Return to the Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* had beſtowed on her Couſin, and after ſome little immaterial Converſation withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her Chair, unſeen by *Sophia* or *Honſur*, returned home.

#### C H A P. IV.

*Which conſiſts of Viſiting.*

**M**R. *Jones* had walked within Sight of a certain Door during the whole Day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole Year. At length the Clock having ſtruck Five, he returned to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who, though it was a full Hour earlier than the decent Time of viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her Ignorance concerning *Sophia*.

*Jones*, in aſking for his Angel, had drop’d the Word Couſin; upon which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſaid, ‘Then, Sir, you know we are related; and as we are, you will permit me the Right of enquiring into the Particulars of your Buſineſs with my Couſin.’ Here *Jones* hesitated a good while,

while, and at last answered, He had a considerable Sum of Money of hers in his Hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the Pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* with the Contents, and with the Method in which they came into his Hands. He had scarce finished his Story when a most violent Noise shook the whole House. To attempt to describe this Noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any Idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: For it may be truly said,

---

*Non acuta  
Sic geminant Corrybantes Æra.*

*The Priests of Cybele do not so rattle their  
sounding Brass.*

In short a Footman knocked, or rather thundered at the Door, *Jones* was a little surprized at the Sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very calmly said, that as some Company were coming, she could not make him any Answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The Door of the Room now flew open, and, after pushing in her Hoop sideways before her, entered Lady *Bellafton*, who having first made a very low Court'sy to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and as low a one to Mr. *Jones*, was ushered to the upper End of the Room.

We mention these minute Matters for the Sake of some Country Ladies of our Acquaintance,

tance, who think it contrary to the Rules of Modesty to bend their Knees to a Man.

The Company were hardly well settled, before the Arrival of the Peer lately mentioned caused a fresh Disturbance and a Repetition of Ceremonials.

These being over, the Conversation began to be (as the Phrase is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this History, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the Relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite Conversation grow extremely dull, when transcribed into Books, or repeated on the Stage. Indeed this mental Repast is a Dainty, of which those who are excluded from polite Assemblies, must be contented to remain as ignorant as they must of the several Dainties of *French* Cookery, which are served only at the Tables of the Great. To say the Truth, as neither of these are adapted to every Taste, they might both be often thrown away on the Vulgar.

Poor *Jones* was rather a Spectator of this elegant Scene, than an Actor in it; for though in the short Interval before the Peer's Arrival, Lady *Bellafton* first, and afterwards Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, had addressed some of their Discourse to him; yet no sooner was the noble Lord entered, than he engrossed the whole Attention of the two Ladies to himself; and as he took no more Notice of *Jones* than if no such Person had been present, unless by now and then staring at him, the Ladies followed his Example.

The Company had now staid so long, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* plainly perceived they all designed to stay out each other. She therefore resolved

solved to rid herself of *Jones*, he being the Visitant to whom she thought the least Ceremony was due. Taking therefore an Opportunity of a Cessation of Chat, she addressed herself gravely to him, and said, ‘ Sir, I shall not possibly be able  
 ‘ to give you an Answer To-night, as to that  
 ‘ Business; but if you please to leave Word where  
 ‘ I may send to you To-morrow’——

*Jones* had natural, but not artificial good Breeding. Instead therefore of communicating the Secret of his Lodgings to a Servant, he acquainted the Lady herself with it particularly, and soon after very ceremoniously withdrew.

He was no sooner gone than the great Personages who had taken no Notice of him present, began to take much Notice of him in his Absence; but if the Reader hath already excused us from relating the more brilliant Part of this Conversation, he will surely be very ready to excuse the Repetition of what may be called vulgar Abuse: Though, perhaps, it may be material to our History to mention an Observation of Lady *Bellafton*, who took her Leave in a few Minutes after him, and then said to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, at her Departure, ‘ I am satisfied on the Account of my  
 ‘ Cousin; she can be in no Danger from this  
 ‘ Fellow.’

Our History shall follow the Example of Lady *Bellafton*, and take Leave of the present Company, which was now reduced to two Persons; between whom, as nothing passed, which in the least concerns us or our Reader, we shall not suffer ourselves to be diverted by it from Matters which must seem of more Consequence to all those who are at all interested in the Affairs of our Hero.



## C H A P. V.

*An Adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, at his Lodgings, with some Account of a young Gentleman who lodged there, and of the Mistress of the House, and her two Daughters.*

THE next Morning as early as it was decent, *Jones* attended at Mrs. *Fitzpatrick's* Door, where he was answered that the Lady was not at home; an Answer which surprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the Street from Break of Day; and if she had gone out, he must have seen her. This Answer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five several Visits which he made her that Day.

To be plain with the Reader, the noble Peer had from some Reason or other, perhaps from a Regard for the Lady's Honour, insisted that she should not see Mr. *Jones*, whom he looked on as a Scrub, any more; and the Lady had complied in making that Promise to which we now see her so strictly adhere.

But as our gentle Reader may possibly have a better Opinion of the young Gentleman than her Ladyship, and may even have some Concern, should it be apprehended, that during this unhappy Separation from *Sophia*, he took up his Residence either at an Inn, or in the Street; we shall now give an Account of his Lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable House, and in a very good Part of the Town.

Mr. *Jones* then had often heard Mr. *Allworthy* mention the Gentlewoman at whose House he  
used

used to lodge when he was in Town. This Person, who, as *Jones* likewise knew, lived in *Bond-street*, was the Widow of a Clergyman, and was left by him at his Decease, in Possession of two Daughters, and of a compleat Set of Manuscript Sermons.

Of these two Daughters, *Nancy*, the elder, was now arrived at the Age of Seventeen, and *Betty*, the younger, at that of Ten.

Hither *Jones* had dispatched *Partridge*, and in this House he was provided with a Room for himself in the second Floor, and with one for *Partridge* in the fourth.

The first Floor was inhabited by one of those young Gentlemen, who, in the last Age, were called Men of Wit and Pleasure about Town, and properly enough : For as Men are usually denominated from their Business or Profession, so Pleasure may be said to have been the only Business or Profession of those Gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all useful Occupations unnecessary. Play-Houses, Coffee-Houses, and Taverns were the Scenes of their Rendezvous. Wit and Humour were the Entertainment of their looser Hours, and Love was the Business of their more serious Moments. Wine and the Muses conspired to kindle the brightest Flames in their Breasts ; nor did they only admire, but some were able to celebrate the Beauty they admired, and all to judge of the Merit of such Compositions.

Such therefore were properly called the Men of Wit and Pleasure ; but I question whether the same Appellation may, with the same Propriety, be given to those young Gentlemen of our Times, who have the same Ambition to be distinguished  
for

for Parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their Due, they soar a Step higher than their Predecessors, and may be called Men of Wisdom and Vertù (take heed you do not read Virtue). Thus at an Age when the Gentlemen abovementioned employed their Time in toasting the Charms of a Woman, or in making Sonnets in her Praise; in giving their Opinion of a Play at the Theatre, or of a Poem at *Will's* or *Button's*; these Gentlemen are considering of Methods to bribe a Corporation, or meditating Speeches for the House of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the Science of Gaming is that which above all others employs their Thoughts. These are the Studies of their graver Hours, while for their Amusements they have the vast Circle of Connoisseurship, Painting, Music, Statuary, and natural Philosophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the Wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her Monsters and Imperfections.

When *Jones* had spent the whole Day in vain Enquiries after Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he returned at last disconsolate to his Apartment. Here while he was venting his Grief in private, he heard a violent Uproar below Stairs; and soon after a female Voice begged him for Heaven's Sake to come and prevent Murder. *Jones*, who was never backward on any Occasion to help the Distressed, immediately ran down Stairs; when stepping into the Dining-room, whence all the Noise issued, he beheld the young Gentleman of Wisdom and Vertù just before mentioned, pinned close to the Wall by his Footman, and a young Woman standing by, wringing her Hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be  
' mur-

'murdered;' and indeed the poor Gentleman seemed in some Danger of being choaked, when *Jones* flew hastily to his Assistance, and rescued him just as he was breathing his last, from the unmerciful Clutches of the Enemy.

Though the Fellow had received several Kicks and Cuffs from the little Gentleman, who had more Spirit than Strength, he made it a kind of Scruple of Conscience to strike his Master, and would have contented himself with only choaking him; but towards *Jones* he bore no such Respect: He no sooner therefore found himself a little roughly handled by his new Antagonist, than he gave him one of those Punches in the Guts, which, tho' the Spectators at *Broughton's* Amphitheatre have such exquisite Delight in seeing them, convey but very little Pleasure in the Feeling.

The lusty Youth had no sooner received this Blow, than he meditated a most grateful Return; and now ensued a Combat between *Jones* and the Footman, which was very fierce, but short; for this Fellow was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than his Master had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her usual Custom, reversed the Face of Affairs. The former Victor lay breathless on the Ground, and the vanquished Gentleman had recovered Breath enough to thank Mr. *Jones* for his seasonable Assistance: He received likewise the hearty Thanks of the young Woman present, who was indeed no other than Miss *Nancy*, the eldest Daughter of the House.

The Footman having now recovered his Legs, shook his Head at *Jones*, and with a sagacious  
Look,

Look, cry'd,—‘ O d—n me, I'll have nothing  
 ‘ more to do with you ; you have been upon the  
 ‘ Stage, or I am d—nably mistaken :’ And in-  
 deed we may forgive this his Suspicion ; for such  
 was the Agility and Strength of our Heroe, that  
 he was perhaps a Match for one of the First-Rate  
 Boxers, and could, with great Ease, have beaten  
 all the muffled \* Graduates of Mr. *Broughton's*  
 School.

The Master foaming with Wrath, ordered his  
 Man immediately to strip, to which the latter  
 very readily agreed, on Condition of receiving  
 his Wages. This Condition was presently com-  
 plied with, and the Fellow was discharged.

And now the young Gentleman, whose Name  
 was *Nightingale*, very strenuously insisted, that  
 his Deliverer should take part of a Bottle of Wine  
 with him ; to which *Jones*, after much Entreaty,  
 consented ; tho' more out of Complaisance than  
 Inclination ; for the Uneasiness of his Mind fitted  
 him very little for Conversation at this Time.  
*Miss Nancy* likewise, who was the only Female  
 then in the House, her Mamma and Sister being

\* Left Posterity should be puzzled by this Epithet, I think  
 proper to explain it by an Advertisement which was published  
*Feb. 1. 1747.*

*N. B. Mr. Broughton* proposes, with proper Assistance, to  
 open an Academy at his House in the *Hay-Market*, for the In-  
 struction of those who are willing to be initiated in the Mystery  
 of Boxing ; where the whole Theory and Practice of that truly  
*British Art*, with all the various Stops, Blows, Cross-Buttocks,  
 &c. incident to Combatants, will be fully taught and explain'd ;  
 and that Persons of Quality and Distinction may not be deterred  
 from entering into a *Course of those Lectures*, they will be given  
 with the utmost Tenderneſs and Regard to the Delicacy of the  
 Frame and Constitution of the Pupil, for which Reason Muffles  
 are provided, that will effectually secure them from the Incon-  
 veniency of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Noses.



both gone to the Play, condescended to favour them with her Company.

When the Bottle and Glasses were on the Table, the Gentleman began to relate the Occasion of the preceding Disturbance.

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said he to *Jones*, ‘ you will not, from this Accident, conclude, that I make a Custom of striking my Servants ; for I assure you this is the first Time I have been guilty of it in my Remembrance, and I have passed by many provoking Faults in this very Fellow, before he could provoke me to it ; but when you hear what hath happened this Evening, you will, I believe, think me excusable. It happened to come home several Hours before my usual Time, when I found four Gentlemen of the Cloth at Whist by my Fire ; — and my *Hoyle*, Sir,—my best *Hoyle*, which cost me a Guinea, lying open on the Table, with a Quantity of Porter spilt on one of the most material Leaves of the whole Book. This, you will allow, was provoking ; but I said nothing till the rest of the honest Company were gone, and then gave the Fellow a gentle Rebuke, who, instead of expressing any Concern, made me a pert Answer, “ That Servants must have their Diversions as well as other People ; that he was sorry for the Accident which had happened to the Book ; but that several of his Acquaintance had bought the same for a Shilling ; and that I might stop as much in his Wages if I pleased : ” I now gave him a severer Reprimand than before, when the Rascal had the Insolence to——In short, he imputed my early coming home to — In short, he cast a Reflection — He mentioned the Name of a  
‘ young

‘ young Lady, in a Manner — in such a Manner  
‘ that incensed me beyond all Patience, and, in  
‘ my Passion, I struck him.’

*Jones* answered, ‘ That he believed no Person  
‘ living would blame him ; for my Part,’ said he,  
‘ I confess I should, on the last mentioned Pro-  
‘ vocation, have done the same Thing.’

Our Company had not sat long before they  
were joined by the Mother and Daughter, at their  
Return from the Play. And now they all spent  
a very chearful Evening together ; for all but  
*Jones* were heartily merry, and even he put on as  
much constrained Mirth as possible. Indeed half  
his natural Flow of animal Spirits, joined to the  
Sweetness of his Temper, was sufficient to make  
a most amiable Companion ; and notwithstand-  
ing the Heaviness of his Heart ; so agreeable did  
he make himself on the present Occasion, that,  
at their breaking up, the young Gentleman ear-  
nestly desired his further Acquaintance. Miss  
*Nancy* was well pleased with him ; and the Wi-  
dow, quite charmed with her new Lodger, in-  
vited him with the other, next Morning to  
Breakfast.

*Jones*, on his Part, was no less satisfied. As  
for Miss *Nancy*, tho’ a very little Creature, she  
was extremely pretty, and the Widow had all the  
Charms which can adorn a Woman near fifty.  
As she was one of the most innocent Creatures  
in the World, so she was one of the most chear-  
ful. She never thought, nor spoke, nor wished  
any ill, and had constantly that Desire of pleasing,  
which may be called the happiest of all Desires  
in this, that it scarce ever fails of attaining its  
Ends, when not disgraced by Affectation. In  
short, though her Power was very small, she was

in her Heart one of the warmest Friends. She had been a most affectionate Wife, and was a most fond and tender Mother.

As our History doth not, like a News Paper, give great Characters to People who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again; the Reader may hence conclude, that this excellent Woman will hereafter appear to be of some Importance in our History.

Nor was *Jones* a little pleased with the young Gentleman himself, whose Wine he had been drinking. He thought he discerned in him much good Sense, though a little too much tainted with Town Foppery; but what recommended him most to *Jones* were some Sentiments of great Generosity and Humanity, which occasionally dropt from him; and particularly many Expressions of the highest Disinterestedness in the Affair of Love. On which Subject the young Gentleman delivered himself in a Language which might have very well become an *Arcadian* Shepherd of Old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the Lips of a modern fine Gentleman; but he was only one by Imitation, and meant by Nature for a much better Character.

#### C H A P. VI.

*What arrived while the Company were at Breakfast, with some Hints concerning the Government of Daughters.*

OUR Company brought together in the Morning the same good Inclinations towards each other, with which they had separated the Evening before; but poor *Jones* was extremely dis-

disconsolate ; for he had just received Information from *Partridge*, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had left her Lodging, and that he could not learn whither she was gone. This News highly afflicted him, and his Countenance, as well as his Behaviour, in Defiance of all his Endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifest Indications of a disordered Mind.

The Discourse turned at present, as before, on Love ; and Mr. *Nightingale* again expressed many of those warm, generous, and disinterested Sentiments upon this Subject, which wise and sober Men call romantic, but which wise and sober Women generally regard in a better Light. Mrs. *Miller*, (for so the Mistress of the House was called) greatly approved these Sentiments ; but when the young Gentleman appealed to Miss *Nancy*, she answered only, ‘ That she believed the Gentleman who had spoke the least, was capable of feeling the most.’

This Compliment was so apparently directed to *Jones*, that we should have been sorry had he passed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite Answer, and concluded with an oblique Hint, that her own Silence subjected her to a Suspicion of the same Kind : For indeed she had scarce opened her Lips either now or the last Evening.

‘ I am glad, *Nancy*,’ says Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ the Gentleman hath made the Observation ; I protest I am almost of his Opinion. What can be the Matter with you, Child ? I never saw such an Alteration. What is become of all your Gayety ? Would you think, Sir, I used to call her my little Prattler. She hath not spoke twenty Words this Week.’

Here their Conversation was interrupted by the Entrance of a Maid-Servant, who brought a Bundle in her Hands, which, she said, 'was delivered by a Porter for Mr. Jones.' She added, 'that the Man immediately went away, saying, it required no Answer.'

Jones expressed some Surprize on this Occasion, and declared it must be some Mistake: But the Maid persisting that she was certain of the Name, all the Women were desirous of having the Bundle immediately opened; which Operation was at length performed by little *Betsy*, with the Consent of Mr. Jones; and the Contents were found to be a Domino, a Mask, and a Masquerade Ticket.

Jones was now more positive than ever, in asserting, that these Things must have been delivered by Mistake; and Mrs. Miller herself expressed some Doubt, and said, 'she knew not what to think.' But when Mr. *Nightingale* was asked, he delivered a very different Opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' said he, 'is, that you are a very happy Man: For I make no Doubt but these were sent you by some Lady whom you will have the Happiness of meeting at the Masquerade.'

Jones had not a sufficient Degree of Vanity to entertain any such flattering Imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herself give much Assent to what Mr. *Nightingale* had said, 'till Miss Nancy having lifted up the Domino, a Card dropt from the Sleeve, in which was written as follows:



To Mr. Jones.

*The Queen of the Fairies sends you this ;  
Use her Favours not amiss.*

Mrs. Miller and Miss Nancy now both agreed with Mr. *Nightingale* ; nay, *Jones* himself was almost persuaded to be of the same Opinion. And as no other Lady but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he thought, knew his Lodging, he began to flatter himself with some Hopes, that it came from her, and that he might possibly see his *Sophia*. These Hopes had surely very little Foundation ; but as the Conduct of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in not seeing him according to her Promise, and in quitting her Lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived some faint Hopes, that she (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimsical Character) might possibly intend to do him that Service, in a strange Manner, which she declined doing by more ordinary Methods. To say the Truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from so odd and uncommon an Incident, he had the greater Latitude to draw what imaginary Conclusions from it he pleased. As his Temper therefore was naturally sanguine, he indulged it on this Occasion, and his Imagination worked up a thousand Conceits, to favour and support his Expectations of meeting his dear *Sophia* in the Evening.

Reader, if thou hast any good Wishes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wishing thee to be possessed of this sanguine Disposition of Mind : Since, after having read much, and considered long on that Subject of Happiness which hath employed so many great Pens, I am almost in-

clined to fix it in the Possession of this Temper ; which puts us, in a Manner, out of the Reach of Fortune, and makes us happy without her Assistance. Indeed the Sensations of Pleasure it gives are much more constant, as well as much keener than those which that blind Lady bestows ; Nature having wisely contrived, that some Satiety and Languor should be annexed to all our real Enjoyments, lest we should be so taken up by them, as to be stopt from further Pursuits. I make no manner of Doubt but that, in this Light, we may see the imaginary future Chancellor just called to the Bar, the Archbishop in Crape, and the Prime Minister at the Tail of an Opposition, more truly happy than those who are invested with all the Power and Profit of these respective Offices.

Mr. *Jones* having now determined to go to the Masquerade that Evening, Mr. *Nightingale* offered to conduct him thither. The young Gentleman, at the same Time, offered Tickets to Miss *Nancy* and her Mother ; but the good Woman would not accept them. She said, ‘ she did not conceive the Harm which some People imagined in a Masquerade ; but that such extravagant Diversions were proper only for Persons of Quality and Fortune, and not for young Women who were to get their Living, and could, at best, hope to be married to a good Tradesman.’-----‘ A Tradesman !’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ you shan’t undervalue my *Nancy*. There is not a Nobleman upon Earth above her Merit.’ ‘ O fie ! Mr. *Nightingale*,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ you must not fill the Girl’s Head with such Fancies : But if it was her good Luck (says the Mother with a Simper) to find a Gentleman of  
‘ your

' your generous Way of Thinking, I hope she  
 ' would make a better Return to his Generosity,  
 ' than to give her Mind up to extravagant Plea-  
 ' sures. Indeed where young Ladies bring great  
 ' Fortunes themselves, they have some Right to  
 ' insist on spending what is their own; and on  
 ' that Account, I have heard the Gentlemen say,  
 ' a Man has sometimes a better Bargain with a  
 ' poor Wife, than with a rich one. --- But let my  
 ' Daughters marry whom they will, I shall en-  
 ' deavour to make them Blessings to their Hus-  
 ' bands :--- I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more  
 ' Masquerades. *Nancy* is, I am certain, too  
 ' good a Girl to desire to go; for she must re-  
 ' member when you carried her thither last Year,  
 ' it almost turned her Head; and she did not re-  
 ' turn to herself, or to her Needle, in a Month  
 ' afterwards.'

Though a gentle Sigh, which stole from the  
 Bosom of *Nancy*, seemed to argue some secret  
 Disapprobation of these Sentiments, she did not  
 dare openly to oppose them. For as this good  
 Woman had all the Tenderneſs, so she had pre-  
 served all the Authority of a Parent; and as her  
 Indulgence to the Desires of her Children, was  
 restrained only by her Fears for their Safety and  
 future Welfare, so she never suffered those Com-  
 mands, which proceeded from such Fears, to be  
 either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young  
 Gentleman who had lodged two Years in the  
 House, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced  
 in the Refusal.

Mr. *Nightingale*, who grew every Minute  
 sonder of *Jones*, was very desirous of his Com-  
 pany that Day to Dinner at the Tavern, where  
 he offered to introduce him to some of his Ac-

quaintance ; but *Jones* begged to be excused, ‘ as his Cloaths, he said, ‘ were not yet come to ‘ Town.’

To confess the Truth, Mr. *Jones* was now in a Situation, which sometimes happens to be the Case of young Gentlemen of much better Figure than himself. In short, he had not one Penny in his Pocket ; a Situation in much greater Credit among the ancient Philosophers, than among the modern wise Men who live in *Lombard-street*, or those who frequent *White’s Chocolate-House*. And, perhaps, the great Honours which those Philosophers have ascribed to an empty Pocket, may be one of the Reasons of that high Contempt in which they are held in the aforesaid Street and Chocolate-House.

Now if the antient Opinion, that Men might live very comfortably on Virtue only, be, as the modern wise Men just above-mentioned pretend to have discovered, a notorious Error ; no less false is, I apprehend, that Position of some Writers of Romance, that a Man may live altogether on Love : For however delicious Repasts this may afford to some of our Senses or Appetites, it is most certain it can afford none to others. Those, therefore, who have placed too great a Confidence in such Writers, have experienced their Error when it was too late ; and have found that Love was no more capable of allaying Hunger, than a Rose is capable of delighting the Ear, or a Violin of gratifying the Smell.

Notwithstanding, therefore, all the Delicacies which Love had set before him, namely, the Hopes of seeing *Sophia* at the Masquerade ; on which, however ill-founded his Imagination might be, he had voluptuously feasted during the whole

whole Day, the Evening no sooner came, than Mr. *Jones* began to languish for some Food of a grosser Kind. *Partridge* discovered this by Intuition, and took the Occasion to give some oblique Hints concerning the Bank-Bill, and when these were rejected with Disdain, he collected Courage enough once more to mention a Return to Mr. *Allworthy*.

‘*Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘you cannot see my Fortune in a more desperate Light than I see it myself; and I be\_heartily to repent, that I suffered you to leave a Place, where you was settled, and to follow me. However, I insist now on your returning home; and for the Expence and Trouble which you have so kindly put yourself to on my Account, all the Cloaths I left behind in your Care, I desire you would take as your own. I am sorry I can make you no other Acknowledgment.’

He spoke these Words with so pathetic an Accent, that *Partridge*, among whose Vices Ill-nature or Hardness of Heart were not numbered, burst into Tears; and after swearing he would not quit him in his Distress, he began with the most earnest Intreaties to urge his Return home. ‘For Heaven’s Sake, Sir,’ says he, ‘do but consider: What can your Honour do? How is it possible you can live in this Town without Money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you please, I am resolved not to desert you.---But pray, Sir, consider,---Do pray, Sir, for your own Sake, take it into your Consideration; and I’m sure,’ says he, ‘that your own Good-Sense will bid you return home.’

‘How often shall I tell thee,’ answered *Jones*, ‘that I have no Home to return to? Had I any



“ Hopes that Mr. *Allworthy's* Doors would be open to receive me, I want no Distress to urge me.—Nay, there is no other Cause upon Earth, which would detain me a Moment from flying to his Presence; but, alas! that I am for ever banished from. His last Words were,—O *Partridge*, they still ring in my Ears—His last Words were, when he gave me a Sum of Money, what it was I know not, but considerable I'm sure it was.—His last Words were—“I am resolved from this Day forward, on no Account, to converse with you any more.”

Here Passion stopt the Mouth of *Jones*, as Surprise, for a Moment, did that of *Partridge*: But he soon recovered the Use of Speech, and after a short Preface, in which he declared he had no Inquisitiveness in his Temper, enquired, what *Jones* meant by a considerable Sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the Money.

In both these Points he now received full Satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a Message from Mr. *Nightingale*, who desired his Master's Company in his Apartment.

When the two Gentlemen were both attired for the Masquerade, and Mr. *Nightingale* had given Orders for Chairs to be sent for, a Circumstance of Distress occurred to *Jones*, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my Readers. This was how to procure a Shilling; but if such Readers will reflect a little on what they have themselves felt from the Want of a Thousand Pound, or, perhaps, of Ten or Twenty, to execute a favourite Scheme, they will have a perfect Idea of what Mr. *Jones* felt on this Occasion.

For

For this Sum, therefore, he applied to *Partridge*, which was the first he had permitted him to advance, and was the last he intended that poor Fellow should advance in his Service. To say the Truth, *Partridge* had lately made no Offer of this Kind; whether it was that he desired to see the Bank-Bill broke in upon, or that Distress should prevail on *Jones* to return home, or from what other Motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

## C H A P. VII.

*Containing the whole Humours of a Masquerade.*

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that Temple, where *Heydegger*, the great *Arbiter Deliciarum*, the great High Priest of Pleasure presides; and, like other Heathen Priests, imposes on his Votaries by the pretended Presence of the Deity, when in Reality no such Deity is there.

Mr. *Nightingale* having taken a Turn or two with his Companion, soon left him, and walked off with a Female, saying, ‘Now you are here; Sir, you must beat about for your own Game.’

*Jones* began to entertain strong Hopes that his *Sophia* was present; and these Hopes gave him more Spirits than the Lights, the Musick, and the Company; though these are pretty strong Antidotes against the Spleen. He now accosted every Woman he saw, whose Stature, Shape, or Air, bore any Resemblance to his Angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to say something smart, in order to engage an Answer, by which he might discover that Voice which he thought it impossible he should mistake. Some of these answered by

a Question, in a squeaking Voice, *Do you know me?* Much the greater Numbers said, *I don't know you, Sir*; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent Fellow; some made him no Answer at all; some said, *Indeed I don't know your Voice, and I shall have nothing to say to you*; and many gave him as kind Answers as he could wish, but not in the Voice he desired to hear.

Whilst he was talking with one of these last, (who was in the Habit of a Shepherdess) a Lady in a Domino came up to him, and slapping him on the Shoulder, whispered him, at the same Time, in the Ear, 'If you talk any longer with that Trollop, I will acquaint Miss *Western*.'

*Jones* no sooner heard that Name, than, immediately quitting his former Companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to shew him the Lady she had mentioned, if she was then in the Room.

The Mask walked hastily to the upper End of the innermost Apartment before she spoke; and then, instead of answering him, sat down, and declared she was tired. *Jones* sat down by her, and still persisted in his Entreaties; at last the Lady coldly answered, 'I imagined Mr. *Jones* had been a more discerning Lover, than to suffer any Disguise to conceal his Mistress from him.' 'Is she here then, Madam?' replied *Jones*, with some Vehemency. Upon which the Lady cry'd, — 'Hush, Sir, you will be observed — I promise you, upon my Honour, Miss *Western* is not here.'

*Jones* now taking the Mask by the Hand, fell to entreating her in the most earnest Manner, to acquaint him where he might find *Sophia*; And when he could obtain no direct Answer, he began

gan to upbraid her gently for having disappointed him the Day before; and concluded, saying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know your Majesty very well, notwithstanding the affected Disguise of your Voice. Indeed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, it is a little cruel to divert yourself at the Expence of my Torments.'

The Mask answered, 'Though you have so ingeniously discovered me, I must still speak in the same Voice, lest I should be known by others. And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater Regard for my Cousin, than to assist in carrying on an Affair between you two, which must end in her Ruin, as well as your own? Besides, I promise you, my Cousin is not mad enough to consent to her own Destruction, if you are so much her Enemy as to tempt her to it.'

Alas, Madam,' said *Jones*, 'you little know my Heart, when you call me an Enemy of *Sophia*.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you will allow, is the Act of an Enemy; and when by the same Act you must knowingly and certainly bring Ruin on yourself, is it not Folly or Madness, as well as Guilt? Now, Sir, my Cousin hath very little more than her Father will please to give her; very little for one of her Fashion,—you know him, and you know your own Situation.'

*Jones* vowed he had no such Design on *Sophia*, 'That he would rather suffer the most violent of Deaths than sacrifice her Interest to his Desires. He said, he knew how unworthy he was of her every Way; that he had long ago resolved to quit all such aspiring Thoughts,

'but

‘ but that some strange Accidents had made him  
 ‘ desirous to see her once more, when he pro-  
 ‘ mised he would take Leave of her for ever.  
 ‘ No, Madam,’ concluded he, ‘ my Love is not  
 ‘ of that base Kind which seeks its own Satis-  
 ‘ faction, at the Expence of what is most dear  
 ‘ to its Object. I would sacrifice every Thing  
 ‘ to the Possession of my *Sophia*, but *Sophia* her-  
 ‘ self.’

Though the Reader may have already con-  
 ceived no very sublime Idea of the Virtue of the  
 Lady in the Mask; and tho’ possibly she may  
 hereafter appear not to deserve one of the first  
 Characters of her Sex; yet, it is certain, these  
 generous Sentiments made a strong Impression  
 upon her, and greatly added to the Affection she  
 had before conceived for our young Heroe.

The Lady now, after a Silence of a few Mo-  
 ments, said, ‘ She did not see his Pretensions to  
 ‘ *Sophia* so much in the Light of Presumption,  
 ‘ as of Imprudence. Young Fellows,’ says she,  
 ‘ can never have too aspiring Thoughts. I love  
 ‘ Ambition in a young Man, and I would have  
 ‘ you cultivate it as much as possible. Perhaps  
 ‘ you may succeed with those who are infinitely  
 ‘ superior in Fortune; nay, I am convinced there  
 ‘ are Women,—but don’t you think me a strange  
 ‘ Creature, Mr. *Jones*, to be thus giving Advice  
 ‘ to a Man, with whom I am so little acquainted,  
 ‘ and one with whose Behaviour to me I have so  
 ‘ little Reason to be pleased?’

Here *Jones* began to apologize, and to hope  
 he had not offended in any thing he had said of  
 her Cousin.—To which the Mask answered,  
 ‘ And are you so little versed in the Sex, to  
 ‘ imagine you can well affront a Lady more,  
 ‘ than



‘ than by entertaining her with your Passion for another Woman ? If the Fairy Queen had conceived no better Opinion of your Gallantry, she would scarce have appointed you to meet her at a Masquerade.’

*Jones* had never less Inclination to an Amour than at present ; but Gallantry to the Ladies was among his Principles of Honour ; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a Challenge to Love, as if it had been a Challenge to fight. Nay, his very Love to *Sophia* made it necessary for him to keep well with the Lady, as he made no doubt but she was capable of bringing him into the Presence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm Answer to her last Speech, when a Mask, in the Character of an old Woman, joined them. This Mask was one of those Ladies who go to a Masquerade only to vent Ill-nature, by telling People rude Truths, and by endeavouring, as the Phrase is, to spoil as much Sport as they are able. This good Lady, therefore, having observed *Jones* and his Friend, whom she well knew, in close Consultation together in a Corner of the Room, concluded she could no where satisfy her Spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and soon drove them from their Retirement ; nor was she contented with this, but pursued them to every Place which they shifted to avoid her ; till Mr. *Nightingale* seeing the Distress of his Friend, at last relieved him, and engaged the old Woman in another Pursuit.

While *Jones* and his Mask were walking together about the Room, to rid themselves of the Teazer, he observed his Lady speak to several Masks, with the same Freedom of Acquaintance

as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expressing his Surprise at this, saying, 'Sure, Madam, you must have infinite Discernment to know People in all Disguises.' To which the Lady answered, 'You cannot conceive any Thing more insipid and childish than a Masquerade to the People of Fashion, who in general know one another as well here, as when they meet in an Assembly or a Drawing-room; nor will any Woman of Condition converse with a Person with whom she is not acquainted. In short, the Generality of Persons whom you see here, may more properly be said to kill Time in this Place, than in any other; and generally retire from hence more tired than from the longest Sermon. To say the Truth, I begin to be in that Situation myself; and if I have any Faculty at guessing, you are not much better pleased. I protest it would be almost Charity in me to go Home for your Sake.' 'I know but one Charity equal to it,' cries *Jones*, 'and that is to suffer me to wait on you Home.' 'Sure,' answered the Lady, 'you have a strange Opinion of me, to imagine, that upon such an Acquaintance, I would let you into my Doors at this Time o'Night. I fancy you impute the Friendship I have shewn my Cousin, to some other Motive. Confess honestly; don't you consider this contrived Interview as little better than a downright Assignment? Are you used, Mr. *Jones*, to make these sudden Conquests?' 'I am not used, Madam,' said *Jones*, 'to submit to such sudden Conquests; but as you have taken my Heart by Surprise, the rest of my Body hath a Right to follow; so you must pardon me if I resolve to attend you wherever  
you

‘you go.’ He accompanied these Words with some proper Actions; upon which the Lady, after a gentle Rebuke, and saying their Familiarity would be observed, told him, ‘She was going to sup with an Acquaintance, whether she hoped he would not follow her; for if you should,’ said she, ‘I should be thought an unaccountable Creature, though my Friend indeed is not censorious, yet I hope you won’t follow me: I protest I shall not know what to say, if you do.’

The Lady presently after quitted the Masquerade, and *Jones*, notwithstanding the severe Prohibition he had received, presumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the same Dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the Want of a Shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the Chair in which the Lady rode, pursued by a grand Huzza from all the Chairmen present, who wisely take the best Care they can to discountenance all walking afoot by their Betters. Luckily, however, the Gentry who attend at the Opera-House were too busy to quit their Stations, and as the Lateness of the Hour prevented him from meeting many of their Brethren in the Street, he proceeded without Molestation, in a Dress, which, at another Season, would have certainly raised a Mob at his Heels.

The Lady was set down in a Street, not far from *Hanover-Square*, where the Door being presently opened, she was carried in, and the Gentleman, without any Ceremony, walked in after her.

*Jones* and his Companion were now together in a very well-furnished and well-warmed Room,  
when

when the Female still speaking in her Masquerade Voice, said, she was surprized at her Friend, who must absolutely have forgot her Appointment; at which after venting much Resentment, she suddenly express some Apprehension from Jones, and asked him what the World would think of their having been alone together in a House at that Time of Night? But instead of a direct Answer to so important a Question, Jones began to be very importunate with the Lady to unmask, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the Lady Bellafton herself.

It would be tedious to give the particular Conversation, which consisted of very common and ordinary Occurrences, and which lasted from two till six o'Clock in the Morning. It is sufficient to mention all of it that is any wise material to this History. And this was a Promise that the Lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few Days bring him to an Interview with her, on Condition that he would then take his Leave of her. When this was thoroughly settled and a second Meeting in the Evening appointed at the same Place, they separated; the Lady returned to her House, and Jones to his Lodgings.

#### C H A P. VIII.

Containing a Scene of Distress, which will appear very extraordinary to most of our Readers.

JONES having refreshed himself with a few Hours Sleep, summoned Partridge to his Presence; and delivering him a Bank Note of fifty Pounds, ordered him to go and change it.

Par-

*Partridge* received this with sparkling Eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raised in him some Suspicions not very advantageous to the Honour of his Master; to these the dreadful Idea he had of the Masquerade, the Disguise in which his Master had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all Night, contributed. In plain Language, the only Way he could possibly find to account for the Possession of this Note, was by Robbery; and, to confess the Truth, the Reader, unless he should suspect it was owing to the Generosity of Lady *Bellafton*, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the Honour of Mr. *Jones*, and to do Justice to the Liberality of the Lady, he had really received this Present from her, who, though she did not give much into the Hackney Charities of the Age, such as building Hospitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that Christian Virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young Fellow of Merit, without a Shilling in the World, was no improper Object of this Virtue.

Mr. *Jones* and Mr. *Nightingale* had been invited to dine this Day with Mrs. *Miller*. At the appointed Hour therefore the two young Gentlemen, with the two Girls, attended in the Parlour, where they waited from Three till almost Five before the good Woman appeared. She had been out of Town to visit a Relation, of whom, at her Return, she gave the following Account.

‘ I hope, Gentlemen, you will pardon my making you wait; I am sure if you knew the Occasion.---I have been to see a Cousin of mine, about six Miles off, who now lies in.---It would be a Warning to all Persons’ (says she, look-



looking at her Daughters) ‘ how they marry in-  
 ‘ discreetly. There is no Happiness in this  
 ‘ World, without a Competency. O *Nancy* !  
 ‘ how shall I describe the wretched Condition in  
 ‘ which I found your poor Cousin ; she hath  
 ‘ scarce lain in a Week, and there was she, this  
 ‘ dreadful Weather, in a cold Room, without  
 ‘ any Curtains to her Bed, and not a Bushel of  
 ‘ Coals in her House to supply her with Fire :  
 ‘ Her second Son, that sweet little Fellow, lies  
 ‘ ill of a Quinzy in the same Bed with his Mo-  
 ‘ ther ; for there is no other Bed in the House.  
 ‘ Poor little *Tommy* ! I believe, *Nancy*, you will  
 ‘ never see your Favourite any more ; for he is  
 ‘ really very ill. The rest of the Children are  
 ‘ in pretty good Health ; but *Molly*, I am afraid,  
 ‘ will do herself an Injury : She is but thirteen  
 ‘ Years old, Mr. *Nightingale*, and yet, in my  
 ‘ Life, I never saw a better Nurse : She tends  
 ‘ both her Mother and her Brother ; and what  
 ‘ is wonderful in a Creature so young, she shows  
 ‘ all the Chearfulness in the World to her Mo-  
 ‘ ther ; and yet I saw her---I saw the poor Child,  
 ‘ Mr. *Nightingale*, turn about, and privately  
 ‘ wipe the Tears from her Eyes.’ Here Mrs.  
*Miller* was prevented, by her own Tears, from  
 going on, and there was not, I believe, a Person  
 present, who did not accompany her in them ;  
 at length she a little recovered herself, and pro-  
 ‘ ceeded thus : ‘ In all this Distress the Mother  
 ‘ supports her Spirits in a surprizing Manner. The  
 ‘ Danger of her Son sits heaviest upon her, and  
 ‘ yet she endeavours as much as possible to con-  
 ‘ ceal even this Concern, on her Husband’s Ac-  
 ‘ count. Her Grief, however, sometimes gets  
 ‘ the better of all her Endeavours ; for she was  
 ‘ al-

‘ always extravagantly fond of this Boy, and a  
 ‘ most sensible, sweet-tempered Creature it is.  
 ‘ I protest I was never more affected in my Life,  
 ‘ than when I heard the little Wretch, who is  
 ‘ hardly yet seven Years old, while his Mother  
 ‘ was wetting him with her Tears, beg her to  
 ‘ be comforted.--- “ Indeed, Mamma,” cried the  
 ‘ Child, “ I shan’t die ; God Almighty, I’m sure,  
 ‘ won’t take *Tommy* away ; let Heaven be ever  
 ‘ so fine a Place, I had rather stay here and starve  
 ‘ with you and my Papa, than go to it.”-----  
 ‘ Pardon me, Gentlemen, I can’t help it,’  
 (says she, wiping her Eyes) ‘ such Sensibility and  
 ‘ Affection in a Child----- And yet, perhaps, he  
 ‘ is least the Object of Pity ; for a Day or two  
 ‘ will, most probably, place him beyond the  
 ‘ Reach of all human Evils. The Father is in-  
 ‘ deed most worthy of Compassion. Poor Man,  
 ‘ his Countenance is the very Picture of Horror,  
 ‘ and he looks rather like one dead than alive.  
 ‘ Oh Heavens ! what a Scene did I behold at  
 ‘ my first coming into the Room ! The good  
 ‘ Creature was lying behind the Bolster, sup-  
 ‘ porting at once both his Child and his Wife.  
 ‘ He had nothing on but a thin Waistcoat ; for  
 ‘ his Coat was spread over the Bed, to supply  
 ‘ the Want of Blankets.--- -- When he rose up,  
 ‘ at my Entrance, I scarce knew him. As come-  
 ‘ ly a Man, Mr. *Jones*, within this Fortnight,  
 ‘ as you ever beheld ; Mr. *Nightingale* hath seen  
 ‘ him. His Eyes sunk, his Face pale, with a  
 ‘ long Beard. His Body shivering with Cold,  
 ‘ and worn with Hunger too ; for my Cousin  
 ‘ says, she can hardly prevail upon him to eat.  
 ‘ --- He told me himself in a Whisper --- he told  
 ‘ me --- I can’t repeat it --- he said, he could not  
 ‘ bear

‘ bear to eat the Bread his Children wanted.  
‘ And yet, can you believe it, Gentlemen ? in  
‘ all this Misery, his Wife has as good Cawdle  
‘ as if she lay-in in the Midst of the greatest Af-  
‘ fluence ; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted  
‘ better.—The Means of procuring her this,  
he said, ‘ he believed was sent him by an Angel  
‘ from Heaven ; I know not what he meant ;  
‘ for I had not Spirits enough to ask a single  
‘ Question.

‘ This was a Love-Match, as they call it, on both  
‘ Sides ; that is, a Match between two Beggars. I  
‘ must indeed say I never saw a sonder Couple ; but  
‘ what is their Fondness good for, but to torment  
‘ each other ?’ ‘ Indeed, Mamma,’ cries *Nancy*, ‘ I  
‘ have always looked on my Cousin *Anderson*’ (for  
that was her Name) ‘ as one of the happiest of  
‘ Women,’ ‘ I am sure,’ says Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ the  
‘ Case at present is much otherwise ; for any one  
‘ might have discerned that the tender Considera-  
‘ tion of each others Sufferings, makes the most  
‘ intolerable Part of their Calamity, both to the  
‘ Husband and the Wife. Compared to which,  
‘ Hunger and Cold, as they affect their own Per-  
‘ sons only, are scarce Evils. Nay, the very  
‘ Children, the youngest, which is not two Years  
‘ old, excepted, feel in the same Manner ; for  
‘ they are a most loving Family ; and if they had  
‘ but a bare Competency, would be the happiest  
‘ People in the World.’ ‘ I never saw the least  
‘ Sign of Misery at her House,’ replied *Nancy* ;  
‘ I am sure my Heart bleeds for what you now tell  
‘ me.’—‘ O Child,’ answered the Mother, ‘ she  
‘ hath always endeavoured to make the best of  
‘ every Thing. They have always been in great  
‘ Distress ; but, indeed, this absolute Ruin hath  
‘ been

‘ been brought upon them by others. The poor  
 ‘ Man was Bail for the Villain his Brother ; and  
 ‘ about a Week ago, the very Day before her  
 ‘ Lying-in, their Goods were all carried away,  
 ‘ and sold by an Execution. He sent a Letter to  
 ‘ me of it by one of the Bailiffs, which the Vil-  
 ‘ lain never delivered.——What must he think  
 ‘ of my suffering a Week to pass before he heard  
 ‘ of me ?’

It was not with dry Eyes that *Jones* heard this Narrative ; when it was ended, he took Mrs. *Miller* apart with him into another Room, and delivering her his Purse, in which was the Sum of 50*l.* desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor People. The Look which Mrs. *Miller* gave *Jones* on this Occasion, is not easy to be described. She burst into a Kind of Agony of Transport, and cried out,——‘ Good  
 ‘ Heavens ! is there such a Man in the World ?’--  
 But recollecting herself, she said, ‘ Indeed I know  
 ‘ one such ; but can there be another ?’ ‘ I hope,  
 ‘ Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ there are many who have  
 ‘ common Humanity ; For to relieve such Dis-  
 ‘ tresses in our Fellow-Creatures, can hardly be  
 ‘ called more.’ Mrs. *Miller* then took ten Guineas, which were the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and said, ‘ She would find some  
 ‘ Means of conveying them early the next Morn-  
 ‘ ing ; adding, ‘ that she had herself done some  
 ‘ little Matter for the poor People, and had not  
 ‘ left them in quite so much Misery as she found  
 ‘ them.’

They then returned to the Parlour, where *Nightingale* expressed much Concern at the dreadful Situation of those Wretches, whom indeed he knew ; for he had seen them more than once

at Mrs. *Miller's*. He inveighed against the Folly of making one's self liable for the Debts of others; vented many bitter Execrations against the Brother; and concluded with wishing something could be done for the unfortunate Family. 'Suppose, Madam,' said he, 'you should recommend them to Mr. *Allworthy*? Or what think you of a Collection? I will give him a Guinea with all my Heart.'

Mrs. *Miller* made no Answer; and *Nancy*, to whom her Mother had whispered the Generosity of *Jones*, turned pale upon the Occasion; though if either of them was angry with *Nightingale*, it was surely without Reason. For the Liberality of *Jones*, if he had known it, was not an Example which he had any Obligation to follow; and there are Thousands who would not have contributed a single Halfpenny, as indeed he did not in Effect, for he made no Tender of any thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no Demand, he kept his Money in his Pocket.

I have in Truth observed, and shall never have a better Opportunity than at present to communicate my Observation, that the World are in general divided into two Opinions concerning Charity, which are the very Reverse of each other. One Party seems to hold, that all Acts of this Kind are to be esteemed as voluntary Gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good Wishes) you acquire a great Degree of Merit in so doing.---Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly persuaded, that Beneficence is a positive Duty, and that whenever the Rich fall greatly short of their Ability in relieving the Distresses of the Poor, their pitiful Largesses are so far from being meritorious, that they have only per-



performed their Duty by Halves, and are in some Sense more contemptible than those who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile these different Opinions is not in my Power. I shall only add, that the Givers are generally of the former Sentiment, and the Receivers are almost universally inclined to the latter.

## CHAP. IX.

*Which treats of Matters of a very different Kind from those in the preceding Chapter.*

**I**N the Evening *Jones* met his Lady again, and a long Conversation again ensued between them; but as it consisted only of the same ordinary Occurrences as before, we shall avoid mentioning Particulars, which we despair of rendering agreeable to the Reader; unless he is one whose Devotion to the Fair Sex, like that of the Papists to their Saints, wants to be raised by the Help of Pictures. But I am so far from desiring to exhibit such Pictures to the Public, that I would wish to draw a Curtain over those that have been lately set forth in certain *French* Novels; very bungling Copies of which have been presented us here, under the Name of Translations.

*Jones* grew still more and more impatient to see *Sophia*; and finding, after repeated Interviews with Lady *Bellafton*, no Likelihood of obtaining this by her Means; (for, on the contrary, the Lady began to treat even the Mention of the Name of *Sophia* with Resentment;) he resolved to try some other Method. He made no Doubt but that Lady *Bellafton* knew where his Angel

was, so he thought it most likely, that some of her Servants should be acquainted with the same Secret. *Partridge* therefore was employed to get acquainted with those Servants, in order to fish this Secret out of them.

Few Situations can be imagined more uneasy than that to which his poor Master was at present reduced ; for besides the Difficulties he met with in discovering *Sophia*, besides the Fears he had of having disoblighed her, and the Assurances he had received from Lady *Bellaſton* of the Resolution which *Sophia* had taken against him, and of her having purposely concealed herself from him, which he had sufficient Reason to believe might be true : he had still a Difficulty to combat, which it was not in the Power of his Mistress to remove, however kind her Inclination might have been, This was the exposing of her to be disinherited of all her Father's Estate, the almost inevitable Consequence of their coming together without a Consent, which he had no Hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all these the many Obligations which Lady *Bellaſton*, whose violent Fondness we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him ; so that by her Means he was now become one of the best dressed Men about Town ; and was not only relieved from those ridiculous Distresses we have before mentioned, but was actually raised to a State of Affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many Gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their Consciences to possess themselves of the whole Fortune of a Woman, without making her any Kind of Return ; yet to a Mind the Proprietor of which doth not deserve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more  
irksome

irksome than to support Love with Gratitude only; especially when Inclination pulls the Heart a contrary Way. Such was the unhappy Case of *Jones*; for tho' the virtuous Love he bore to *Sophia*, and which left very little Affection for any other Woman, had been entirely out of the Question, he could never have been able to have made an adequate Return to the generous Passion of this Lady, who had indeed been once an Object of Desire; but was now entered at least into the Autumn of Life; though she wore all the Gaiety of Youth both in her Dress and Manner; nay, she contrived still to maintain the Roses in her Cheeks; but these, like Flowers forced out of Season by Art, had none of that lively blooming Freshness with which Nature, at the proper Time, bedecks her own Productions. She had, besides, a certain Imperfection, which renders some Flowers, though very beautiful to the Eye, very improper to be placed in a Wilderness of Sweets, and what above all others is most disagreeable to the Breath of Love.

Though *Jones* saw all these Discouragements on the one Side, he felt his Obligations full as strongly on the other; nor did he less plainly discern the ardent Passion whence those Obligations proceeded, the extreme Violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the Lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worse, he would have thought himself so. He knew the tacit Consideration upon which all her Favours were conferred; and as his Necessity obliged him to accept them, so his Honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the Price. This therefore he resolved to do, whatever Misery it cost him, and to devote himself to her, from that great Principle of

N 3

Justice,

Justice, by which the Laws of some Countries oblige a Debtor, who is no otherwise capable of discharging his Debt, to become the Slave of his Creditor.

While he was meditating on these Matters, he received the following Note from the Lady.

‘ A very foolish, but a very perverse Accident hath happened since our last Meeting, which makes it improper I should see you any more at the usual Place. I will, if possible, contrive some other Place by To-morrow. In the mean Time, adieu.’

This Disappointment, perhaps, the Reader may conclude, was not very great ; but if it was, he was quickly relieved ; for in less than an Hour afterwards another Note was brought him from the same Hand, which contained as follows.

‘ I have altered my Mind since I wrote, a Change, which if you are no Stranger to the tenderest of all Passions, you will not wonder at. I am now resolved to see you this Evening, at my own House, whatever may be the Consequence. Come to me exactly at seven ; I dine abroad, but will be at Home by that Time. A Day, I find, to those that sincerely love seems longer than I imagined.

‘ If you should accidentally be a few Moments before me, bid them shew you into the Drawing-Room.’

To confess the Truth, *Jones* was less pleased with this last Epistle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earnest Entreaties of Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted much Intimacy and Friendship. These Entreaties were to go with that young Gentleman and his Company

to a new Play, which was to be acted that Evening, and which a very large Party had agreed to damn, from some Dislike they had taken to the Author, who was a Friend to one of Mr. *Nightingale's* Acquaintance. And this Sort of Funn our Heroe, we are ashamed to confess, would willingly have preferred to the above kind Appointment; but his Honour got the better of his Inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended Interview with the Lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding Notes, as the Reader may possibly be not a little surprized at the Imprudence of Lady *Bellafton* in bringing her Lover to the very House where her Rival was lodged.

First then, the Mistress of the House where these Lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for some Years a Pensioner to that Lady, was now become a Methodist, and had that very Morning waited upon her Ladyship, and after rebuking her very severely for her past Life, had positively declared, that she would, on no Account, be instrumental in carrying on any of her Affairs for the future.

The Hurry of Spirits into which this Accident threw the Lady, made her despair of possibly finding any other Convenience to meet *Jones* that Evening; but as she began a little to recover from her Uneasiness at the Disappointment, she set her Thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her Head to propose to *Sophia* to go to the Play, which was immediately consented to, and a proper Lady provided for her Companion. Mrs. *Honour* was likewise dispatched with Mrs. *Estoff* on the same Errand of Pleasure; and thus her own House was left free for the safe Reception of Mr.



*Jones*, with whom she promised herself two or three Hours of uninterrupted Conversation, after her Return from the Place where she dined, which was at a Friend's House in a pretty distant Part of the Town, near her old Place of Assignment, where she had engaged herself before she was well apprized of the Revolution that had happened in the Mind and Morals of her late Confidante.

## C H A P. X.

*A Chapter which, though short, may draw Tears from some Eyes.*

**M**R. *Jones* was just dressed to wait on Lady *Bellaſton*, when Mrs. *Miller* rapped at his Door; and being admitted, very earnestly desired his Company below Stairs to drink Tea in the Parlour.

Upon his Entrance into the Room, she presently introduced a Person to him, saying, ‘ This, Sir, is my Cousin, who hath been so greatly beholden to your Goodness, for which he begs to return you his sincerest Thanks.’

The Man had scarce entered upon that Speech, which Mrs. *Miller* had so kindly prefaced, when both *Jones* and he looking stedfastly at each other, showed at once the utmost Tokens of Surprize. The Voice of the latter began instantly to falter; and, instead of finishing his Speech, he sunk down into a Chair, crying, ‘ It is so, I am convinced it is so !,

‘ Bless me, what’s the Meaning of this,’ cries Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ you are not ill, I hope, Cousin? Some Water, a Dram this Instant.’

‘ Be not frightened, Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I have almost as much Need of a Dram as your Cousin.’

‘ sin. We are equally surprized at this unexpected Meeting. Your Cousin is an Acquaintance of mine, Mrs. *Miller*.

‘ An Acquaintance! cries the Man. — Oh Heaven!’

‘ Ay, an Acquaintance, repeated *Jones*, and an honoured Acquaintance too. When I do not love and honour the Man who dares venture every Thing to preserve his Wife and Children from instant Destruction, may I have a Friend capable of disowning me in Adversity.’

‘ O you are an excellent young Man, cries Mrs. *Miller*,—yes, indeed, poor Creature! he hath ventured every thing — If he had not had one of the best of Constitutions, it must have killed him.’

‘ Cousin, cries the Man, who had now pretty well recovered himself; this is the Angel from Heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom before I saw you, I owed the Preservation of my *Peggy*. He it was to whose Generosity every Comfort, every Support which I have procured for her, was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human Beings. O Cousin, I have Obligations to this Gentleman of such a Nature!’

‘ Mention nothing of Obligations,’ cries *Jones* eagerly, ‘ not a Word, I insist upon it, not a Word.’ (Meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the Affair of the Robbery to any Person) --- ‘ If by the Trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole Family, sure Pleasure was never bought so cheap.’

‘ O, Sir,’ cries the Man, ‘ I wish you could this Instant see my House. If any Person had

‘ ever a Right to the Pleasure you mention, I  
 ‘ am convinced it is yourself. My Cousin tells  
 ‘ me, she acquainted you with the Distress in  
 ‘ which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly  
 ‘ removed, and chiefly by your Goodness.---My  
 ‘ Children have now a Bed to lie on,———and  
 ‘ they have———they have———eternal Bless-  
 ‘ ings reward you for it———they have Bread to  
 ‘ eat. My little Boy is recovered; My Wife is  
 ‘ out of Danger, and I am happy. All, all  
 ‘ owing to you, Sir, and to my Cousin here, one  
 ‘ of the best of Women. Indeed, Sir, I must  
 ‘ see you at my House.---Indeed my Wife must  
 ‘ see you, and thank you. My Children too  
 ‘ must express their Gratitude.———Indeed, Sir,  
 ‘ they are not without a Sense of their Obliga-  
 ‘ tion; but what is my Feeling when I reflect to  
 ‘ whom I owe, that they are now capable of ex-  
 ‘ pressing their Gratitude.———Oh, Sir! the  
 ‘ little Hearts which you have warmed had now  
 ‘ been cold as Ice without your Assistance.’——

Here *Jones* attempted to prevent the poor Man  
 from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of  
 his own Heart would of itself have stopped his  
 Words. And now Mrs. *Miller* likewise began  
 to pour forth Thanksgivings, as well in her own  
 Name, as in that of her Cousin, and concluded  
 with saying, she doubted not but such Goodness  
 would meet a glorious Reward.

*Jones* answered, ‘ He had been sufficiently re-  
 ‘ warded already. Your Cousin’s Account, Ma-  
 ‘ dam, said he, hath given me a Sensation more  
 ‘ pleasing than I have ever known. He must be  
 ‘ a Wretch who is unmoved at hearing such a  
 ‘ Story; how transporting then must be the  
 ‘ Thought of having happily acted a Part in this  
 ‘ Scene!

‘Scene ! If there are Men who cannot feel the  
 ‘Delight of giving Happiness to others, I sin-  
 ‘cerely pity them, as they are incapable of tast-  
 ‘ing what is, in my Opinion, a greater Honour,  
 ‘a higher Interest, and a sweeter Pleasure, than  
 ‘the ambitious, the avaritious, or the voluptu-  
 ‘ous Man can ever obtain.’

The Hour of Appointment being now come,  
*Jones* was forced to take a hasty Leave, but not  
 before he had heartily shaken his Friend by the  
 Hand, and desired to see him again as soon as  
 possible ; promising, that he would himself take  
 the first Opportunity of visiting him at his own  
 House. He then stepped into his Chair, and pro-  
 ceeded to Lady *Bellaston*’s, greatly exulting in the  
 Happiness which he had procured to this poor  
 Family ; nor could he forbear reflecting without  
 Horror on the dreadful Consequences which must  
 have attended them, had he listened rather to the  
 Voice of strict Justice than that of Mercy,  
 when he was attacked on the high Road.

Mrs. *Miller* sung forth the Praises of *Jones*  
 during the whole Evening, in which Mr. *Hender-  
 son*, while he staid, so passionately accompanied  
 her, that he was often on the very Point of men-  
 tioning the Circumstances of the Robbery. How-  
 ever, he luckily recollected himself, and avoided  
 an Indiscretion which would have been so much  
 the greater, as he knew Mrs. *Miller* to be ex-  
 tremely strict and nice in her Principles. He was  
 likewise well apprized of the Loquacity of this  
 Lady ; and yet such was his Gratitude, that it  
 had almost got the better both of Discretion and  
 Shame, and made him publish that which would  
 have defamed his own Character, rather than

omit any Circumstances which might do the fullest Honour to his Benefactor.

# C H A P. XI.

*In which the Reader will be surprized.*

**M**R. *Jones* was rather earlier than the Time appointed, and earlier than the Lady, whose Arrival was hindered not only by the Distance of the Place where she dined, but by some other cross Accidents, very vexatious to one in her Situation of Mind. He was accordingly shewn into the Drawing-Room, where he had not been many Minutes before the Door opened, and in came ----- no other than *Sophia* herself, who had left the Play before the End of the first Act; for this, as we have already said, being a new Play, at which two large Parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent Uproar, and an Engagement between the two Parties had so terrified our Heroine, that she was glad to put herself under the Protection of a young Gentleman, who safely conveyed her to her Chair.

As Lady *Bellafton* had acquainted her that she should not be at Home till late, *Sophia* expecting to find no one in the Room, came hastily in, and went directly to a Glass which almost fronted her, without once looking towards the upper End of the Room, where the Statue of *Jones* now stood motionless. ----- In this Glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely Face, that she first discovered the said Statue; when instantly turning about, she perceived the Reality of the Vision, upon which she gave a violent Scream, and



and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till *Jones* was able to move to her and support her in his Arms.

To paint the Looks or Thoughts of either of these Lovers is beyond my Power. As their Sensations, from their mutual Silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own Utterance, it cannot be supposed, that I should be able to express them: and the Misfortune is, that few of my Readers have been enough in Love, to feel by their own Hearts what passed at this Time in theirs.

After a short Pause, *Jones*, with faltering Accents, said, ---- ‘I see, Madam, you are surprized.’ ---- ‘Surprized!’ answered she; ‘Oh Heavens! Indeed, I am surprized. I almost doubt whether you are the Person you seem.’ ‘Indeed,’ cries he, ‘my *Sophia*, pardon me, Madam, for this once calling you so, I am that very wretched *Jones*, whom Fortune, after so many Disappointments, hath, at last, kindly conducted to you. Oh! my *Sophia*, did you know the Thousand Torments I have suffered in this long, fruitless Pursuit’--- ‘Pursuit of whom?’ said *Sophia*, a little recollecting herself, and assuming a reserved Air. ---- ‘Can you be so cruel to ask that Question?’ cries *Jones*. ‘Need I say of you?’ ‘Of me?’ answered *Sophia*: ‘Hath Mr. *Jones* then any such important Business with me?’ ‘To some, Madam,’ cries *Jones*, ‘this might seem an important Business,’ (giving her the Pocket-Book.) ‘I hope, Madam, you will find it of the same Value as when it was lost.’ *Sophia* took the Pocket-Book, and was going to speak, when he interrupted her, thus; ---- ‘Let us not, I beseech you, lose one of these precious Moments which Fortune hath so kindly sent us.---  
‘O my

‘ O my *Sophia*, I have Business of a much superior Kind.—Thus, on my Knees, let me ask your Pardon.’——‘ My Pardon?’ cries she;——‘ Sure, Sir, after what is past, you cannot expect, after what I have heard——‘ I scarce know what I say,’ answered *Jones*. ‘ By Heavens! I scarce wish you should pardon me. O my *Sophia*, henceforth never cast away a Thought on such a Wretch as I am. If any Remembrance of me should ever intrude to give a Moment’s Uneasiness to that tender Bosom, think of my Unworthiness; and let the Remembrance of what past at *Upton* blot me for ever from your Mind.’——

*Sophia* stood trembling all this while. Her Face was whiter than Snow, and her Heart was throbbing through her Stays. But at the mentioning of *Upton*, a Blush arose in her Cheeks, and her Eyes, which before she had scarce lifted up, were turned upon *Jones* with a Glance of Disdain. He understood this silent Reproach, and replied to it thus: ‘ O my *Sophia*, my only Love, you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there, than I do myself: But yet do me the Justice to think, that my *Heart* was never unfaithful to you. *That* had no Share in the Folly I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably yours. Though I despaired of possessing you, nay, almost of ever seeing you more, I doated still on your charming Idea, and could *seriously* love no other Woman. But if my Heart had not been engaged, she, into whose Company I accidentally fell at that cursed Place, was not an Object of serious Love. Believe me, my Angel, I never have seen her from that Day to this; and never intend, or desire, to see her again.’ *Sophia*, in her Heart, was very glad to

to hear this ; but forcing into her Face an Air of more Coldness than she had yet assumed ; ‘ Why,’ said she ‘ Mr. Jones, do you take the Trouble ‘ to make a Defence, where you are not accused ? ‘ If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I ‘ have a Charge of an unpardonable Nature indeed.’ ‘ What is it, for Heaven’s Sake ?’ answered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his Amour with Lady *Bellafton*. ‘ Oh,’ said she, ‘ How is it possible ! Can every Thing ‘ noble, and every Thing base, be lodged together in the same Bosom ?’ Lady *Bellafton*, and the ignominious Circumstances of having been kept, rose again in his Mind, and stopt his Mouth from any Reply. ‘ Could I have expected,’ proceeded *Sophia*, ‘ such Treatment from you ? ‘ Nay from any Gentleman, from any Man of ‘ Honour ? To have my Name traduced in Public ; in Inns, among the meanest Vulgar ! To ‘ have any little Favours that my unguarded ‘ Heart may have too lightly betrayed me to ‘ grant, boasted of there ! Nay, even to hear that ‘ you had been forced to fly from my Love !’

Nothing could equal Jones’s Surprize at these Words of *Sophia* ; but yet, not being guilty, he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she had touched that tender String, at which his Conscience had been alarmed. By some Examination he presently found, that her supposing him guilty of so shocking an Outrage against his Love, and her Reputation was entirely owing to *Partridge*’s Talk at the Inns, before Landlord’s and Servants ; for *Sophia* confessed to him, it was from them that she received her Intelligence. He had no very great Difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent

of

of an Offence so foreign to his Character ; but she had a great deal to hinder him from going instantly home, and putting *Partridge* to Death, which he more than once swore he would do. This Point being cleared up, they soon found themselves so well pleased with each other, that *Jones* quite forgot he had begun the Conversation with conjuring her to give up all Thoughts of him ; and she was in a Temper to have given Ear to a Petition of a very different Nature : For before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some Words that sounded like a Proposal of Marriage. To which she replied, ' That, did not her Duty to her Father forbid ' her to follow her own Inclinations, Ruin with ' him would be more welcome to her, than the ' most affluent Fortune with another Man.' At the Mention of the Word Ruin he started, let drop her Hand, which he had held for some Time, and striking his Breast with his own, cried out, ' Oh, *Sophia*, can I then ruin thee ? No ; by ' Heavens, no ! I never will act so base a Part. ' Dearest *Sophia*, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you ; I will give you up : I will tear ' all such Hopes from my Heart, as are inconsistent with your real Good. My Love I will ' ever retain, but it shall be in Silence ; it shall ' be at a Distance from you ; it shall be in some ' foreign Land ; from whence no Voice, no Sigh ' of my Despair, shall ever reach and disturb ' your Ears. And when I am dead' --- He would have gone on, but was stopt by a Flood of Tears which *Sophia* let fall in his Bosom, upon which she leaned, without being able to speak one Word. He kissed them off, which, for some Moments, she allowed him to do without any Resistance ; but

but then recollecting herself, gently withdrew out of his Arms; and, to turn the Discourse from a Subject too tender, and which she found she could not support, bethought herself to ask him a Question she never had Time to put to him before, 'How he came into that Room?' He begun to stammer, and would, in all Probability, have raised her Suspicions by the Answer he was going to give, when, at once, the Door opened, and in came Lady *Bellafton*.

Having advanced a few Steps, and seeing *Jones* and *Sophia* together, she suddenly stopt; when after a Pause of a few Moments, recollecting herself with admirable Presence of Mind, she said,---tho' with sufficient Indications of Surprize both in Voice and Countenance---'I thought, Miss *Western*, you had been at the Play?'

Though *Sophia* had no Opportunity of learning of *Jones* by what Means he had discovered her, yet as she had not the least Suspicion of the real Truth, or that *Jones* and Lady *Bellafton* were acquainted, so she was very little confounded: And the less, as the Lady had, in all their Conversations on the Subject, entirely taken her Side against her Father. With very little Hesitation, therefore, she went through the whole Story of what had happened at the Playhouse, and the Cause of her hasty Return.

The Length of this Narrative gave Lady *Bellafton* an Opportunity of rallying her Spirits, and of considering in what manner to act. And as the Behaviour of *Sophia* gave her Hopes that *Jones* had not betrayed her, she put on an Air of Good-Humour, and said, 'I should not have broke in so abruptly upon you, Miss *Western*, if I had known you had Company.'

Lady



Lady *Bellaſton* fixed her Eyes on *Sophia* whiſt ſhe ſpoke theſe Words. To which that poor young Lady, having her Face overſpread with Bluſhes and Confuſion, answered, in a ſtammering Voice, ‘I am ſure, Madam, I ſhall always think the Honour of your Ladyſhip’s Company——’ ‘I hope, at leaſt,’ cries Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘I interrupt no Buſineſs.’—‘No, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘our Buſineſs was at an End. Your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, I have often mentioned the Loſs of my Pocket-Book, which this Gentleman having very luckily found, was ſo kind to return it to me with the Bill in it.’

*Jones*, ever ſince the Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had been ready to ſink with Fear. He ſat kicking his Heels, playing with his Fingers, and looking more like a Fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby Squire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite Aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a Hint from the Behaviour of Lady *Bellaſton*, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any Acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the Stranger on his Part. He ſaid, ‘Ever ſince he had the Pocket-Book in his Poſſeſſion, he had uſed great Diligence in enquiring out the Lady, whoſe Name was writ in it; but never till that Day could be ſo fortunate to diſcover her.’

*Sophia* had, indeed, mentioned the Loſs of her Pocket-Book to Lady *Bellaſton*; but as *Jones*, for ſome Reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his Poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one Syllable of what *Sophia* now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme Quickneſs of the young

young Lady, in inventing such an Excuse. The Reason of *Sophia's* leaving the Playhouse met with no better Credit; and though she could not account for the Meeting between these two Lovers, she was firmly persuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected Smile, therefore, she said---  
 ' Indeed, Miss *Western*, you have had very good  
 ' Luck in recovering your Money. Not only  
 ' as it fell into the Hands of a Gentleman of  
 ' Honour, but as he happened to discover to  
 ' whom it belonged. I think you would not  
 ' consent to have it advertised.---It was great good  
 ' Fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the  
 ' Note belonged.'

' O Madam,' cries *Jones*, ' it was inclosed in  
 ' a Pocket-Book, in which the young Lady's  
 ' Name was written.'

' That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the  
 Lady;---' And it was no less so, that you heard  
 ' Miss *Western* was at my House; for she is very  
 ' little known.'

*Jones* had at length perfectly recovered his  
 Spirits; and as he conceived he had now an Opportunity of satisfying *Sophia*, as to the Question she had asked him just before Lady *Bellafton* came in, he proceeded thus: ' Why, Madam,' answered he, ' it was by the luckiest Chance imaginable I made this Discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the Name of the  
 ' Owner, the other Night, to a Lady at the  
 ' Masquerade, who told me, she believed she  
 ' knew where I might see Miss *Western*; and if  
 ' I would come to her House the next Morning,  
 ' she would inform me. I went according to  
 ' her Appointment, but she was not at home;  
 ' nor

‘ nor could I ever meet with her till this Morning, when she directed me to your Ladyship’s House. I came accordingly, and did myself the Honour to ask for your Ladyship; and upon my saying that I had very particular Business, a Servant shewed me into this Room; where I had not been long before the young Lady returned from the Play.’

Upon his mentioning the Masquerade, he look’d very slyly at Lady *Bellaſton*, without any Fear of being remarked by *Sophia*; for she was viſibly too much confounded to make any Observations. This Hint a little alarmed the Lady, and she was ſilent; when *Jones*, who ſaw the Agitations of *Sophia*’s Mind, reſolved to take the only Method of relieving her, which was by retiring: But before he did this, he ſaid, ‘ I believe, Madam, it is cuſtomary to give ſome Reward on theſe Occaſions; - I muſt inſiſt on a very high one for my Honeſty; --- It is, Madam, no leſs than the Honour of being permitted to pay another Viſit here.’

‘ Sir,’ replied the Lady, ‘ I make no Doubt that you are a Gentleman, and my Doors are never ſhut to People of Faſhion.’

*Jones* then, after proper Ceremonials, departed, highly to his own Satisfaction, and no leſs to that of *Sophia*; who was terribly alarmed leſt Lady *Bellaſton* ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the Stairs *Jones* met his old Acquaintance Mrs. *Honour*, who, notwithstanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great Civility. This Meeting proved indeed a lucky Circumſtance, as he communicated

cated to her the House where he lodged, with which *Sophia* was acquainted.

C H A P. XII.

*In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.*

THE elegant Lord *Shafisbury* somewhere objects to telling too much Truth: By which it may be fairly inferred, that, in some Cases, to lie, is not only excusable but commendable.

And surely there are no Persons who may so properly challenge a Right to this commendable Deviation from Truth, as young Women in the Affair of Love; for which they may plead Precept, Education, and above all, the Sanction, nay, I may say, the Necessity of Custom, by which they are restrained, not from submitting to the honest Impulses of Nature (for that would be a foolish Prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore ashamed to say, that our Heroine now pursued the Dictates of the above-mentioned Right Honourable Philosopher. As she was perfectly satisfied then, that Lady *Bellaston* was ignorant of the Person of *Jones*, so she determined to keep her in that Ignorance, though at the Expence of a little Fibbing.

*Jones* had not been long gone, before Lady *Bellaston* cry'd, 'Upon my Word, a good pretty young Fellow; I wonder who he is: For I don't remember ever to have seen his Face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries *Sophia*, 'I must say he behaved very handsomely in relation to my Note.'

'Yes,

‘ Yes ; and he is a very handsome Fellow,’ said the Lady ; ‘ don’t you think so ?’

‘ I did not take much Notice of him,’ answered *Sophia* ; ‘ but I thought he seemed rather awkward and ungenteel than otherwise.’

‘ You are extremely right,’ cries Lady *Bellafton* ; ‘ You may see, by his Manner, that he hath not kept good Company. Nay, notwithstanding his returning your Note, and refusing the Reward, I almost question whether he is a Gentleman.—I have always observed there is a Something in Persons well-born, which others can never acquire.—I think I will give Orders not be at Home to him.’

‘ Nay sure, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ one can’t suspect after what he hath done :—Besides, if your Ladyship observed him, there was an Elegance in his Discourse, a Delicacy, a Prettiness of Expression that, that---’

‘ I confess,’ said Lady *Bellafton*, ‘ the Fellow hath Words—And indeed, *Sophia*, you must forgive me, indeed you must.’

‘ I forgive your Ladyship!’ said *Sophia*.

‘ Yes indeed you must,’ answered she laughing ; ‘ for I had a horrible Suspicion when I first came into the Room—I vow you must forgive it ; but I suspected it was Mr. *Jones* himself.’

‘ Did your Ladyship indeed ?’ cries *Sophia*, blushing, and affecting a Laugh.

‘ Yes, I vow I did,’ answered she, ‘ I can’t imagine what put it into my Head : For, give the Fellow his due, he was genteelly drest ; which, I think, dear *Sophy*, is not commonly the Case with your Friend.’

‘ This



‘ This Raillery,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ is a little cruel, Lady *Bellafton*, after my Promise to your Ladyship.’

‘ Not at all, Child,’ said the Lady !--- ‘ It would have been cruel before ; but after you have promised me never to marry without your Father’s Consent, in which you know is implied your giving up *Jones*, sure you can bear a little Raillery on a Passion which was pardonable enough in a young Girl in the Country, and of which you tell me you have so entirely got the better. What must I think, my dear *Sophy*, if you cannot bear a little Ridicule even on his Dress ? I shall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed ; and almost question whether you have dealt ingenuously with me.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ your Ladyship mistakes me, if you imagine I had any Concern on his Account.’

‘ On his Account ?’ answered the Lady : ‘ You must have mistaken me ; I went no farther than his Dress ;—for I would not injure your Taste by any other Comparison—I don’t imagine, my dear *Sophy*, if your Mr. *Jones* had been such a Fellow as this—’

‘ I thought,’ says *Sophia*, ‘ your Ladyship had allowed him to be handsome.’—

‘ Whom, pray ?’ cries the Lady, hastily.

‘ Mr. *Jones*,’ answered *Sophia* ;—and immediately recollecting herself, ‘ Mr. *Jones* !—no, no ; I ask your Pardon ;---I mean the Gentleman who was just now here.’

‘ O *Sophy* ! *Sophy* !’ cries the Lady ; ‘ this Mr. *Jones*, I am afraid, still runs in your Head.’

‘ Then

‘ Then upon my Honour, Madam,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ Mr. *Jones* is as entirely indifferent to me, as the Gentleman who just now left us.’

‘ Upon my Honour,’ said Lady *Bellafton*, ‘ I believe it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent Raillery ; but I promise you I will never mention his Name any more.’

And now the two Ladies separated, infinitely more to the Delight of *Sophia* than of Lady *Bellafton*, who would willingly have tormented her Rival a little longer, had not Business of more Importance called her away. As for *Sophia*, her Mind was not perfectly easy under this first Practice of Deceit : upon which, when she retired to her Chamber, she reflected with the highest Uneasiness and conscious Shame. Nor could the peculiar Hardship of her Situation, and the Necessity of the Case, at all reconcile her Mind to her Conduct ; for the Frame of her Mind was too delicate to bear the Thought of having been guilty of a Falshood, however qualified by Circumstances. Nor did this Thought once suffer her to close her Eyes during the whole succeeding Night.

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THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.